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HARPER'S
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MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE province of Galilee may be regarded, in some sense, as the Scotland of the ancient Hebrew kingdom. It lay on the north—forming a detached and separate territory; and was a land of mountains and lakes, and of wild and romantic scenery. It was occupied, too, like other highlands, by an active and thrifty, though plain and unpretending population. In comparison with the more wealthy and populous regions of the south, it was a land of retirement and seclusion—the retreat of the fugitive, the resting place of the weary, the refuge and sanctuary of the oppressed. Its separation from Judea was even greater in one respect than that of Scotland from her sister kingdom—the frontiers of the two Jewish territories being parted from each other by the province of Samaria, which lay between. From the geographical relations which these two great divisions of the Hebrew territory thus sustained to each other, there arose certain marked and striking distinctions between them, which it is necessary to keep constantly in mind, in reading the narrative of our Saviour's life, in order to appreciate fully the point and pertinency of the various incidents which occurred, as affected by the change of scene in passing from one of these sections to the other. Judea was central, populous, and powerful. Galilee was retired and comparatively solitary. Judea was the home of the wealthy, the aristocratic, and the proud; Galilee that of the poor, the humble, and the lowly. Thus while the one was the scene of all the great and exciting events in the Saviour's history—it was in the other that his most frequent and most successful ministrations were performed. Judea was the arena where he encountered opposition, conflict, and danger, while among the solitudes of Galilee he found retirement, peaceful communion with friends, and repose. In the former, he denounced hypocrisy and sin, contended with prejudice, withstood persecution and calumny, and faced, sometimes, throngs of infuriated enemies. In the latter, he kindly and patiently instructed auditors who heard him gladly, or walked quietly in rural solitudes with chosen friends, or retired by himself alone, into the deep recesses of the mountains, for rest, for meditation, and for prayer. In a



THE WESTERN SHORE.

word, in going forth into the cities of Judea, Jesus went into scenes of exposure, conflict, trial, and danger. He came back to Galilee again to seek for safety, for communion with friends, and for repose. Judea was the field of toil and danger; Galilee was the quiet and secluded home.

The attachment which Jesus obviously felt for the Galilean ground, and the frequency with which he resorted to it during the whole course of his public career, were due, in a great measure, to the character of the people that inhabited it—who were, like other mountaineers, plain and unpretending in their manners, gentle and kind-hearted in disposition, never ready to listen to, and to appreciate the simple but sublime morality which the instructions of the great teacher conveyed. Their pursuits and modes of life were very simple and plain. They caught fish on the lakes, they reared flocks and herds on the mountain sides, they cultivated corn and olives in the valleys and on the slopes of the hills. They were looked down upon by the wealthier and more cultivated population of the southern king-

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

dom with that peculiar species of disdain which man in similar cases always cherishes against his fellow man. Their pursuits, the simplicity of their modes of life, their rustic habits, and their provincial dialect, all combined to stamp them, in the opinion of the aristocratic inhabitants of the metropolis, with the mark of inferiority. Even their principal town, a picturesque and rural village among the hills, was derided at Jerusalem, by the common saying, that nothing good could come from Nazareth. Thus there was a sort of opprobrium in the appellations, *Jesus of Nazareth* and *Jesus of Galilee*, by which the Saviour was usually designated at Jerusalem when spoken of by his foes, and there was a peculiar expression of scorn in the manner in which Peter was accosted by the bystanders at the door of the high priest's palace, when they said, "Thou surely art one of them, for by speech betrayeth thee."

THE PEOPLE OF GALILEE.

It was, perhaps, in no inconsiderable degree owing to the humble, and, in some respects, inferior position which was occupied by the people of Galilee, that they were more ready to listen to and receive instruction than their southern countrymen. The proud and haughty inhabitants of Jerusalem first despised and then hated the spiritual teachings that Jesus offered them, and he was often obliged to withdraw beyond the reach of their hostility to save his life. The Galileans, on the other hand, felt gratified and honored by the coming of such a prophet among them. They followed him from place to place, they assembled in crowds to hear his discourses, they brought the sick, the lame, the maimed, and the blind to be healed by his power. In fact, during the time of our Saviour's ministrations, and for a considerable period after his death, so large a portion of the adherents to his cause were inhabitants of this secluded province, that the Christians were known for many years by the name of Galileans, and were thus generally designated throughout the Roman world.

The favor, however, with which Jesus was regarded by the people of Galilee, was by no means uninterrupted or universal. He was very decidedly rejected by the people of Nazareth—which was virtually his native town. It is true that Jesus was actually born in Bethlehem, a fulfillment of an ancient prophecy, but his parents lived in Nazareth before his birth, and they returned to it immediately afterward; and here, with very little interruption, Jesus spent all the years of childhood, youth, and early manhood; for he did not commence his public ministrations until he is nearly thirty years of age.



NAZARETH

The situation of Nazareth is very picturesque and beautiful. It stands upon the declivity of a hill on the western side of a secluded valley, which loses itself among mountains on the north, and to the south opens out toward the broad and fertile plain of Esdrælon. It has been visited by a constant succession of pious pilgrims now for nearly two thousand years, who go to it, attracted by the sacredness of the ground where Jesus spent so large a portion of his earthly life. All the holy localities are now inclosed within the walls of convents and churches, and are exhibited to the pilgrims who come to view them, with many ceremonial indications of veneration and awe. There is the house where Mary lived—a fountain where, during her maiden life, she was accustomed to go for water—the house in which Joseph and Mary dwelt after their marriage, and where Jesus spent his early years—and, finally, the shop where Joseph wrought as a carpenter during the childhood and youth of his son. Whether the identification of those places be imaginary or real, the ground has been visited by nine generations of pilgrims and travelers, who have sailed through every possible difficulty and danger to reach the spot, and have gazed upon the sacred localities at last with feelings of the profoundest veneration and awe.

The early portions of our Saviour's life are passed over so cursorily by the sacred writers, that the reader sometimes does not realize how long the period was during which he remained at home, under the paternal roof, in a strictly private station, and employed like other young men of his native village, in the plain and unpretending duties of private life. Jesus not only spent the period of childhood among the simple villagers of Nazareth, but he was ten years with them as a man. He did not leave his early home to enter upon the duties of his public ministry until he was thirty years of age. Of course the people of Nazareth knew him very intimately in

all the relations of common and social life, and when subsequently, after entering upon his public ministry, he returned to his native town, and presented himself before his former neighbours and friends, in the capacity of a prophet and religious reformer, they rejected and derided his authority; and on one occasion they were aroused to such a degree of animosity against him, on account of certain sentiments which he expressed, obnoxious to their Jewish prejudices, that they seized him in the streets, and taking him with-

town is built; and we may imagine a thousand circumstances occurring in the course and progress of such riot as this, which should protract it in duration, and postpone the consummation of it, and carry the parties concerned in it far away from the spot where the violence first began. Besides, tradition—though a very unsafe guide in respect to truth—is found very seldom to err in respect to localities. The facts related in an ancient legend may very likely never have occurred, but in those cases where they have occurred, it is very seldom that the scene of the transaction is to be looked for in any other place than that to which the legend assigns it.

With the exception of the hostility which the ministrations of Jesus awakened among his fellow-townspeople in Nazareth, he was generally very favorably received by the plain and unpretending inhabitants of the Galilean hills. It was in these silent and secluded regions that the greatest crowds assembled to follow his footsteps, to witness his miracles, and to listen to his words. Here he found his warmest and most devoted friends. It was here too that he was accustomed to seek retirement and seclusion, in quiet rambles on mountain sides or along the sea shore, sometimes in company with a few chosen followers, and sometimes entirely alone. In a word, with the exception of a few great public transactions connected with the opening and closing events of the Saviour's life, the whole period of his earthly existence was spent among the secluded and romantic scenery of Galilee, and a very large proportion of the most important of the events of his history took place on the shores and in the immediate environs of the romantic lake which is the subject of the present memoir.

THE SEA.

The lake is known, among its other appellations, by the name of the Sea of Galilee, though it must be considered as deriving its claim to so imposing a designation from its historical importance, and not from its magnitude. It is simply a fresh-water lake, extending about eighteen miles from north to south, and perhaps six or eight in the other direction. It is surrounded by mountains which on the eastern side rise in most places precipitously and sublimely from the very margin of the water. On the western shore the ascent is more gradual, and in some places, especially toward the north, there lie between the upland and the water, broad tracts of level or undulating land, which are very fertile and easily tilled. These portions of the borders of the lake were occupied, in ancient times, by a very considerable rural population.



THE TUMULT AT NAZARETH.

out the city, were going to throw him down from a precipice. But he, as the sacred narrative expresses it, "passing through the midst of them, went his way."*

Travelers who visit Nazareth at the present time, find several precipices near the city, well suited, apparently, to the dreadful purpose which the enemies of the Saviour had at this time in view. The one, however, which is shown as the true locality, is situated at a distance of two miles from the present town, and is on the brow of the hill which overlooks the great plain to the south of Nazareth. This distance, however, would seem to be too great to answer the conditions of the narrative. The sacred writer says that they led their victim to the brow of "the hill on which their city was built." Besides, it has been thought not probable that a mob, under such circumstances of sudden excitement, would go so far to accomplish a purpose which might so easily have been accomplished nearer. Some modern scholars have inferred, therefore, either that the ancient city of Nazareth was on a different spot from that occupied by the modern town, or else that tradition errs in the identification of the cliff or precipice to which the narrative refers. Such inferences as these are, however, obviously very little to be relied upon. For the precipice in question, though distant from the city, forms still the brow of a part of the hill on which the

The people cultivated the fertile land for corn, wine, and oil, and they built towns, for the uses of commerce or for the purpose of protection, at such points as were most convenient for the special ends in view—sometimes in the openings of the valleys which communicated with the interior of the country, and sometimes on the shores of the sea. Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Tiberias, seem to have been the principal of these towns, so far as we can judge from the allusions to them contained in the sacred narrative, and they must all have been situated on the western and northwestern shores of the sea, though, of them all, Tiberias is now the only one whose site can be positively and precisely identified. The localities of the rest are variously assigned to the different groups of ruins which abound throughout the region, according to the varying conclusions to which geographers and scholars are respectively led, in exploring the grounds, and in applying to them the descriptions and allusions of ancient history.

SCENERY OF THE VALLEY.

It will readily appear, from what has been said, that the Sea of Galilee, with the fertile plains and valleys that surround it, formed a vast basin; and so regular and symmetrical was its general form, that almost the whole extent of it could be surveyed from any of the loftier elevations within which it was inclosed. The view of the valley as thus seen, formed a spectacle which varied greatly in its character, from time to time, according to the condition of the atmosphere and the state of the sky. It was sometimes inexpressibly beautiful, and sometimes it was sombre and sublime. When the sun was bright and the sky was clear, and when, especially toward evening, the oblique and declining rays of the great luminary brought out the contrasts of light and shade, and exhibited in bold relief the undulations of distant hills, the whole scene presented the aspect of a paradise. The clear blue waters of the lake—the distant and softened azure of the mountains—the variegated hues of green and brown exhibited in the fertile and cultivated plains—the groves, the orchards, the white-walled towns crowning distant eminences or adorning capes and promontories along the shore—the green valleys, the smooth and rounded hills—all combined to form a picture of extreme and indescribable beauty. At other times, and under a different aspect of the heavens, the whole character and expression of the scene would be entirely changed. Dark clouds would canopy the sky, and, by shutting out the beams of the sun, extinguish at once all the brightness and beauty of the scene. The green and golden colors of the cultivated fields would disappear, and in place of their rich and brilliant beauty would be displayed one broad and monotonous expanse—dim, dark, and shadowy in outline, and enveloped in mists and gloom. The mountain summits at such times were shut out from view, and even their lower declivities half concealed, by driving showers of sleet and rain, while the surface of the lake ruffled and blazed by

the wind and by the reflection of the angry sky, tossed itself into billows which chased each other angrily to the shore. Between these two extremes, the great valley of Galilee assumed at various times every possible phase that the changes and combinations of grandeur and beauty in mountain scenery can display.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

Two geological phenomena of a somewhat extraordinary character, which mark the region that we have been describing, were observed in very ancient times by the inhabitants, and have borne at various periods, subsequent to that time, important relations to the events that have occurred in the history of the valley. The first of these natural curiosities are the dens and caves of Magdala. The rocks of which the strata are composed in the vicinity of the sea of Galilee—as is in fact often the case in that quarter of the world—consist to a great extent of a sort of cavernous limestone, which through the presence perhaps of elastic gases pent up within the substance of the rock at the time of its formation, or through the action of water flowing for ages through the secret fissures of the strata, after the mass was formed, is perforated in many parts with openings and chambers, which, when the entrances to them communicate with the open air, form dens and caves, that become the haunts of wild beasts, and, in some states of society, the



THE DENS.

dwellings or the fortresses of men. These dens and caves are found, at the present day, at various places along the borders of the lake, in the rocks that face the water, and more especially in the sides of a valley which opens out on the western side a short distance to the northward of Tiberias, at the place where, as is supposed, was situated the ancient Magdala. We shall have occasion to allude to the caves of Magdala more fully in the sequel.

The other of the two great natural curiosities for which the shores of the Sea of Galilee are remarkable, is a group of springs, from which very copious supplies of hot and steaming water have been constantly issuing without cessation

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

or apparent change for every day and hour of the long period of twenty centuries, during which the locality has been under the observation of man. These springs are situated at a spot a little south of the city of Tiberias. They are very near the shore. The water comes out from them in great abundance, and when left to itself, flows in smoking streamlets across the beach to the sea. The place was called in ancient times by the name of Emmaus—or rather by the Hebrew original from which that word is derived—signifying *warm baths*. There is another Emmaus, or group of hot springs, seven or eight miles northward from Jerusalem, where a considerable village existed in the time of our Saviour. It is to this last that allusion is made in the account of the conversation of Jesus with his disciples, after his resurrection, given in Luke xxiv. 13.

What can be the nature of the subterranean mechanism which can thus send up a healing fountain of waters, with so exhaustless a force that after two thousand years of copious and ceaseless flow there is found to be no diminution in the supply, the most searching scrutiny of geological science has not been able to discover. The water comes to the surface, not pure, but impregnated with saline and sulphureous ingredients, imparting to it certain medicinal powers, which gave the springs, from the very earliest periods, a great repute for their healing virtues. The sick repaired to them to drink and to bathe in

says, in honor of Tiberius, the Roman emperor. The town is mentioned, however, in the New Testament, and there is little doubt, that though Herod may have greatly enlarged, and perhaps wholly rebuilt the town, yet that some sort of town or village had stood upon the spot from a period far antecedent to his day.

JESUS AT THE TOWN OF NAZARETH.

Our Saviour commenced his ministrations in Judea. The first instance of his withdrawing thence into the retirement and seclusion of Galilee, was on the occasion of the persecution of John the Baptist, by Herod. When he heard that John was cast into prison, he departed from Judea into Galilee.* • Here he immediately began to preach the Gospel, traveling, as he did so, from place to place, and visiting the various towns and villages, for the purpose of addressing the people in the synagogues and other public places. His preaching attracted great attention. Wherever he went he was favorably received. The people who saw and heard him, listened eagerly to his simple, but sublime and impressive eloquence, and honored him as a prophet; and beyond the circle which he personally reached in his journeyings, “there went out a fame of him through all the region round about.”†

At length he came to Nazareth, and addressed his fellow townsmen in the synagogue there, in a manner which led to the difficulty that has already been described, and which resulted in

an attempt, on the part of the people, to throw him down from a precipice in the neighborhood of the city. The manner in which this difficulty grew out of the address which Jesus made to the people of Nazareth, was striking and peculiar, and yet, at the same time, exceedingly characteristic of the ideas and sentiments of the times. In the course of the address which Jesus made, he read a portion of the Old Testament scriptures, containing a prophecy of the coming Messiah, and then in a very gentle but distinct and unequivocal manner, proceeded to claim that the prophecy which he had read was fulfilled in *him*. The people received this announcement with great surprise. “Is

not this Joseph our carpenter's son?” said they, one to another. They were pleased, the sacred writer informs us, with the mild and gentle but impressive eloquence of the speaker, and approved the moral sentiments which he uttered; but they could not believe that their plain and unpretending townsmen could really be the great Redeemer and Deliverer of Israel, whose coming and kingdom had been so imposingly and sub-



THE FOUNTAIN AT EMMAUS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

the water, and the town of Tiberias itself is supposed to have had its origin, like the watering-places of modern days, in the desire of these visitors and their friends to reside in the vicinity of the fountains. The first full and formal account we have of the building of the Tiberias of history, is given by Josephus, who wrote nearly a century after the Christian era. He ascribes the foundation of the city to Herod Antipas, who named it Tiberias, as Josephus

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lively prefigured in the predictions of David and Isaiah.

In reply to their expressions of unbelief, Jesus said to them, calmly, that it was nothing uncommon or strange for a Jewish prophet to be rejected by his own countrymen, and that in such cases the boon which the chosen people of God evinced a ~~disposition~~ to reject, had been in the former history of the nation, bestowed upon foreigners and strangers. There were many destitute widows, he said, in the time of the great famine which raged in the days of Elijah the prophet, among the people of Israel, but on account of their disbelief, the prophet was sent to a widow of Sarepta, a Gentile city. And, subsequently, in the days of Elisha, there were many lepers in Israel, but they were all passed by, and the healing power of the prophet was only exerted in behalf of Naaman, a *Syrian*. This suggestion of the possibility that Gentiles could, under any circumstances, receive precedence and preference over Jews, as objects of the divine favor and regard, awakened the animosity and hatred of the Nazarenes against Jesus so strongly, that a violent tumult ensued, and it was in the course of this tumult that Jesus was hurried away to the brow of the precipice, with the intention on the part of his enemies to throw him down and dash him to pieces. But in some way or other—not very fully explained in the sacred narrative—he made his escape from them and went his way.

JESUS AT THE SEA OF GALILEE. —

In consequence of these occurrences Jesus left Nazareth, and afterward seldom returned to it again. During the remaining portion of his life, the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains and valleys in the immediate vicinity of it, formed his principal abode; and many of the most striking and interesting portions of the New Testament narrative, consist of accounts of the various excursions and adventures of Jesus and his disciples, of which the shores and environs of this secluded lake were the scene. The earliest and most prominent of the twelve apostles, his most intimate and chosen friends, were fishermen, whom, in his walks along the shore, he found engaged with their boats and fishing tackle on the margin of the water. Sometimes he entered the towns of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, which seem to have been situated on the northwestern shores of the sea, and preached to the people in the synagogues, or conversed with them in their houses. The excitement which his preaching and the miracles which he performed produced, became sometimes very great, and vast crowds would on such occasions assemble around him, gathered from all the villages of the surrounding country. Sometimes he would retire with these assemblies to some secluded ground where he could address them at length and without interruption, on the great truths and principles of religion, and sometimes he would withdraw himself from them—when their numbers and the excitement which attended their assembling be-

came too great—and thus leave them to disperse quietly to their homes. In these movements, he often crossed and recrossed the sea by means of the small vessels, of which there were, it seems, in those days, great numbers in all the villages along the shore. The eastern side of the sea being mountainous and wild, was comparatively uninhabited and solitary. The western contained many villages and a broad extent of fertile and cultivated land. He was accordingly accustomed to seek the latter for the purposes of active and public service; and the former, for retirement and repose.

STORMS ON THE LAKE.

The lake, like other sheets of water similarly situated, though its surface was usually calm, being protected from the influence of ordinary breezes by the mountains around it, was very subject to sudden tempests and storms, and the disciples of Jesus were several times exposed to great danger from this source while out upon the water. A minute and very graphic account of one of these scenes is given in the sixth chapter of Luke. Jesus had crossed the sea, probably at the northern part of it, and had addressed a large assembly that gathered there to see and hear him—some of them being perhaps residents in that region, and others having come across the lake in boats or passed around on foot along the shore, in order to attend him. Through the eagerness of their interest to follow Jesus and listen to his instructions, they had come without any sufficient supply of food, and Jesus finding them at length hungry and weary and far from home, performed the celebrated miracle for their relief, of giving them an abundant supply of food, from five loaves of bread and two small fishes, which a certain lad had brought for the supply of one small party of the company. The effect of this miracle, added to the excitement which had prevailed before, was such that at the close of the feast the vast assembly began to plan an insurrection against the Roman government with a view of proclaiming Jesus, king of the Jews. To defeat this plan, Jesus directed his disciples to go back across the lake in their boat, that evening, while he himself withdrew from them and concealed himself in the mountains. The assembly supposing, very naturally, that Jesus would return in the boat with his disciples, when they found that he had disappeared from among them, repaired to the shore and remained by the boat until the disciples were ready to embark. When at length the time of embarkation came, and they saw the disciples push off from the land without their master, they could not divine where he had gone, or what had become of him. They waited on the spot for some time, inquiring for him in every part, and watching all the other boats that departed from that side, but all in vain. At length, on the following day, they gave up the search and left the ground, some recrossing the lake by such other boats as were there, and others probably going around by land. Those who went to Capernaum on reaching the other

side, found that Jesus had arrived there before them, and they wondered greatly how he could have crossed the sea. They asked him how and when he had come to Capernaum. Jesus did not give them a direct reply; but the sacred writer in narrating the story informs us, that he came down from his place of concealment among the mountains, in the night, and joined his disciples in their boat upon the sea, by miraculously walking out to them upon the water.

THE TOMBS.

Among the various classes of sufferers who came from time to time to Jesus for relief from mental or physical disorder and pain, in the vicinity of the Sea of Galilee, were certain frenzied men, described as possessed with devils, and as having their dwelling among the tombs.* These tombs, as they are called, were doubtless the natural dens and caves, which have already been mentioned as existing numerously in the rocks and mountains surrounding the sea. Some of these caves, especially those in the Valley of Magdala, are quite extensive, and they have been at different periods scenes of events and operations so important, that they have acquired a considerable degree of historical celebrity. In the time of our Saviour they seem to have been the haunts of such wretched outcasts as those referred to in the passages cited above. Subsequently, in more unsettled and unquiet times, they were inhabited by organized bands of robbers, who used them as places of resort and rendezvous for maturing their plans of theft and rapine, and of retreat and concealment for themselves and their booty. These caverns were sometimes found in gloomy and frightful ravines, the entrances to them being situated far up among rocks and precipices, where they could be reached only by narrow, steep, and almost impracticable paths. The robbers found their position in these caverns so secure, that they brought their families there, and organized themselves into a regular and complete community; and, finally, at one time became so powerful, as to bid absolute defiance to all the attempts of the civil authorities of the government to dislodge them. It is true that the success of the robbers in sustaining themselves against these attempts, were aided, for a long time, by the distracted state of the country at that period, arising from the wars and commotions that then generally prevailed. At length, however, Herod came into power as the chief ruler of Galilee under the Roman government, and he, after having reduced the province at large in some degree to subjugation and order, by his headstrong and terrible decision, resolved to finish the work by the extermination of these robbers. He accordingly organized quite an army, and marched against these lawless desperadoes with as much preparation and formality, as if he had been going to attack the garrison of a walled and fortified city.

COMBAT WITH THE ROBBERS.

The caves which the robbers occupied were

* Matt. viii. 28; Mark v. 2; Luke viii. 26

situated, as has already been said, in the recesses of the mountains, and the entrances to them were high up among broken and overhanging rocks, the access being doubly impeded by the steep and broken character of the approaches, and by the entangled and almost impenetrable thickets which concealed the way. To increase their security, the robbers had built walls in front of the entrances to their dens, and behind them had piled up rocks and other missiles, which they stood ready to hurl down upon all who should attempt to come near them. So complete and effectual were these means of defense, that Herod found it impracticable to reach the caverns by the ordinary approaches, and was compelled to devise some different way.

The expedient which he at length resorted to, was to let his men down to the mouths of the caverns, in chests or boxes, from the brow of the precipice above. These chests were suspended by iron chains, since ropes or cordage of any kind would have been liable to be cut off, or burned off, by the robbers. The men in the



THE ASSAULT ON THE ROBBERS.

boxes were armed with darts, spears, and arrows, as usual; and in addition to these missiles, they were provided with long poles tipped with hooks of iron, to aid them in pulling the robbers out from the caves when they should reach the entrance of them. The letting of the men down the face of the precipices in these boxes, proved to be a very difficult and dangerous operation, on account of the height of the cliffs, the weight and unmanageableness of the boxes, heavily loaded as they were with men and arms, and the difficulty of controlling them in their gradual but perilous descent. At length, however, the work was accomplished. The groups of armed men let down by this frightful machinery, at length found themselves opposite to the entrances to the caves. The robbers retreated into the interior of them. The soldiers clambered out of their boxes by means of the chains by which they were suspended, and attacked the robbers with the blind and reckless fury necessarily in-

spired by the desperate situation in which they found themselves placed—where either to kill and destroy their enemies, or to be hurled down the precipices themselves, could obviously be the only alternative.

They attacked the robbers first by darts and arrows, which they threw at random into the dark recesses of the caverns, and then, venturing a little way in, they seized with their pole-hooks the foremost and most daring of the robbers, and all that were within their reach—and, drawing them forward, impelled them over the brink of the precipice at the mouth of the caverns, down upon the rocks below. It was but a small portion, however, of the banditti that could be thus seized. The remainder drew back into the inmost recesses of their gloomy dwellings, where they fought like beasts of prey in their dens. This strange combat continued till nightfall. The soldiers then withdrew from the contest—some to the mouths of the caves, some to the boxes, and some to the cliffs above—and all waited for the morning.

In the mean time Herod, tired of a conflict so cruel, and for which there seemed, moreover, no prospect of any speedy termination, resolved to make overtures to the robbers with a view to ending the struggle. He accordingly sent a

herald to offer them pardon for all their past crimes if they would now surrender. Many of the robbers accepted these terms, and gave themselves up as prisoners. But the greater portion, either because they distrusted the sincerity of the offer, or because they had become so implacably enraged against their enemies by the combat of the preceding day, refused to yield, and consequently when the morning returned, the soldiers were ordered to renew the attack, and now to show no mercy. A most furious and desperate, though protracted combat, ensued. The soldiers brought fagots and torches, and built fires in the mouths of the caves, and then pushed the burning materials in with their poles, in order to drive out or suffocate the robbers by the smoke of the fire. The caves communicated with each other, it seems, in their interior chambers, and there were also openings from them above communicating with the air. They were filled, too, in many parts with stores of fuel, food, and clothing, which formed masses more or less combustible. The fire took in these heaps from the burning fagots, and spread rapidly among them, so that the whole extent of the caverns was soon filled with smoke and flame, or with hot and suffocating vapors. The robbers fought desperately all the time to drive



THE BATTLE.

back their enemies, and to throw out the burning fagots and repress the fire; while the crackling of the flames, the shouts and outcries of the combatants, and the shrieks and screams of the women and children, flying hither and thither within the caves in terror and despair, added horror to the scene. In fact, some of the more savage and desperate of the leaders of the band became absolutely frenzied by the passions which the combat excited in them. Josaphus, the historian by whom the narrative of these facts was recorded, relates that there was one man among the robbers that had seven sons, who all, with

their mother, were eagerly desirous of surrendering to save their lives. This their father would not allow them to do. And when they insisted upon doing it, he stationed himself at the mouth of the cave, and hurled them all one after another down the precipice as they came out; and finally, after throwing their shrieking and frantic mother, who came out to save them, over, too, he leaped down himself, and was dashed to pieces with them on the rocks below.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CAVES.

How far it is safe to rely on the exact truth of such narratives as the foregoing, found in the

writings of the ancient historians, it is perhaps somewhat difficult to decide. The story, however, of the combat in the caves between the soldiers of Herod and the robbers is confirmed by whatever of corroboration there may be in the actual existence of caves answering exactly to the conditions of the narrative, as seen and described by travelers who visit the locality at the present day. One of the groups of these caverns presents the appearance of having formed once an extensive and well-defended fortress. The entrances are high up among the cliffs of the rocks, and are defended by walls built up in front of them, in such a way as to prevent all admission, except through a narrow portal. The path leading up to this portal is so narrow and steep, and so difficult of access, as to be easily defended by a very small force from above, against any number of assailants attempting to ascend from below. The caverns themselves, when explored and examined within, are found to have been artificially enlarged, and are united with each other by passages cut from one to the other in the rock. There are several deep ~~caverns~~, too, within the caverns, with conduits for filling them, by means of the water percolating through the fissures of the rock, or flowing in streamlets down the mountains after showers of rain. In a word, these subterranean chambers, though silent and deserted now, have evidently, in former times, answered the purpose of sheltering and protecting numerous and well-organized bands of wild and desperate men. The traveler who penetrates to the spot, climbs the steep and sharp turning-path that leads up to the entrance, and explores with hesitation and dread the winding passages which lead him in. There, as he wakes with his voice the echoes that slumber among the vaulted roofs above him, and looks down into the dark and damp cisterns that open below, his mind is oppressed with mingled feelings of wonder and awe. And when at length he comes out again to the light of day, he stands upon the rude parapet built to defend the portal, and, looking down upon the fertile valley below him—with its fields, its orchards, its gardens, its hamlets, and its smiling rivulet meandering peacefully toward the sea—pictures to his imagination the desperate affrays, and the terrible storms of carnage and destruction of which the now quiet and peaceful valley has often been the scene. He re-peoples the caverns with the savage desperadoes that once inhabited them, and reconstructs the encampments which were marshaled against them in the green and fertile valley below.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The most full and formal of the various discourses which our Saviour delivered to his disciples, was the Sermon on the Mount—a discourse which, as it was delivered almost at the very commencement of his public ministrations, and as it contained a very complete and systematic summary of the views of moral duty which he came to inculcate upon men, may be considered as the great original and fundamental exposition

of the principles of Christianity. This discourse has been read more, and has exerted a greater influence upon mankind, in an infinite degree, than any other address that was ever delivered to a human congregation. The doctrines which were advanced in it were almost wholly new, and the promulgation of them to man marked an era, as it were, in the moral history of the race. The highest moral excellence had been previously supposed to consist in a certain exaltation and loftiness of spirit, in stoical indifference to grief and pain, and in the courage and resolution displayed in resenting injuries and retaliating wrongs. Jesus, in his Sermon on the Mount, announced, with a poignancy, and a terseness, and a beauty and brilliancy of illustration that has never been surpassed, a very different system. He portrayed the moral beauty of a quiet, gentle, unpretending, self-distrusting spirit—a spirit of patience under suffering, of forgiveness under a sense of injury and wrong, of forbearance and charity in view of the faults and failings of other men, and of humble faith and trust in God for all earthly and heavenly happiness. We have been accustomed so long to the inculcation of these sentiments, that at the present day we do not easily conceive of the interest and the surprise which the novelty of them must have awakened in the minds of those to whom Jesus Christ announced them, for the first time, in the great convocation on the mountain. The very first sentences of the discourse, which presented in the most striking manner, and without any preface or introduction whatever, the new spirit which was to pervade and characterize his instructions, must have arrested universal attention, and produced universal surprise :

“Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

“Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

“Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

“Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”

The place which tradition points out, at the present day, as the spot where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, is two or three miles distant from the shores of the lake, and west of Tiberias. It is a mountain, or rather hill, near a village called Hattin. The elevation is a sort of ridge, extending in an eastern and western direction, and terminating in two rounded summits, one at each end. These two summits, which are generally seen together from the various points of view along the roads in the vicinity, are called the Horns of Hattin* by the Arabs who inhabit the country. The Christians call the whole elevation the Mount of Beatitudes—the term referring to the blessings pronounced by Jesus on the graces and virtues of the Christian spirit, in the commencement of his discourse. The form of the mountain is remarkable for the

* See map at the commencement of this article.

circumstance that it is only thirty or forty feet high on the northern side, while it is about four hundred feet high on the southern side. The reason of this is, that it stands on the margin of an elevated plain, which extends to a considerable distance from it to the northward, so that in approaching it on that side the summit is attained by ~~ascending~~ a very gentle elevation. On reaching the summit, however, the observer looks down upon a widely-extended and magnificent view of plains and valleys to the southward, far below him.

There is a level area upon the top of the mountain, between the two horns, very suitable in form and position for the accommodation of the vast concourse which assembled to hear the discourse of the Saviour. The distance too of the locality from the lake, and the convenience of access to it from the shore, make it not improbable that this was really the ground to which Jesus withdrew with the multitudes, for the purpose of addressing them. There is, however, after all, no positive evidence of the fact, except in an ancient tradition which testifies to it; and this tradition can be traced back only about eight hundred years. There is nothing of the nature of a monument on the spot, to confirm the tradition, except one small ruin on the eastern horn, which some persons have supposed is the remains of an ancient chapel. Perhaps, however, after all, the strongest evidence that the ancient tradition in respect to this mountain is true, is found in the fact that there is no other spot around the shores of the Sea of Galilee which claims to have been the ground where the great discourse was spoken.

CAPERNAUM.

Travelers who go in modern times to explore the sacred localities in the environs of the Sea of Galilee, take great interest in the attempt to identify the site of the ancient city of Capernaum, which was the scene of so many of our Saviour's most important public ministrations. The locality of Tiberias speaks for itself—the ancient town having continued to occupy substantially the same spot, under substantially the same name, to the present day. In respect to Capernaum, however, the case is widely different. The name has ceased to exist, and not even a tradition of its sound can be traced on any spot in all the region. It is left, therefore, to the ingenuity of tourists and geographers to determine, by the result of research and learned speculations, which of the various groups of ruins which are now found on the northwestern shores of the lake are to be considered as the remains of the ancient town.

By referring to the map at the commencement of this article, the reader will observe that at Tiberias the mountains shut in close to the sea, leaving for the site of the city only a very narrow space between them and the margin of the water. The coast continues to be of this character for three or four miles to the northward of Tiberias, to Magdala, where the lowland space between the mountains and the sea widens, and forms quite

an extended plain of smooth and fertile land, which is about four miles long from north to south, and in its widest part is nearly three miles broad. This plain formed the ancient land of Genesareth, so often alluded to in the sacred narratives.

At the northern extremity of this plain, there stands at the present day the ruins of an ancient *khan*, a sort of inn, such as were built in former times in various parts of the East, for the accommodation of caravans and companies of travelers. Near the *khan* is a large fountain, which gushes copiously out from beneath a mass of rocks, and is overshadowed by a large and ancient fig tree. It is from this fig tree, in fact, or from some one of its progenitors which grew before it upon the spot, that the fountain derives its name, being called in the Arabic tongue *Ain-et-Tin*, which means, Fountain of the Fig Tree. The name of the ruined inn is *Khan Minyeh*.* The situation of the *khan* and of the fountain are picturesque and beautiful, the fountain being near the shore of the lake, and the *khan* back a little way among the hills. A stream of water, supplied by the fountain, runs off to the sea, its banks ~~adorned~~ with a beautiful and luxuriant fringe of vegetation. The plain of Genesareth too, which extends southwardly from the spot, is fertile and rich, and its flocks and herds, its groves and gardens, and its waving fields of grain, present at the present day a charming picture. In the immediate vicinity of the *khan* are mounds of ancient ruins, now entirely dilapidated and unintelligible, except so far as they indicate the former existence of a town upon the spot. This is one of the sites that claim the honor of having been the ancient Capernaum.

If now we continue our course along the northwestern shore of the sea, we find the mountains shutting in upon it again, and that so closely as scarcely to allow room for the road. In fact, the point represented on the map as projecting into the lake just north of the Fountain of the Fig Tree is a high and rocky promontory, which is only passable on the seaward side by means of a narrow and difficult path hewn in the rock, at some distance above the water. Beyond the promontory the road passes several small valleys with fountains and streams flowing from them, some of which are so copious that the power which they furnish is used for driving mills. The land here rises far less abruptly from the sea, and the road built upon the slope of it follows the line of the shore until at last the traveler arrives at another remarkable group of ruins called *Tell Hüm*. These ruins are situated upon a sort of swell of land projecting slightly into the lake—the land behind them rising by a gradual and gentle acclivity toward the mountains above. The road passes to the westward of the ruins, so that the traveler who wishes to explore them must leave his path and turn down to the right toward the sea.

The ruins are very extensive. They consist chiefly of the foundations and fallen walls of

* See the map at the commencement of this article.

ancient dwellings, with many hewn stones and sculptured pilasters, columns, and capitals, which evidently once formed a part of some public edifice of an extended and imposing character. One of these edifices, according to the description which Robinson gives of the ruins of it, must have been a very costly and magnificent structure. He measured one hundred and five feet along the northern wall of it, and eighty feet along the western, and was not then certain that he had obtained the full dimensions of the structure; while the ground, over and around this shore, was covered with sculptured entablatures and panels, ornamented friezes, and beautiful Corinthian capitals, all very elaborately formed. The material is a species of marble.

There is a sort of tradition, which can be traced back now nearly a thousand years, that these ruins are the remains of the ancient Caper-natum. The site of Khan Min-yeh corresponds more closely with the various allusions to the situation of the town, contained in the sacred writings, while on the other hand we have the testimony of a tolerably ancient tradition, which in respect to a locality seldom errs, in favor of Tell Hüm. The evidence being thus so nearly equally balanced, each reader may be perhaps allowed the privilege which every traveler takes, of deciding between the two localities, as his taste and fancy may dictate. The situation of Khan Min-yeh is beautiful, lying as it does under the shelter of gentle and well wooded hills, and at the same time on the verge of a rich and populous plain. The ruins of Tell Hüm, on the other hand, are sublime. They occupy a wild and romantic solitude. They repose in ~~solemn~~ loneliness on their sea-beaten hill, with wild and desolate mountains rising behind them, and closely hemming them in. In fact the aspect of the place at the present day is inexpressibly desolate and gloomy. Ancient ruins in a solitary place, and especially on the margin of solitary waters, have always a very mournful expression; but the solemn melancholy which mingles with the meditations of the traveler who sits at evening among the nameless and forgotten ruins of this lonely hill, becomes a far deeper feeling than the sadness which such scenes as these usually inspire.

THE SEA OF GALILEE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

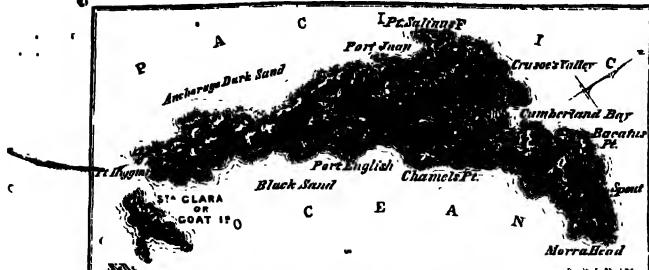
It is only a mournful and melancholy train of thought, indeed, that the whole aspect of the Sea of Galilee can awaken in the mind of the traveler who visits it at the present day, so great have been the changes which time has

wrought upon all pertaining to it, and so entirely have all that constituted its life and charm in former ages, now disappeared.* The mountains and sea remain it is true; and the city of Tiberias, so far as the fatal concussions of an earthquake, which a few years ago agitated all the region, have spared its walls and its dwellings, still remains. Almost all else, however, which adorned and distinguished the shores of the sea in ancient times is scattered and gone. The population which formerly filled the plains



THE SEA.

and hill sides has almost disappeared. One solitary sail which modern travelers sometimes speak of as visible upon the lake when they are descending the steep and rugged path which leads them down the mountain side toward Tiberias, is all that remains to represent the fleets of boats and vessels which once lined its shores. Instead of wealth, cultivation, and prosperity, we now see poverty, desolation, and solitude. There are rich plains loaded with a luxuriant but useless vegetation, lonely valleys, forsaken both by the shepherd and his flocks, and instead of busy villages and thriving towns only mounds of desolate ruins, the very names of which are forgotten. It is, however, only man that has changed; Nature remains the same. The mountains, the valleys, the plains, and the sea are, in themselves, the same as ever; and they form, as the traveler looks down upon them from any of the elevations above, the same enchanting picture of lake and mountain scenery. Even the fountain of Emmaus, which was the means perhaps of first attracting human inhabitants to that spot, still continues its ceaseless and unchangeable flow—issuing from the rocks with the same bountiful supply which it furnished in the days of Abraham, and sending forth the same smoking streamlets across the beach to the sea.



MAP OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

CRUSOE-LIFE.*
A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND
OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

THE BOAT ADVENTURE.

NOT quite four years ago, the ship *Anteus* was a noted vessel. Many were the strange stories told of strife and discord between the captain and the passengers; pamphlets were published giving different versions of the facts, and some very curious questions of law were involved in the charges made by both parties. It appeared from the statement of the passengers, who were for the most part intelligent and respectable Americans, that, on the voyage of the *Anteus* to California, their treatment by the captain was cruel and oppressive in the extreme; that, before they were three weeks from port, he had reduced them almost to a state of absolute starvation; and, in consequence of the violence of his conduct, which, as they alledged, was without cause or provocation on their part, they considered their lives endangered, and resolved upon making an appeal for his removal at the port of Rio. On the arrival of the vessel at Rio, the captain was arraigned before the American Consul, and pronounced to be insane by the evidence of six physicians and by the testimony of a large majority of the passengers. It was charged, on the other hand, that the passengers were disorderly, mutinous, and ungovernable; that they had entered into a conspiracy against the captain, and in testifying to his insanity were guilty of perjury. The examination of the case occupied several weeks before the American Consul; voluminous testimony was taken on both sides; the question was submitted to the American Minister, to the British Consul, and to the principal merchants of Rio, all of whom concurred in the opinion that, under the circumstances, there was but one proper course to pursue, which was, to remove the captain from the command of the vessel. He was accordingly deposed by the American Consul, and a new captain placed in the command. This was regarded by the principal merchants of New York as an arbitrary exercise of authority, unwarranted by law or pre-

cedent, and a memorial was addressed by them to the President of the United States for the removal of the Consul. A new administration had just come into power; and the Consul was removed, ostensibly on the ground of the complaints made against him; but, inasmuch as some few other officers of the government were removed at the same time without such ground, it may be inferred that a difference in political opinion had some weight with the administration.

It is not my intention now to go into any argument in regard to the merits of this case; the time may come when justice will be done to the injured, and it remains for higher authority than myself to meet it out. I have simply to acknowledge, with a share of the odium resting upon me, that I was one of the rebellious passengers in the *Anteus*. My companions in trouble so far honored me with their confidence as to give me charge of the case. I was unlearned in law, yet possessed some experience in sea-life; and believing that the lives of all on board depended upon getting rid of a desperate and insane captain, aided to the best of my ability in having a new officer placed in the command. To the change thus made, unforeseen in its results, I owe my eventful visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez.

It was the intention of our first captain to touch at Valparaiso for a supply of fresh provisions. In the ship's papers this was the only port designated on the Pacific side, except San Francisco. Our new commander, Captain Brooks, assumed the responsibility of leaving the choice between Valparaiso and another port, to the passengers. It was put to the vote, and decided that we should proceed to Callao, so that we might pass in sight of Juan Fernandez, and have an opportunity of visiting Lima, "the City of the Kings."

Early on the morning of the 19th of May, 1849, we made the highest peak of Massa Tierra, bearing N.W., distant seventy miles. The weather was mild and clear. As the sun rose, it fell calm, and the ship lay nearly motionless. A light blue spot, scarce higher than a handspike, was all that appeared in the horizon. It might have passed for a cloud, but for the distinctness of its outline. Weary of the gales we had encountered off Cape Horn, it was a pleasant thing to see a spot of earth once more, and there was not a soul on board but felt a desire to go ashore. For some days

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

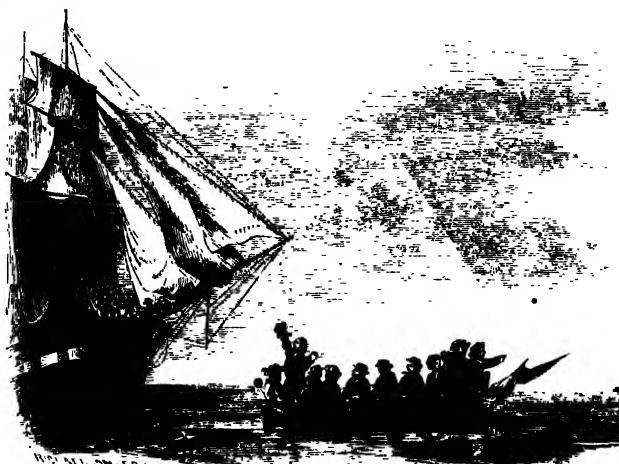
past, myself and a few others had talked secretly among ourselves about making the attempt in case we went close enough; but now there seemed to be every prospect of a long calm, and we took it for granted the captain would clap on all sail if we took the trades. There was no other chance but to lower one of the boats and row seventy miles. A party of us agreed to do this, provided we could get a boat. The ship's boats we knew it would be impossible to get without permission of the captain, and that we were not willing to ask.

Mr. Brigham, a fellow-passenger, was owner of one of the quarter-boats. We broached the matter to him, and he gladly joined in the adventure, together with his partner and some friends, so that we made in all a very pleasant party of eleven. The proper number of men for the boat was six, but in consideration of the great distance and the necessity of a change at the oars, five more were crowded in. We had been in the habit of rowing about the vessel whenever it was calm, and this we thought would be a good excuse for lowering the boat. Being in

great haste lest the captain should object to letting us go, we only thought of a few necessary articles in case we should be cast away or driven off from the island. Two small demijohns of water, a few biscuits, a piece of dried beef, and some cheese and crackers comprised our entire stock of provisions; and for nautical instruments we had only a lantern and a small pocket compass. Not knowing but there might be outlaws or savages ashore who might undertake to murder us, we armed ourselves with a double-barreled gun, a fusee, and an old harpoon, which was all we could smuggle into the boat, in the excitement of starting. Captain Brooke happening to come on deck, perceived that there was something unusual going on, and suspecting our design, took occasion to warn us of the folly of such an expedition. At the same time thinking there was more bravado than reality about it, he laughed good-humoredly when we acknowledged that we were going ashore. "Be sure," said he, as we went over the side, "not to forget the peaches. You will find plenty of them up in the valleys. Only don't lose sight of the vessel. You may exercise yourselves as much as you please, but keep the royals above water, whatever you do. Bear in mind that you are more than seventy miles from that peak!" We promised him that we would take care of ourselves, and come back safe in case we were not foundered.

At 9 A.M. we bade our friends good-by, and

with three cheers pushed off from the ship. The boat was only twenty-two feet long and an eighth of an inch thick: it was made of sheet-iron and was very narrow and crank. Most of us, except myself and a whaleman named Paxton, were unused to rowing, so that the prospect of reaching land depended a good deal upon the day remaining calm, and upon keeping the boat trimmed; the gunwales being only ten inches out of the water



LEAVING THE SHIP.

There was no excuse for this risk of life, save that insatiable thirst for novelty which all experience to some extent after the monotony of a long voyage. I will only say, in regard to myself, that I was too full of joy at the idea of a ramble in the footsteps of Robinson Crusoe to think of risk at all. If there was danger it merely served to give zest to the adventure.

By a calculation of the distance and our rate of going, we expected to reach the land by sundown or soon after; and then our plan was to make a tent of the boat-sail, and sleep under it till morning, when by rising early we thought we could take a run over the island, and perhaps get some fruit and vegetables. By that time, should a light breeze spring up during the night, we thought it likely the ship would be well up by the land, and we could pull out and get on board without difficulty. Before long we found that distances are very deceptive in these latitudes where the atmosphere is so clear; for notwithstanding the statement of the captain that by the reckoning we were seventy miles from land, we believed that he only told us so to deter us from going, and that we were not much more than half that distance. In rowing, we made a division of our number, taking turns or watches of an hour each at the oars, so as to share the labor. Once fairly underway, with a smooth sea and a pleasant day before us, we became exceedingly merry at the expense of our fellow-passengers whom we had left in the ship to drift about

in the calm, and it afforded us much diversion to think how they would be disappointed upon finding that we were in earnest about going ashore. Before long, we had cause to wish ourselves back again in the ship; which goes to prove that apparently the most unfortunate are often less so than those who seem to be favored by circumstances.

At noon we took a lunch, and refreshed ourselves with a drink of water all round. We had also a good supply of cigars, which we smoked with great relish after our pull; and I think there never was a happier set than we were for the time. Still there was but a single peak on the horizon. It was blue and dim in the distance, and apparently not much higher than when we saw it from the mast-head: from which we inferred that there must be a current setting against us. The *Anteus* was hull down, yet we seemed as far from the land as when we started.

A ripple beginning to show upon the water, we hoisted our sail to catch the breeze, and found that it helped us one or two knots an hour. With songs and anecdotes we passed the time pleasantly till 3 P.M., when we entirely lost sight of the vessel. Paxton, the whaleman, now stood up in the boat to take an observation of the land. There were a few more peaks in sight; the middle peak, which was the first we made, began to loom up very plainly, showing a flat top. It was the mountain called Yonka, which is said to be three thousand feet high. We were apparently forty miles yet from the nearest point; and the sun setting here in May at a little after five; we began to feel uneasy concerning the weather, which showed signs of a change. All of us, having gone so far, were in favor of keeping on, though in secret we thought there was a good deal of danger. At sunset, we took another observation. The land had risen quite over the water from end to end, and we hoped to reach it in about three hours. It is true none of us knew any thing about the shores, whether they abounded in bays or not, and if so where any safe place of landing could be found—which made us doubtful how to steer. Clouds were gathering all over the horizon; a few stars shone out dimly overhead, and the shades of night began to cover the island as with a shroud. Swiftly, yet with resistless power, the clouds swept over the whole sky, and the horizon, in all the grandeur of its vast circle, was lost in the shades of night. No sail was near; no light shone upon us now but the dim rays of a few solitary stars through the rugged masses of clouds; no sound broke upon the listening ear save the weary stroke of our oars: a gloom had settled upon the mighty wilderness of waters, and we were awed and silent, for we knew that the spirit of God was there, and darkness was his secret place: that "his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

One large black mass of clouds rose up on the weather quarter. A low moaning came over the sea, and the air became suddenly chill, and the waters rippled around us, and were tossed about

by the unseen Power, and we trembled, for we beheld the coming of the storm that was soon to burst upon us in all the majesty of its wrath. For a while there was the stillness of death; then "the Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice," and out of the darkness came the storm. In fierce and sudden gusts it came, terrible in its resistless might; lashing the sea into a white foam, tossing and whirling overhead, with its thousand arms outstretched, grasping up the waters as it raged over the deep, and scourging them madly through the air, while it moaned and shrieked like the dread spirit of desolation.



BOAT IN A STORM

Every one of us cowered down in the boat to keep her balanced. The spray washed over us fearfully, and the sail shook so in the wind, having let go all, that we thought it would tear the mast out. At this time we were about three leagues from the S.E. end of the island, which was the nearest point then in sight. As the cloud spread by the attraction of the land, the whole island became wrapt in a dark shroud of mist, and in half an hour we could discern nothing but the gloom of the storm around us, as we bore down toward the darkest part on the lee. Our lamp was now quenched by heavy sea; and being unable to distinguish the points of the compass, we were fearful we should miss the island, and be carried off so far that we could never reach it again. Whenever there was a lull we tried to haul in our sheet; but a sudden flaw striking us once, the boat lay over till she buried her gunwales, and the sea broke heavily over her lee side, and the crew at the same time springing in a body to the weather side, to balance her, brought her over suddenly, so that it was a miracle we were not capsized; which, had it happened so far out at sea in the darkness, would have made an end of us. Indeed, it was as much as we could do, by baling continually, to keep her afloat, and every moment we expected to be buried in a watery grave. For the reason that we feared the tide or current, which set against us, might carry us off beyond reach of the land, we kept up our sail as long as we could, thinking that while we made headway toward the lee of the island, we increased our chance of safety. Moreover we knew it was four hundred miles to the coast of Chili, and we had neither water nor provisions left. At best our position was perilous. Ignorant of the bearings of the harbor, we

were at a loss what to do even if we should be able to reach the lee of the island, for we had seen that it was chiefly rock-bound and inaccessible to boats.

About 2 A.M., as well as we could judge, we found ourselves close in under the lee of a high cliff, upon the base of which the surf broke with a tremendous roar. Some three or four of the party, reckless of the consequences, were in favor of running straight in, and attempting to gain the shore at all hazards. The more prudent of us protested against the folly of this course, well knowing that we would be capsized in the surf and dashed to pieces on the rocks. Here we found the evils of having too many masters in an adventure of this kind, where every man who had a will of his own seemed disposed to use it. However, by mild persuasion, we adjusted the difficulty, and agreed to continue on under the lee, where we were sheltered in some degree from the gale, till we should hit upon some safe harbor, if such there was upon the island. The boat was our only resource in case of being left ashore, and all admitted the necessity of preserving it as long as possible. If we found no harbor, we could lie off a short distance and wait till daylight. This plan was so reasonable that none could object to it. As soon as we were well in by the shore, where the gale was cut off by the mountains, we had a light eddy of air in our favor, which induced us to keep up our sail. We soon found the danger of this. A strong flaw from a gap in the land struck us suddenly, and would have capsized us had we not let go every thing, and clung to the weather gunwale till it was over, when we quickly pulled down the sail, and took to the oars.

We could see nothing on our starboard but the wild seas as they rolled off into the darkness; on our larboard, a black perpendicular wall of rocks loomed up hundreds of feet high, reaching apparently into the clouds. Sometimes a part of the outline came out clear, with its rugged pinnacles against the sky, and now and then

might be dashed to pieces in the surf. Once in a while we stopped to listen, thinking we heard voices on the shore, but it was only the moaning of the tempest upon the cliffs, and the frightful beating of the surf below. We seemed almost to be able to touch the black and rugged wall of rocks that stood up out of the sea, and the shock of the returning waves so jarred the boat at times that we clung to the thwarts, and believed we were surely within the jaws of death. As the voices died away which we thought came out from the cliff, there was a lull in the storm, and nothing but the wail of the surf could be heard, sounding very sad and lonesome in gloom of night. It was a dreary and perpetual dirge for the ill-fated mariners who were buried upon that inhospitable shore; a death-moan that forever rises out of the deep for the souls that are lost, and the hearts that can never be united with those that love them upon earth again. I thought how well it was writ by the poet—

“Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”



SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

Having pulled about twelve miles along the shore from Goat Island, where we first got under the lee, and seeing no sign of a cove or harbor, we began to despair of getting ashore before daylight. In this extremity, Abraham, a ship-neighbor of mine, succeeded in lighting the lantern again, which he held out in his hand from the bow, hoping thereby to cast a light upon the rocks that we might grope out our way and reach some place of safety; but it only seemed to make the darkness thicker than it was before. We therefore concluded it was best to pull on till we rounded a point some few miles ahead, where we thought there might be a cove. So we put out the light and got Paxton to go in the bow as a look-out, he being the most keen-sighted, from the habit of looking from the mast-head for whales. On turning the point we were startled by a loud cry of “Light, ho!” Every



STRUCK BY A FLAW.

a fearful gorge opened up as we coasted along, through which the wind moaned dismally. It was a very wild and awful place in the dead of night, being so covered with darkness that we scarce knew where we steered, or how soon we

body turned to see where it appeared. It was close down by the water, about three miles distant, within a spacious cove that opened upon us as we turned the point. Paxton's quick eye had descried it the moment we hove round the rock

Greatly rejoiced by this discovery, we pulled ahead with a good will and rapidly bore down toward the light.

Chilled through with the sharp gusts from the mountains, wet with spray, and very hungry, we congratulated ourselves that there were still inhabitants on the island, and we could not but think they would give us something to eat, and furnish us with some place of shelter. Captain Brooks had told us that he had been here several times in a whaler; that sometimes people lived upon the island from the coast of Chili, and sometimes it was entirely deserted. The Chilians who frequented this lonely island we knew to be a very bad set of people, chiefly convicts and outcasts, who would not hesitate to rob and murder any stranger whom misfortune or the love of adventure might cast in their power. Pirates also, had frequented its bays from the time of the buccaneers; and it was a question with us whether the light was made by these outlaws, or by some unfortunate shipwrecked sailors or deserters from some English or American whale-ship. The better to provide against danger we loaded our two guns, and placed them in the bow, as also the harpoon; upon which we steered for the light. All of a sudden it disappeared, as if quenched by water. This was a new source of trouble. What could it mean? There was no doubt we had all seen it. The early voyagers had often seen strange lights at night on the tops of the mountains, which they attributed to supernatural causes; but this was close down by the water, and was too well defined and too distinctly visible to us all, either to be a supernatural visitation or the result of some volcanic eruption. While we lay upon our oars wondering what it meant, it again appeared, brighter than before. Now, if the inhabitants were not pirates or freebooters why did they pursue this mysterious conduct? We suspected that they heard our oars, and had lit a fire on the beach to guide us ashore, but if they wanted us to land in the right place, why did they put out the light and start it up again so strangely? For half an hour it continued thus to disappear and reappear at short intervals in the same mysterious way, for which none of us could account.

It being now about four o'clock in the morning, we felt so cast down by fatigue and dread of death, that we decided to run in at all hazards, and if necessary make our way through the breakers. All hands fell to upon the oars, and soon the light bore up again close on by the head. Paxton, who was in the bow, quickly started up, and began peering sharply through the gloom. "What's that?" said he, "look there, my lads. I see something black; don't you see it—there, on the larboard—it looks to me like the hull of a ship! Pull, my lads, pull!" and so all gave way with a will, and in a few minutes the tall masts of a vessel loomed up against the sky within a hundred yards! I shall never forget the joy of the whole party at that sight. The light which we had seen, came

from a lamp that swung in the lower rigging, and though the ship might be a Chilian convict vessel, or some other craft as little likely to give us a pleasant reception, yet we were too glad to think of that; and straightway pulled up under her stern and hailed her. For a moment there was a pause, as our voices broke upon the stillness; then there was a stir on deck and a voice answered us in clear sailor-like English, "Boat ahoy! where are you from?" "The ship *Anteus*," said we, "bound for California; what ship is this?" "The *Brooklyn*, of New York, bound for California! Come on board!"

No longer able to suppress our joy, we gave vent to three hearty cheers; cheers so loud and genuine that they swept over the waters of Juan Fernandez, and went rolling up the valleys in a thousand echoes. In less than five minutes we were all on deck, thankful for our Providential deliverance from the horrors of that eventful night.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLAND.

The decks of the *Brooklyn* presented a strange and half-savage scene. Most of the passengers aroused from their sleep by the shouts of the officers and crew, had rushed upon deck, nearly naked, and quite at a loss to know what had happened. While we were answering some of their questions, Captain Richardson, the master, pushed his way through the crowd, and asked what all the noise was about. We speedily explained how we had left the *Anteus* seventy miles out at sea, and how through the aid of Providence we had made our way into the harbor and descried the ship's lamp; declaring at the same time our belief that had we missed the ship, in all probability we would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. We then made ourselves known personally to the captain, who was well acquainted with some of the party. He cordially welcomed us on board and invited us into his cabin, where we gave him a more detailed account of our adventure. Meantime the cook was ordered to get us some breakfast as soon as possible, and Captain Richardson offered us dry clothes, and administered to our wants in the kindest manner. Nor was it long till we felt exceedingly comfortable considering the previous circumstances. We soon had breakfast, which, after our toils and troubles, was truly a Godsend. Some of the finest fish I ever ate was on the table; excellent ham and potatoes also, fresh bread, and coffee boiling hot. It was devoured with a most uncommon relish, as you may suppose; and it was none the less agreeable for being seasoned with pleasant conversation. The captain admitted that in all his seafaring he had never known of any thing more absurd than our adventure, and that it was a miracle we were not every one lost. All the passengers crowded around us as if we had risen from the depths of the sea, and I fancied they examined us as if they had an idea that we were some kind of sea-monsters.

The *Brooklyn* lay at anchor about half a mile from the boat-landing. At the dawn of day I was on deck, looking eagerly toward the island

I may as well confess at once that no child could have felt more delighted than I did in the anticipation of something illusive and enchanting. My heart throbbed with impatience to see what it was that cast so strange a fascination about that lonely spot. All was wrapt in mist; but the air was filled with fresh odors of land, and wafts of sweetness more delicious than the scent of new-mown hay. The storm had ceased, and the soft-echoed bleating of goats, and the distant baying of wild dogs were all the sounds of life that broke upon the stillness. It seemed as if

the sun, loth to disturb the ocean in its rest, or reveal the scene of beauty that lay slumbering upon its bosom, would never rise again, so gently the light stole upon the eastern sky, so softly it absorbed the shadows of night. I watched the golden glow as it spread over the heavens, and beheld at last the sun in all his majesty scatter away the thick vapors that lay around his resting-place, and each vale was opened out in the glowing light of the morning, and the mountains that towered out of the sea were bathed in the glory of his rays.



JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Never shall I forget the strange delight with which I gazed upon that isle of romance; the unfeigned rapture I felt in the anticipation of exploring that miniature world in the desert of waters, so fraught with the happiest associations of youth; so remote from all the ordinary realities of life; the actual embodiment of the most absorbing, most fascinating of all the dreams of fancy. Many foreign lands I had seen; many islands scattered over the broad ocean, rich and wondrous in their romantic beauty; many glens of Utopian loveliness; mountain heights weird and impressive in their sublimity; but nothing to equal this in variety of outline and undefinable richness of coloring; nothing so dreamlike, so wrapt in illusion, so strange and absorbing in its novelty. Great peaks of reddish rock seemed to pierce the sky wherever I looked; a thousand rugged ridges swept upward toward the centre in a perfect maze of enchantment. It was all wild, fascinating, and unreal. The sides of the mountains were covered with patches of rich grass, natural fields of oats, and groves of myrtle and pimento. Abrupt walls of rock rose from the water to the height of a thousand feet. The surf broke in a white line of foam along the shores of the bay and its measured swell floated upon the air like the voice of a distant cataract. Fields of verdure covered the ravines; ruined and moss-covered walls were scattered over each eminence; and the straw huts of the inhabitants were almost embosomed in trees, in the midst of the valley, and jets of smoke arose out of the groves and floated off gently in the calm air of the morning. In all the shore, but one spot, a single opening among

the rocks, seemed accessible to man. The rest of the coast within view consisted of fearful cliffs overhanging the water, the ridges from which sloped upward as they receded inland, forming a variety of smaller valleys above, which were strangely diversified with woods and grass, and golden fields of wild oats. Close to the water's edge, was the dark moss-covered rock, forever moist with the bright spray of the ocean, and above it cleft in countless fissures by earthquakes in times past, the red burnt earth; and there were gorges through which silvery springs coursed, and cascades fringed with banks of shrubbery; and still higher the slopes were of a bright yellow, which, lying outspread in the glow of the early sunlight, almost dazzled the eye; and round about through the valleys and on the hill-sides, the groves of myrtle, pimento, and corkwood were draped in green, glittering with raindrops after the storm, and the whole air was tinged with ambrosial tints, and filled with sweet odors: nothing in all the island and its shores, as the sun rose and cast off the mist, but seemed to

“—suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

GOING ASHORE.

No longer able to control our enthusiasm, we sprang into the boat and pushed off for the landing. Captain Richardson, who was well acquainted with the ruins of the Chilian settlement, joined us in our intended excursion, and we were accompanied also by a few sporting passengers from the Brooklyn in another boat. The waters of the bay are of crystal clearness: we saw the bottom as we dashed over the swell,

at a depth of several fathoms. It was alive with fish and various kinds of marine animals, of which there are great quantities about these shores. Can you conceive, ye landsmen who dwell in cities, and have never buffeted for weary months the gales of old ocean, the joy of once more touching the genial earth, when it has become almost a dreamy fancy in the memories of the past? Then think, without a smile of disdain, what a thrill of delight ran through my blood, as I pressed my feet for the first time upon the fresh sod of Juan Fernandez! think of it too, as the realization of hopes which I had never ceased to cherish from early boyhood; for this was the abiding place, which I now at last beheld, of a wondrous adventurer, whose history had filled my soul years ago with indefinite longings for sea-life, shipwreck, and solitude! Yes, here was verily the land of Robinson Crusoe; here in one of these secluded glens stood his rustic castle; here he fed his goats and held converse with his faithful pets; here he found consolation in the devotion of a new friend, his true and honest man Friday: beneath the shade of these trees, he unfolded the mysteries of Divine Providence to the simple savage, and proved to the world that there is no position in life which may not be endured by a patient spirit and an abiding confidence in the goodness and mercy of God.



CRUSOE'S CASTLE

Pardon the fondness with which I linger upon these recollections, reader; for I was one who had fought for poor Robinson in my boyish days, as the greatest hero that ever breathed the breath of life; who had always, even to man's estate, secretly cherished in my heart the belief that Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and all the warriors of antiquity were common-place persons compared with him; that Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Colonel Johnson, Tecumseh, and all the noted statesmen and warriors of modern times, were not to be mentioned in the same day with so extraordinary a man; I who had always regarded him as the most truthful and the very sublimest of adventurers, was now the entranced beholder of his abiding place—walking, breathing, thinking, and seeing on the very spot! There was no fancy



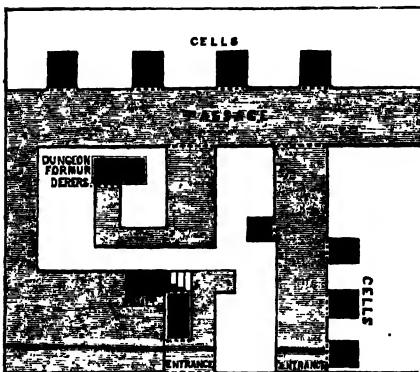
CRUSOE AT HOME.

about it—not the least; it was a palpable reality! Talk of gold! Why, I tell you, my dear friends, all the gold of California was not worth the ecstatic bliss of that moment!

CONDITION OF THE ISLAND IN 1849

We first went up to a bluff, about half-a-mile from the boat-landing, where we spent an hour in exploring the ruins of the fortifications, built by the Chilians in 1767. There was nothing left but the foundation and a portion of the ramparts of the principal fort, partly *inlodged* in banks of clay, and nearly covered with moss and weeds. It was originally strongly built of large stones, which were cast down in every direction, by the terrible earthquake of 1835, and now all that remained perfect was the front wall of the main rampart and the groundwork of the fort. Not far from these ruins we found the convict-cells, which we explored to some extent.

These cells are dug into the brow of a hill, facing the harbor, and extend underground to the distance of several hundred feet, in the form of passages and vaults, resembling somewhat the Catacombs of Rome. During the penal settlement established here by the Chilian government, the convicts, numbering sometimes many hundreds, were confined in these gloomy dungeons, where they were subjected to the most barbarous treatment. The gates or doors by which the entrances were secured, had all been torn down and destroyed; and the excavations were now occupied only by wild-goats, bats,



PLAN OF THE CONVICT CELLS.

teads, and different sorts of vermin hung upon the sides; overhead was dripping with a cold and deathlike sweat, and slimy drops coursed down the weeds, and the air was damp and chilly: thick darkness was within in the depths beyond; darkness that no wandering gleam from the light of day ever reached—for heaven never smiled upon those dreary abodes of sin and sorrow. A few of the inner dungeons, for the worst criminals, were dug still deeper underground, and rough stairways of earth led down into them, which were shut out from the upper vaults by strong doors. The size of these lower dungeons was not more than five or six feet in length, by four or five in height; from which some idea may be formed of the sufferings endured by the poor wretches confined in them; shut out from the light of heaven, loaded with heavy irons, crushed down by dank and impenetrable walls of earth, starved and beaten by their cruel guards; with no living soul to pity them in their woe, no hope of release save in death. We saw, by the aid of a torch, deep holes scratched in one of the walls, bearing the impression of human fingers. It might have been that some unhappy murderer, goaded to madness by such cruel tortures of body and terrible anguish of mind, as drive men to tear even their own flesh when buried before the vital spark is extinct, had grasped out the earth in his desperation, and left the marks in his death agonies upon the clay that entombed him, to tell what no human heart but his had suffered there, no human ear had heard, no human eye had witnessed. The deep, startling echo breaking upon the heavy air, as we sounded the walls, seemed yet to mingle with his curses, and its last sepulchral throb was like the dying moan of the maniac.



CONVICT CELLS.

Some time before the great earthquake, which destroyed the fortifications and broke up the

penal colony, a gang of convicts, amounting to three hundred, succeeded in liberating themselves from their cells. Unable to endure the cruelties inflicted upon them, they broke loose from their chains, and rushing upon the guards, murdered the greater part of them, and, finally, seized the garrison. For several days, they held complete possession of the island. A whale-ship, belonging to Nantucket, happening to come in at the time for wood and water, they seized the captain, and compelled him to take on board as many of them as the vessel could contain. About two hundred were put on board. They then threatened the captain and officers with instant death, in case of any failure to land them on the coast of Peru, whither they determined to go, in order to escape the vengeance of the Chilean government. Desirous of getting rid of them as soon as possible, the captain of the whaler ran over for the first land on the coast of Chili, where he put them ashore, leaving them ignorant of their position until they were unable to regain the vessel. They soon discovered that they were only thirty miles from Valparaiso; but short as the distance was from the Chilean authorities,



CHILIAN HUTS.

they evaded all attempts to capture them, and eventually joined the Peruvian army, which was then advancing upon Santiago. The remainder of the prisoners left upon the island, escaped in different vessels, and were scattered over various parts of the world. Only a few out of the entire number engaged in the massacre were ever captured: sentence of death was passed upon them, and they were shot in the public plaza of Santiago.

Turning our steps toward the settlement of the present residents, we passed a few hours very agreeably in rambling about among their rustic abodes. The total number of inhabitants at this period (1849), is sixteen: consisting of William Pearce, an American, and four or five Chilean men, with their wives and children. No others have lived permanently upon the island for several years. There are in all some six or seven huts, pleasantly surrounded by shrubbery, and well supplied with water from a spring. These habitations are built of the straw of wild oats, interwoven through wattles or long sticks, and

thatched with the same; and whether from design or accident, are extremely picturesque. The roofs project so as to form an agreeable shade all round; the doorways are covered in by a sort of projecting porch, in the style of the French cottages along the valley of the Seine; small out-houses, erected upon posts, are scattered about each inclosure; and an air of repose and freedom from worldly care pervades the whole place, though the construction of the houses and mode of living are evidently of the most primitive kind. Seen through the green shrubberies that abound in every direction, the bright yellow of the cottages, and the smoke curling up in the still air, have a very cheerful effect; and the prattling voices of the children, mingled with the lively bleating of the kids, and the various pleasant sounds of domestic life, might well lead one to think, that the seclusion of these islanders from the busy world is not without its charms. Small patches of ground, fenced with rude stone walls and brush-wood, are attached to each of these primitive abodes; and rustic gateways, overrun with wild and luxuriant vines, open in front. Very little attention, however, appears to be bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil, but it looks rich and productive, and might be made to yield abundant crops by a trifling expenditure of labor. The Chilans have never been distinguished for industry, nor is there any evidence here that they depart from their usual philosophy in taking the world easy. Even the American seemed to have caught the prevailing lethargy, and to be content with as little as possible. Vegetables of various kinds grow abundantly wherever the seeds are thrown, among which I noticed excellent radishes, turnips, beets, cabbages, and onions. Potatoes of a very good quality, though not large, are grown in small quantities; and, regarding the natural productiveness of the earth, there seemed to be no reason why they should not be cultivated in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of vessels touching for supplies, and thereby made a profitable source of revenue to the settlers. The grass and wild oats grow in wonderful luxuriance in all the open spaces, and require little attention; and such is the genial character of the climate, that the cattle, of which there seems to be no lack, find ample food to keep them in good condition, both in winter and summer. Fig trees bearing excellent figs, and vines of various sorts flourish luxuriantly on the hillsides. Of fruits, there is quite an abundance in the early part of autumn. The peaches were just out of season when we arrived; but we obtained a few which had been peeled and dried in the sun, and we found them large and of excellent flavor. Many of the valleys abound in natural orchards, which have sprung from the seeds planted there by the early voyagers, especially by Lord Anson, who appeared to have taken more interest in the cultivation and settlement of the island than any previous navigator. The disasters experienced by the vessels of this distinguished adventurer in doubling Cape Horn,

caused him to make Juan Fernandez a rendezvous for the recruiting of his disabled seamen; and for many months he devoted his attention to the production of such vegetables and fruits as he found useful in promoting their recovery; and having likewise in view the misfortunes and necessities of those who might come after him, he caused to be scattered over the island large quantities of seeds, so that by their increase, abundance and variety of refreshments might be had by all future voyagers. He also left ashore many different sorts of domestic animals, in order that they might propagate and become general throughout the island, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners, vessels in distress for provisions, and colonists who might hereafter form a settlement there. The philanthropy and moral greatness of these benevolent acts, from which the author could expect to derive little or no advantage during life, can not be too highly commended. If posthumous gratitude can be regarded as a reward, Lord Anson has a just claim to it. How many lives have been saved; how many weather-worn mariners, bowed down with disease, have been renewed in health and strength; how many unhappy castaways have found food abundantly, where all they could expect was a lingering death; and have been sustained in their exile, and restored at last to their friends and kindred, through the unselfish benevolence of this brave and kind-hearted navigator, no written record exists to tell; but there are records graven upon the hearts of men that are read by an omniscient eye—a history of good deeds and their reward, more eloquent than human hand hath written.

Besides peaches, quinces, and other fruits common in temperate climates, there is a species of palm called *Chuta*, which produces a fruit of a very rich flavor. Among the different varieties of trees are corkwood, sandal, myrtle, and pimento. The soil in some of the valleys on the north side is wonderfully rich, owing to deposits of burnt earth and decayed vegetable matter, washed down from the mountains. There is but little level ground on the island, and although the area of tillable soil is small, yet by the culture of vineyards on the hill-sides, the grazing of sheep and goats on the mountain steeps, and the proper cultivation of the arable valleys, a population of several thousand might subsist comfortably. Pearce, the American, who had thoroughly explored every part of the island, told me he had no doubt three or four thousand people could subsist here without any supply of provisions from other countries. A ready traffic could be established with vessels passing that way, by means of which potatoes, fruits, and other refreshments, could be bartered for groceries and clothing. Herds of wild cattle now roam over these beautiful valleys; fine horses may be seen prancing about in gangs, with all the freedom of the mustang; goats in numerous flocks abound among the cliffs; pigeons and other game are abundant; and wild dogs are continually prowling around the settlement.

The few inhabitants at present on the island subsist chiefly upon fish, vegetables, and goat-flesh, of which they have an ample supply. Boat-loads of the finest cod, rock-fish, cullet, lobsters, and lamprey-eels, can be caught in a few hours all around the shores of Cumberland Bay, and doubtless as plentifully in the other bays. Nothing more is necessary than merely the trouble of hauling them out of the water. We fished only for a short time, and nearly filled our boat with the fattest fish I ever saw. Had I not tested myself a fact told me by some of the passengers of the Brooklyn regarding the abundance of the smaller sorts of fish, I could never have believed it—that they will nibble at one's hand if it be put in the water alongside the boat, and a slight ripple made to attract their attention. This is a remarkable truth, which can be attested by any person who has visited these shores and made the experiment. There is no place among the cliffs where goats may not be seen at all times during the day. They live and propagate in the caves, and find sufficient browsing throughout the year in the clefts of the rock. Lord Anson mentions that some of his hunting parties killed goats which had their ears slit, and they thought it more than probable that these were the very same goats marked by Alexander Selkirk thirty years before; so that it is not unlikely there still exist some of the direct descendants of the herds domesticated by the original Crusoe. The residents of Cumberland Bay have about their huts a considerable number of these animals, tamed, for their milk. When they wish for a supply of goat-flesh or skins (for they often kill them merely for their skins), they go in a body to Goat Island, where they surround the goats and drive them over a cliff into the sea. As soon as they have driven over a sufficient number they take to their boat again, and catch them in the water. Some of them they bring home alive, and keep them till they require fresh meat. Nor are these people destitute of the rarer luxuries of life. By furnishing whale-ships that touch for supplies of water and vegetables with such productions as they can gather up, they obtain in exchange coffee, ship-bread, flour, and clothing; and lately they have been doing a good business in rowing the passengers ashore from the California vessels, and selling them goat-skins and various sorts of curiosities. They also charge a small duty for keeping the spring of water clear, and the boat-landing free from obstructions; and sometimes obtain a trifle in the way of port-charges, in virtue of some pretended authority from the government of Chili.

The shores of Juan Fernandez abound in many different kinds of marine animals, among which the chief are seals and walruses. Formerly sealing vessels made it an object to touch for the purpose of capturing them, but of late years they have become rather scarce; and at present few if any vessels visit the island for that purpose.

Situated in the latitude of $33^{\circ} 40' S.$, and longitude $79^{\circ} W.$, the climate is temperate and salubrious—never subject to extremes either of heat



WALRUS, OR SEA LION.

or cold. In the valleys fronting north, the temperature seldom falls below 50° Far in the coldest season. Open at all times to the pleasant breezes from the ocean, without malaria or any thing to produce disease, beautifully diversified in scenery, and susceptible of being made a convenient stopping-place for vessels bound to the great Northwestern Continent, it would be difficult to find a more desirable place for a colony of intelligent and industrious people, who would cultivate the land, build good houses, and turn to advantage all the gifts of Providence which have been bestowed upon the island.

The only material drawback, is the want of a large and commodious harbor, in which vessels could be hauled up for repairs. This island could never answer any other purpose than that of a casual stopping-place for vessels in want of refreshments, and for this it seems peculiarly adapted. The principal harbors are, Port English, on the south side, visited by Lord Anson in 1741; Port Juan, on the west; and Cumberland Bay, on the north side. The latter is the best, and is most generally visited, in consequence of being on the fertile side of the island, where water also is most easily obtained. None of them afford a very secure anchorage, the bottom being deep and rocky; and vessels close to the shore are exposed to sudden and violent flaws from the mountains, and the danger of being driven on the rocks by gales from the ocean. In Cumberland Bay, however, there are places where vessels can ride in safety, by choosing a position suitable to the prevailing winds of the season. The chart and soundings made by Lord Anson will be found useful to navigators who design stopping at Juan Fernandez.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE.

Our next expedition was to Robinson Crusoe's Cave. How it obtained that name, I am unable to say. The people ashore spoke of it confidently as the place where a seafaring man had lived for many years alone; and I believe most mariners who have visited the island have fixed upon that spot as the actual abode of Alexander Selkirk. There are two ways of getting to the cave from the regular boat-landing; one over a high chain of cliffs, intervening between Crusoe's Valley, or the valley of the cave, and the Chilian huts near the landing; the other by water. The route by land is somewhat difficult; it requires

half a day to perform it, and there is danger of being dashed to pieces by the loose earth giving way. In many parts of the island the surface of the cliffs is composed entirely of masses of burnt clay, which upon the slightest touch are apt to roll down, carrying every thing with them. Numerous cases are related by the early voyagers of accidents to seamen and others, in climbing over these treacherous heights. The distance by water is only two miles, and by passing along under the brow of the cliffs a very vivid idea may be had of their strange and romantic formation. We had our guns with us, which we did not fail to use whenever there was an opportunity; but the game, consisting principally of wild goats, kept so far out of reach on the dizzy heights, that they passed through the ordeal in perfect safety. Some of us wanted to go by land and shoot them from above, thinking the bullets would carry farther when fired downward than they seemed to carry when fired from below. The rest of the party had so little confidence in our skill, that they dissuaded us from the attempt, on the pretense that the ship might heave in sight while we were absent.

A pleasant row of half an hour brought us to the little cove in Crusoe's valley. The only landing place is upon an abrupt bank of rocks, and the surf breaking in at this part of the shore rather heavily, we had to run the boat up in regular beach-comber style. Riding in on the back of a heavy sea, we sprang out as soon as the boat struck, and held our ground, when, by watching our chance for another good sea, we ran her clear out of the water, and made her fast to a big rock for fear she might be carried away. About two hundred yards from where we landed we found the cave.

It lies in a volcanic mass of rock, forming the bluff or termination of a rugged ridge, and looks as if it might be the doorway into the ruins of some grand old castle. The height of the entrance is about fifteen feet, and the distance back

into the extremity twenty-five or thirty. It varies in width from ten or twelve to eighteen feet. Within the mouth the surface is of reddish rock, with holes or pockets dug into the sides, which it is probable were used for cupboards by the original occupant. There were likewise large spike nails driven into the rock, upon which we thought it likely clothing, guns, and household utensils might have been hung even at as remote a date as the time of Selkirk, for they were very rusty, and bore evidence of having been driven into the rock a long time ago. A sort of stone oven, with a sunken place for fire underneath, was partly visible in the back part of the cave; so that by digging away the earth we uncovered it, and made out the purpose for which it was built. There was a darkish line, about a foot wide, reaching up to the roof of the cave, which by removing the surface a little we discovered to be produced originally by smoke, cemented in some sort by a drip that still moistened the wall, and this we found came through a hole in the top, which we concluded was the original chimney, now covered over with deposits of earth and leaves from the mountain above. In rooting about the fireplace, so as to get away the loose rubbish that lay over it, one of our party brought to light an earthen vessel, broken a little on one side, but otherwise perfect. It was about eight inches in diameter at the rim, and an inch or two smaller at the bottom, and had some rough marks upon the outside, which we were unable to decipher on account of the clay which covered it. Afterward, we took it out and washed it in a spring near by, when we contrived to decipher one letter and a part of another, with a portion of the date. The rest unfortunately was on the piece which had been broken off, and which we were unable to find, although we searched a long time, for as may be supposed we felt curious to know if it was the handiwork of Alexander Selkirk. For my own part I had but little doubt that this was really one of the earthen pots made by his

own hands, and the reason I thought so was that the parts of the letters and date which we deciphered corresponded with his name and the date of his residence, and likewise because it was evident that it must have been imbedded in the ground out of which we dug it long beyond the memory of any living man. I was so convinced of this, and so interested in the discovery, that I made a rough drawing of it on the spot, of which I have since been very glad, inasmuch as it was accidentally dropped out of the boat afterward, and lost in the sea.



CRUSOE'S CAVE

We searched in vain for other relics of the kind, but all we could find were a few rusty



A RELIC OF CRUSOE.

pieces of iron and some old nails. The sides of the cave as also the top had marks scattered over them of different kinds, doubtless made there in some idle moment by human hands; but we were unable to make out that any of them had a meaning beyond the unconscious expression of those vague and wandering thoughts which must have passed occasionally through the mind of the solitary mariner who dwelt in this lonely place. They may have been symbolical of the troubled and fluctuating character of his religious feelings before he became a confirmed believer in the wisdom and mercy of divine Providence; which unhappy state of mind he often refers to in the course of his narrative.



CRUSOE'S DEVOTIONS.

This cave is now occupied only by wild goats and bats, and had not been visited, perhaps, by any human being, until recently, more than once or twice in half a century; and then probably only by some deserter from a whalership, who preferred solitude and the risk of starvation to the cruelty of a brutish captain.

In front of the cave, sloping down to the sea-side, is a plain, covered with long rank grass, wild oats, radishes, weeds of various kinds, and a few small peach-trees. The latter we supposed were of the stock planted in the island by Lord Anson. From the interior of the cave, we looked out over the tangled mass of shrubs, wild flowers, and waving grass in front, and saw that the sea

was covered with foam, and the surf beat against the point beyond the cove and flew up in the air to a prodigious height in white clouds of spray. Large birds wheeled about over the rocky heights, sometimes diving suddenly into the water, from which they rose again flecked with foam, and soaring upward in the sunlight, their wings seemed to sparkle with jewels out of the ocean. Following the curve of the horizon, the view is suddenly cut off by a huge cliff of lava that rises directly out of the water to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet. It forms an abrupt precipice in front, and joins a range of rugged cliffs behind; which all abound in wonderful ledges, overlooking the depths below, dark and lonesome caverns, and sharp pinnacles piercing the clouds in every direction. Goat-paths wind around them in places apparently inaccessible, and we saw herds of goats running swiftly along the dizzy heights overhanging the sea, where we almost fancied the birds of the air would fear to fly. They bounded over the frightful fissures in the rocks, and clung to the walls of cliffs with wonderful agility and tenacity of foot, and sometimes they were so high up that they looked hardly bigger than rabbits, and we thought it impossible that they could be goats.

Looking back into the valley, we beheld mountains stretching up to a hundred different peaks; the sides covered with woods and fields of golden colored oats; and the ravines fringed with green banks of grass and wild flowers of every hue. A stream of pure spring water rippled down over the rocks, and wound through the centre of the valley; breaking out at intervals into bright cascades, which glimmered freshly in the warm rays of the sun; its margins were fringed with rich grass and fragrant flowers, and groves of myrtle overhung the little lakelets that were made in its course, and seemed to linger there like mirrored beauties spell-bound. Ridges of amber-colored earth, mingled with rugged and moss covered lava, sloped down from the mountains on every side and converged into the valley as if attracted by its romantic beauties. Immense masses of rock, cast off from the towering cliffs, by some dread convulsion of the elements, had fallen from the heights, and now lay nestling in the very bosom of the valley, enamored with its charms. Even the birds of the air seemed spell-bound within this enchanted circle; their songs were low



THE VALLEY WITH THE CAVE AND CLIFF.

and soft, and I fancied they hung in the air with a kind of rapture when they rose out of their silvan homes, and looked down at all the wondrous beauties that lay out-spread beneath them.

DAY-DREAMS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Some of us scattered off into the woods of myrtle, or lay down by the spring in the pleasant shade of the trees and bathed our faces and drank of the cool water; others went up the hill-sides in search of peaches, or gathered seeds and specimens of wild flowers to carry home. Too happy in the change, after our gloomy passage round Cape Horn, I rambled up the valley alone, and dreamed glowing day-dreams of Robinson Crusoe. Of all the islands of the sea, this had ever been the paradise of my hoyish fancy. Even later in life, when some hard experience before the mast had worn off a good deal of the romance of sea-life, I never could think of Juan Fernandez without a strong desire to be shipwrecked there, and spend the remainder of my days dressed in goat-skins, rambling about the cliffs, and hunting wild goats. It was a very imprudent desire, to be sure, not at all sensible, but I am now making a confession of facts, rather out of the common order, and for which it would be useless to offer any excuse. Pleasant scenes of my early life rose up before me now with all their original freshness. How well I remembered the first time I read the surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe! It was in the country, where I had never learned the worldly wisdom of the rising generation in cities. Indeed, I had never seen a city, and only knew by hearsay that such wonderful places existed. My father, after an absence of some weeks, returned with an illustrated volume of Crusoe, bound in cream-colored muslin (how plainly I could see that book now!) which he gave me with a smiling admonition not to commence reading it for two or three years, by which time he hoped I would be old enough to understand it. That very night I was in a new world—a world all strange and fascinating, yet to me as real as the world around me. How I devoured each enchanting page, and sighed to think of ever getting through such a delightful history. It was the first book beyond mere fairy tales (which I had almost begun to doubt), the first narrative descriptive of real life that I had ever read. Such a thing as a doubt as to its entire truthfulness never entered my head. I lingered over it with the most intense and credulous interest, and long after parental authority had compelled me to give it up for the night, my whole soul was filled with a confusion of novel and delightful sensations. Before daylight I was up again; I could not read in the dark, but I could open the magic book and smell the leaves fresh from the press; and before the type was visible I could trace out the figures in the prints, and gaze in breathless wonder upon the wild man in the goat-skins!



DREAM-LAND CRUSOE.

The big tears stood in my eyes when I was through; but I found consolation in reading it again and again; in picturing out a thousand things that perhaps De Foe never dreamt of; and each night when I went to bed I earnestly prayed to God that I might some day or other be cast upon a desolate island, and live to become as wonderful a man as Robinson Crusoe. Yet, not content with that, I devoted all my leisure hours to making knife-cases, caps, and shot-pouches out of rabbit-skins, in the faint hope that it would hasten the blissful disaster. Years passed away; I lived upon the banks of the Ohio; I had been upon the ocean. Still a boy in years, and more so perhaps in feeling, the dream was not elided. I gathered up drift-wood and built a hut among the rocks; whole days I lay there thinking of that island in the far-off seas. A piece of tarred plank from some steam-boat had a sweeter scent to me than the most odorous flower; for, as I lay smelling it by the hour, it brought up such exquisite visions of shipwreck as never before, perhaps, so charmed



RESCUE OF FRIDAY.

the fancy of a dreaming youth. Well I remembered, too, the favored few that I let into the secret; how we went every afternoon to a sand-bar, and called it Crusoe's island; how I was Robinson Crusoe, and the friend of my heart Friday, whom I caused to be painted from head to foot with black mud, as also the rest of my friends; and then the battles we had; the devouring of the dead men; the horrible dances, and chasing into the water; and, above all, the rescue of my beloved Friday—how vividly I saw those scenes again!

Years passed on; I was a sailor before the mast. Alas, what a sad reality! I saw men flogged like beasts; I saw cruelty, hardship, disease, death in their worst forms; so much I saw that I was glad to take the place of a wandering outcast upon the shores of a sickly island ten thousand miles from home, to escape the horrors of that life! Yet the dream was not ended! Bright and beautiful as ever seemed to me that little world upon the seas, where dwelt in solitude the shipwrecked mariner. In the vicissitudes of fortune, I was again a wanderer; impelled by that vision of island-life, which for seventeen years had never ceased to haunt me, I cast all upon the hazard of a die—escaped in an open boat through the perils of a storm, and now—where was I! What pleasant sadness was it that weighed upon my heart? Was all this a dream of youth; was it here to end, never more to give one gleam of joy; was the happy credulity, the freshness, the enthusiasm of boyhood gone forever! Could it be that this was not Crusoe's valley at last—this spot, which I had often seen in fancy from the banks of the Ohio, dim in the mist of seas that lay between? Did I really wander through it, or was it still a dream?

And where was the king of the Island; the hero of my boyish fancy; he who had delighted me with the narrative of his romantic career, as man had never done before, as all the pleasures of life have never done since; where was the genial, the earnest, the adventurous Robinson Crusoe? Could it be that there was no "mortal mixture of earth's mould in him;" that he was barely the simple mariner Alexander Selkirk? No! no! Robinson Crusoe himself had wandered through these very groves of myrtle; he had quenched his thirst in the spring that bubbled through the moss at my feet; had slept



CRUSOE ASLEEP.

during the glare of noon in the shade of those overhanging grottoes; had dreamed his day-dreams in these secluded glens!

Here, too, Friday had followed his master; the simple, child-like Friday, the most devoted of servants, the gentlest of savages, the faith-fullest of men! Blessing on thee, Robinson, how I have admired thy prolific genius; how I have loved thee for thine honest truthfulness! And blessings on thee, Friday, how my young heart hath warmed toward thee! how I have laughed at thy scalded fingers, and wept lest the savages should take thee away from me!

THE VALLEY ON FIRE.

There was a sudden rustling in the bushes.

"Hallo, there!" shouted a voice. I looked round, and beheld a fellow-passenger; a strange eccentric man, who was seldom known to laugh, and whose chief pleasure consisted in reducing every thing to the practical standard of common sense. He was deeper than would appear at first sight, and not a bad sort of person at heart, but a little wayward and desponding in his views of life.

"You'll catch cold," said he; "nothing gives a cold so quick as sitting on the damp ground."

"True," said I, smiling, "but recollect the romance of the thing."

"Romance," rejoined the sad man, "won't cure a cold. I never knew it to cure one in my life."

"Well, I suppose you're right. Every body is right who believes in nothing but reality. The hewer of wood and the drawer of water gets more credit in the world for good sense than the unhappy genius who affords pleasure to thousands."

"So he ought—he's a much more useful man."

"Granted; we won't dispute so well-established a truism. Now let us cut a few walking-sticks to carry home. It will please our friends to find that we thought of them in this outlandish part of the world."

"To be sure; if you like. But you'll never carry them home. No, sir, you can't do it. You'll lose them before you get half-way to America."

"No matter—they cost nothing. Lend me your knife, and we'll try the experiment at all events."

I then cut a number of walking-sticks and tied them up in a bundle. And here while the warning of the doubter is fresh in my mind, let me mention the fate of these much-valued relics. I cut four beautiful sticks of myrtle, every one of which I lost before I reached California, though I was very careful where I kept them—so careful indeed, that I hid them away on board the ship and never could find them again.

On our way back to the cave, as we emerged from the grove, I was astonished to see the entire valley in a blaze of fire. It raged and crackled up the sides of the mountains, blazing wildly and filling the whole sky with smoke. The beautiful valley upon which I had gazed with such delight a few hours before, seemed

destined to be laid waste by some fierce and unconquerable destroyer, that devoured trees, shrubs, and flowers in its desolating career. The roar of the mad rushing flames, the seething tongues of fire shooting out from the bowers of shrubbery, the whirling smoke sweeping upward around the pinnacles of rock, the angry sea dimly seen through the chaos, and the sharp screaming of the sea-birds and dismal howling of the wild dogs, impressed me with a terrible picture of desolation. It seemed as if some dreadful convulsion of nature had burst forth, soon to cover the island with seething lava or engulf it in the ocean.

"What can it be?" said I. "Isn't it a grand sight? Perhaps a volcano has broken out. Surely it must be some awful visitation of Providence. It wouldn't be comfortable, however, to be broiled in lava; so I think the sooner we get down to the boats the better."

"There's no hurry," said my friend, "it's nothing but the Californians down at the cave. I told them before I left, that they'd set fire to the grass if they kept piling the brush up in that way. Now you see they've done it."

"Yes—I see they have; and a tolerably big fire they've made of it too."

I almost forgave them the wanton act of vandalism, so sublime was the scific. It was worth a voyage round Cape Horn to see it.

"Plenty of it," muttered the sad man, "to cook all the food that can be raised in these diggings. I wouldn't give an acre of ground in Illinois for the whole island. I only wish they'd burn it up while they're at it—if it be an island at all, which I ain't quite sure of yet."

THE CALIFORNIANS IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

We reached the cave by rushing through the flames. When we arrived near the mouth, I was amused to find about twenty long-bearded Californians, dressed in red shirts, with leather belts round their bodies, garnished with knives and pistols, and picks in their hands with which they were digging into the walls of Selkirk's castle in search of curiosities. Their guns were stacked up outside, and several of the party were engaged in cooking fish and boiling coffee. They had battered away at the sides, top, and bottom of the cave in their eager search for relics, till they had left scarcely a dozen square feet of the original surface. Every man had literally his pocket full of rocks. It was a curious sight, here in this solitary island, scarcely known to mariners, save as the resort of pirates, deserters, and buccaneers, and chiefly to the reading world at home as the land of Robinson Crusoe, to see these adventurous Americans in their red shirts, lounging about the veritable castle of the "wild man in the goat-skins," digging out the walls, smoking cigars, whittling sticks, and talking in plain English about California and the election of General Taylor. Some of them even went so far as to propose a "prospecting" expedition through

Crusoe's valley, in search of gold; while others got up a warm debate on the subject of annexation—the annexation of Juan Fernandez. One long, lank, slab-sided fellow, with a leathern sort of face, and two copious streams of tobacco juice running down from the corners of his mouth, was leaning on his pick outside the cave, spreading forth his sentiments for the benefit of the group of gentlemen who were cooking the fish.

"I tell you, feller citizens," said he, aroused into something like prophetic enthusiasm, as the subject warmed upon his mind, "I tell you it's manifest destiny. Joo-an Fernandays is bound by all the rights of con-san-guity to be a part of the great Rec-public of Free States. Gentlemen, I'm a destiny-man, myself; I go the whole figure, sir; yes, sir, I'm none of your old Hunkers. I go for Joo-an Fernandays and California, and any other small patches of airth that may be laying around the vicinity. We want 'em all, gentlemen; we want 'em for our whaleships and the yeomanry of our country! (cheers). We'll buy 'em from the Spaniards, sir, with our gold; if we can't buy 'em, sir, by hoke! we'll TAKE 'EM, sir! (Renewed cheers.) I ask you, gentlemen; I appeal to your feelins as feller citizens of *thee* greatest concatenation of States on *thee* face of God's airth, are you the men that'll refuse to fight for your country? (Cheers, and cries of No, no! we ain't the men! hurra for Joo-an Fernandays!) Then, by Jipiter, sir, we'll have it! We'll have it as sure as the Star of Empire shines like the bright Loo-min-ary of Destiny in the broad Panoply of Heaven (and more especially in the western section of it). We'll have it, sir, as sure as that redolent and inspiring Looininary beckons us on, sir, like a dazzling joo-el on the pre-monitory finger of Hope; and the glorious Stars and Stripes, feller citizens, shall wave proudly in the zephyrs of futurity over the exalted peaks of Joo-an Fernandays!" (Tremendous sensation, during which the orator takes a fresh chew of tobacco, and sits down.)

As soon as the party of annexationists per-



THE CALIFORNIANS IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

ceived us, they called out to us to heave to, and make ourselves at home. "Come on, gentlemen, come on! No ceremony. We're all Americans! this is a free country. Here's fish! here's bread! here's coffee! Help yourselves, gentlemen! This is a great country, gentlemen—a great country!" Of course we fell to work upon the fish, which was a splendid cod, and the bread and the coffee, too, and very palatable we found them all, and exceedingly jolly and entertaining the "gentlemen from the Brooklyn." These lively individuals had made the most of their time in the way of enjoying themselves ashore. About a week before our arrival they gave a grand party in honor of the American nation in general. It was in rather a novel sort of place, to be sure, but none the worse for that—one of the large caves near the boat-landing. On this eventful occasion they "scared up," as they alleged, sundry delicacies from home, such as preserved meats, pound-cake, champagne, and wines of various sorts, and out of their number they produced a full band of music. They also, by clearing the earth and beating it down, made a very good place for dancing, and they had waltzes, polkas, and cotillions, in perfect ball-room style. It was rather a novel entertainment, take it altogether, in the solitudes of Juan Fernandez. I have forgotten whether the four Chilean ladies of the island attended; if they did not, it certainly was not for want of an invitation. The American Crusoe was there, no longer monarch of all he surveyed. Poor fellow, his reign was over. The Californians were the sovereigns now.

After our snack with the Brooklynites, we joined our comrades down on the beach. They had shot at a great many wild goats, without hitting



FISHING.

any, of course. The rest of the afternoon we spent in catching fish for supper.

THE CAVE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

It now began to grow late, and we thought it best to look about us for some place where we could sleep. Captain Richardson very kindly offered us the use of his cabin, but he was crowded with passengers, and we preferred staying ashore. There was something novel in sleeping ashore, but neither novelty nor comfort in a vessel with a hundred and eighty Californians on board. Brigham and a few others took our boat, and went over near the old fort to

search out a camping ground; while the rest of the party and myself started off with the captain to explore a grotto. We had a couple of sailors to row us, which helped to make the trip rather pleasant.

Turning a point of rocks, we steered directly into the mouth of the grotto, and ran in some forty or fifty feet, till nearly lost in darkness. It was a very wild and rugged place—a fit abode for the buccaneers.

The cliff into which the cave runs is composed of great rocks, covered on top with a soil of red, burned earth. The swell of the sea broke upon the base with a loud roar, and the surf rolling inward into the depths of the grotto, made a deep reverberation, like the dashing of water under a bridge. There was some difficulty in effecting a landing among these subterranean rocks, which were round and slippery. The water was very deep, and abounded in seaweed. On gaining a dry place, we found the interior quite lofty and spacious, and tending upward into the very bowels of the mountain. Some said there was a way out clear up in the middle of the island. Overhead it was hung with stalactites, some of which were of great size and wonderful formation. Abraham and myself climbed up in the dark about a hundred feet, where we entirely lost sight of the mouth, and could hardly see an inch before us. As we turned back and began to descend, our friends down below looked like gigantic monsters standing in the rays of light near the entrance. I broke off some pieces of rock and put them in my pocket, as tokens of my visit to this strange place.

On reaching the boat, again we found a group of our comrades seated around a natural basin in the rocks, regaling themselves on bread and water. The water, I think, was the clearest and best I ever tasted. It trickled down from the top of the cave, and fell into the basin with a most refreshing sound. I drank a pint goblet-full, and found it uncommonly cool and pure. Nothing more remaining to be seen, we started off for the boat-landing, near the huts, where we parted with our friend the captain, and then, it being somewhat late, we went in search of our party.

LODGING UNDERGROUND.

When we arrived on the ground selected by Brigham and the others, we found that they had made but little progress in cutting wood for the posts, and much remained to be done before we could get up the tent.

Heavy clouds hung over the tops of the mountains; the surf moaned dismally upon the rocks, big drops of rain began to strike as through the gusts of wind that swept down over the cliffs, and there was every prospect of a wet and stormy night. It was now quite dark. After some talk, we thought it best to abandon our plan of sleeping under the sail. Finally, we agreed to go in search of a cave under the brow of a neighboring cliff. We had seen it during the day, and although a very unpromising place,

we thought it would serve to protect us against the rain. We therefore took our oars and sail upon our shoulders, together with what few weapons of defense we had, and stumbled about in the dark for some time, till we had the good fortune to find the mouth of the cave. In the course of a few minutes we struck a light by a lucky chance, and then looked in. There seemed to be no bottom to it, and, so far as we could perceive, neither sides nor top. Certainly there was not a living soul about the premises to deny us admission; so we crept down, as we thought, into the bowels of the earth, and, seeing nobody there, took possession of our lodgings, such as they were.

It was a damp and gloomy place enough; reeking with mould, and smelling very strong of strange animals. The rocks hung gaping over our heads, as if ready to fall down upon us at the mere sound of our voices; the ground was covered with dirty straw, left there probably by some deserters from a whale-ship, and all around the sides were full of holes, which we supposed from the smell must be inhabited by foxes, rats, and, perhaps, snakes, though we were afterward told there were no reptiles on the island. We soon found that there were plenty of spiders and fleas in the straw. The ground being damp, we spread our sail over it, in order to make a sort of bed; and, being, in a measure protected by a clump of bushes placed in the entrance by the previous occupants to keep out the wind and rain, we did not altogether despair of passing a tolerably comfortable night.

For a while there was not much said by any body; we were all busy looking about us. Some were looking at the rocks overhead; some into the holes, where they thought there might be wild animals; and myself and a few others were trying to light a fire in the back part of the cave. It smoked so that we had to give it up at last, for it well-nigh stifled the whole party.

By this time, being all tired, we lay down, and had some talk about Robinson Crusoe.

"If he lived in such holes as this," said one, "I don't think he had much sleep."

"No," muttered another, "that sort of thing reads a good deal better than it feels; but there's no telling how a man may get used to it. Eels get used to being skinned, and I've heard of a horse that lived on five straws a day."

"For my part," adds a third, "I like it: there's romance about it—and convenience, too, in some respects. For the matter of clothing, a man could wear goat-skins. Tailors never dunned Robinson Crusoe. It goes a great way toward making a man happy to be independent of fashion. Being dunned makes a man miserable."

"Yes, it makes him travel a long way sometimes," sighs another, thoughtfully. "I'd be willing to live here a few years to get rid of society. What a glorious thing it must be to have nothing to do but hunt wild goats! Rob-

inson had a jolly time of it; no accounts to make out, no office-hours to keep, nobody to call him to account every morning for being ten minutes too late, in consequence of a frolic. Talking about frolics, he wasn't tempted with liquor, or bad company either; he chose his own company: he had his parrot, his goats, his man, Friday; all steady sort of fellows, with no nonsense about them. I'll venture to say they never drank any thing stronger than water."



CRUSOE AND HIS COMRADES.

"No," adds another, gloomily, "it isn't likely they applied 'hot and rebellious liquors to their blood.' But a man who lives alone has no occasion to drink. He has no love affairs on hand to drive him to it."

"Nor a scolding wife. I've known men to go all the way to California to get rid of a woman's tongue."

There was a pause here, as most of the talkers began to drop off to sleep.

"Gentlemen," said somebody in the party, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, "I don't believe a single word of it! I don't believe there ever was such a man as Robinson Crusoe in the world. I don't believe there ever was such a man as Friday. In my opinion, the whole thing is a lie, from beginning to end. I consider Robinson Crusoe a humbug!"

"Who says it's all a lie?" cried several voices, fiercely; "who calls Robinson Crusoe a humbug?"

"That is to say," replied the culprit, modifying the remark, "I don't think the history is altogether true. Such a person might have lived here, but he added something on when he told his story. He knew very well his man Friday, or his dogs and parrots were not going to expose his falsehoods."

"Pooh! you don't believe in any thing; you never did believe in any thing since you were born. Perhaps you don't believe in that. Are you quite sure you are here yourself?"

"Well, to be candid, when I look about me and see what a queer sort of place it is, I don't feel quite sure; there's room for doubt."

"Doubt, sir! doubt! Do you doubt Friday? Do you think there's room for doubt in him?"

"Possibly there may have been such a man. I say there *may* have been; I wouldn't swear to it."

"Fudge, sir, fudge! The fact is, you make yourself ridiculous. You are troubled with dyspepsia."

"I am rayther dyspeptic, gentlemen, rayther so. I hope you'll excuse me, but I can't exactly say I believe in Crusoe. It ain't my fault—the belief ain't naturally in me."

Upon which, having made this acknowledgment, we let him alone, and he turned over and went to sleep. We now pricked up our lamp, and prepared to follow his example, when a question arose as to the propriety of standing watches during the night—a precaution thought necessary by some in consequence of the treacherous character of the Spaniards. There were eleven of us, which would allow one hour to each person. For my part, I thought there was not much danger, and proposed letting every man who felt uneasy stand watches for himself. We had labored without rest for thirty-six hours, and I was willing to trust to Providence for safety, and make the most of our time for sleeping. A majority being of the same opinion, the plan of standing watches was abandoned; and having loaded our two guns, we placed them in a convenient position commanding the mouth of the cave. I got the harpoon and stood it up near me, for I had made up my mind to fasten on to the first Spaniard that came within reach.

ATTACK OF THE ROBBERS.

Scarcely had we closed our eyes, and fallen into a restless doze, when a nervous gentleman in the party rose up on his hands and knees, and cautiously uttered these words:

"Friends, don't you think we'd better put out the light. The Spaniards may be armed, and if they come here, the lamp will show them where we are, and they'll be sure to take aim at our heads."

"Sure enough," whispered two or three at once. "We didn't think of that; they can't see us in the dark, however, unless they have eyes like cats. Let us put out the light by all means."

So with that we were about to put out the light, when the man who had doubts in regard to Robinson Crusoe, rose up on his hands and knees likewise, and said:

"Hold on! I think you'd better not do that. It ain't policy. I don't believe in it myself."

"Confound it, sir," cried half-a-dozen voices angrily, "you don't believe in any thing! What's the reason you don't believe in it? Eh? what's the reason, sir?"

"Well, I'll tell you why. Because, if you put out the light, we can't see where to shoot. Likely as not we'd shoot one another. If I feel certain of any thing, it is, that I'd be the first man shot; it's my luck. I know I'd be a dead man before morning."

There was something in this suggestion not to be laughed at. The most indignant of us felt

the full force of it. To shoot our enemies in self-defense seemed reasonable enough; but to shoot any of our own party, even the man who doubted Robinson Crusoe, would be a very serious calamity. At last, after a good deal of talk, we compromised the matter by putting the lamp under an old hat with a hole in the top. This done, we tried to go to sleep.

Brigham went to the mouth of the cave about midnight to take an observation. He was armed with one of the guns.

"What's that?" said he, sharply; "I hear something! Gentlemen, I hear something! Hallo! who goes there?"

There was no answer. Nothing could be heard but the moaning of the surf down on the beach.

"A Spaniard! by heavens, a Spaniard! I'll shoot him—I'll shoot him through the head!"

"Don't fire, Brigham," said I, for I wanted a chance to fasten on with the harpoon; "wait till he comes up, and ask him what he wants."

"Ahoy there! What do you want? Answer quick, or I'll shoot you! Speak! or you're a dead man!"

All hands were now in commotion. We rushed to the mouth of the cave in a body, determined to defend ourselves to the last extremity.

"Gentlemen," cried Brigham, a little confused, "It's a goat! I see him now, in the rays of the moon; a live goat, coming down the cliff. Shall I kill him for breakfast?"

"Wait," said I, "till he comes a little closer; I'll bend on to him with the harpoon."

"You'd better let him alone," said the Doubter, in a sepulchral voice. "Likely as not it's a tame goat or a chicken belonging to the American down there."

"A tame devil, sir! How do you suppose they could keep tame goats in such a place as this. Your remark concerning the chicken is beneath contempt!"

"Well, I don't know why 'Taint my nature to take an entire goat without proof. I thought it might be a chicken."

"Then you'd better go and satisfy yourself, if you're not afraid."

The Doubter did so. He walked a few steps toward the object, so as to get sight of its outline, and then returned, saying:

"That thing there isn't a goat at all; neyther is it a chicken."

"What is it, then?"

"Nothing but a bush."

"What makes it move?"

"The wind, I suppose. I don't know what else could make it move, for it ain't got the first principle of animal life in it. Bushes don't walk about of nights any more than they do in the day-time. I never did believe in it from the beginning, and I told you so, but you wouldn't listen to me."

We said nothing in reply to this, but returned into the cave and lay down again upon the sail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*
BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JENA AND AUFERSTADT.

IT was nearly midnight when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered the darkened streets of Paris, on his return from Vienna. He drove directly to the Tuilleries, and ascended the stairs, with hasty strides, to his cabinet. Without undressing, or even throwing himself upon a couch for a moment of repose, he sent for the Minister of Finance. The whole of the remainder of the night was passed in a rigid examination of the state of the Bank of France. The eagle eye of the Emperor immediately penetrated the labyrinth of confusion in which its concerns were involved. Writing from the camp of Boulogne, in the midst of all the distractions of the preparations for the march to Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon had thus addressed his Minister of Finance. "The paper of the bank is issued in many, perhaps a majority of cases, not on real capital, but on a delusive supposition of wealth. In one word, in discounting after this manner, the bank is *coining false money*. So clearly do I see the dangers of such a course, that, if necessary, I would stop the pay of my soldiers, rather than persevere in it. *I am distressed beyond measure at the necessities of my situation, which, by compelling me to live in camps, and engaged in distant expeditions, withdraw my attention from what would otherwise be the chief object of my anxiety, and the first wish of my heart; a good and solid organization of all which concerns the interest of banks, manufactures, and commerce.*"

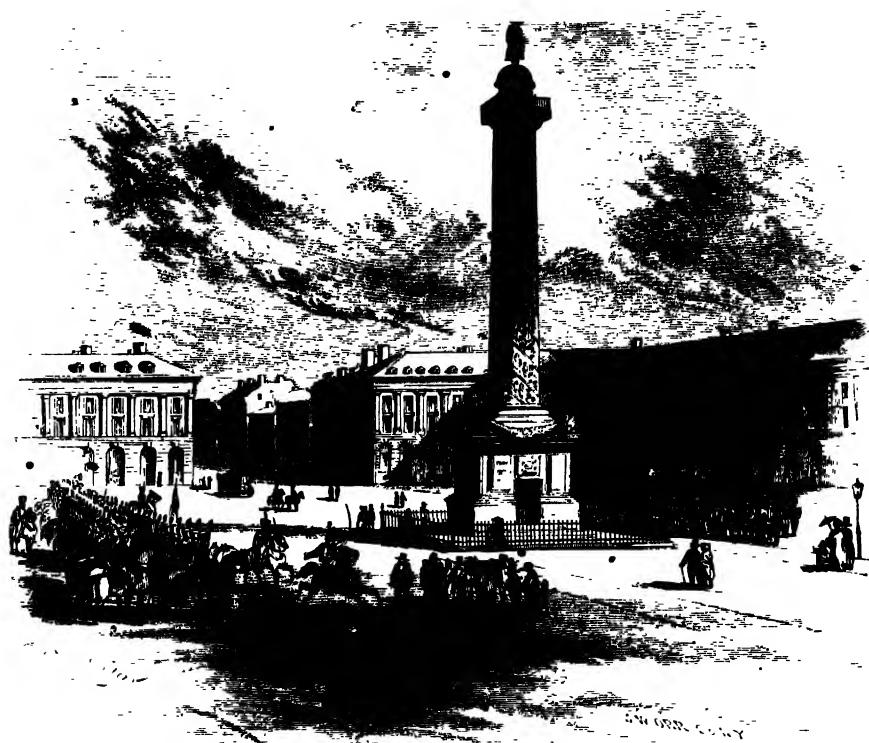
The next day, at eleven o'clock, the whole Council of Finance was assembled. Napoleon kept them incessantly occupied, during an uninterrupted session of nine hours. Thus energetically, without allowing himself a moment for repose, he entered upon a series of labors unparalleled in the history of mankind. The mind of this extraordinary man was all interested in constructing, not in destroying. He loved not the carnage of the battle-field. He loved not the aspect of burning cities, or the desolating sweep of contending armies. It was far more in accordance with his humane disposition, and his intellectual and refined taste, to labor in his cabinet, in rearing works of imperishable grandeur, than hungry, cold, and weary, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, toiling through the mire, and bivouacking upon the drifted-snow, to lead his armies to mutilation, blood, and death. Napoleon was a man. The groans of the dying were not music to his ear. As he went, invariably, the messenger of mercy over the field of strife, when the conflict was over, the aspect of the mangled, the dying, and the dead was not a pleasing spectacle to his eye. His foes compelled him, during all his reign, to devote one half of his energies to repel their assaults.

Napoleon had again conquered peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The government of England, notwithstanding the firm opposition of a large portion of the people, still waged unrelenting war against the Republican Empire. England was too intelligent to be deceived by words. It mattered not whether Napoleon were called Consul or Emperor. The principles of his government were still the same. He was the man of the people. It was his mission to abase aristocratic usurpation, and to elevate the people to equality of privileges and of rights.

Napoleon immediately made arrangements for the army to return, by slow and comfortable marches of twelve miles a day. He ordered the sick and the wounded to be amply provided for during the winter, that they might be brought back to France under the ~~general~~ sun of spring. Officers were commanded to remain with them, to see that all their wants were fully supplied. Never before or since has there been a general so attentive to his sick and wounded soldiers. To this testimony there is not a dissentient voice.

In the midst of negotiations and military cares more vast and varied than ever before occupied the mind of man, Napoleon devoted himself with a fondness amounting to a passion, to the creation of magnificent works of art and of public utility. In those snatches of leisure left him by his banded foes, he visited all parts of the capital and of his empire. Wherever he went some grand idea for moral, intellectual, or physical improvement suggested itself to his mind. The foot-prints of the Emperor still remain all over Paris, and in the remotest provinces of France, enduring memorials of his philanthropy, his comprehensive wisdom, and his tireless energy. He found St. Denis, the mansoleum of the ancient kings of France, in deplorable dilapidation. The venerable edifice was immediately and magnificently repaired. The beautiful church of St. Genevieve was crumbling to decay. He restored it to more than its pristine splendor. He reared the magnificent monument in the Place Vendome. The noble obelisk of bronze, winding round whose shaft are displayed, in long basso-relievo, the exploits of the campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz, excites the admiration of every beholder. The monument was consecrated to the grand army, and was constructed of the cannon taken from the enemy. Napoleon had ever been contending for peace. In these eventful campaigns he had secured peace for the Continent. He wished to have the statue of Peace surmount the lofty summit of the pillar. But the nation gratefully decreed that Napoleon, the hero-pacificator, in imperial costume, should crown the trophy of his own genius. When the allies, after desolating Europe for a quarter of a century with blood, succeeded in driving Napoleon from his throne, and reinstating the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Republican Emperor from its proud elevation. They could not, however, tear the image of Napoleon from the heart

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.



MONUMENT IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

of an adoring people. The Bourbons were again driven into exile, and the statue of Napoleon replaced. No sacrilegious hand will ever venture again rudely to touch that memorial of a nation's love and homage. He formed the plan, and commenced the work of uniting the Louvre and the Tuileries in the most splendid palace the world has ever seen. And this palace was to be consecrated, not to the licentious indulgence of kings and nobles, but to the fine arts, for the benefit of the people. The magnificent "Arch of Triumph" in the Carrousel, and the still more magnificent arch facing the Elysian Fields were both commenced this year. Fifteen new fountains were erected in the city. More extensive engines were created to raise water from the Seine, that eighty fountains might play unceasingly night and day. Magnificent quays were erected along the banks of the river. A bridge, in process of building, was rapidly completed, and named the Bridge of Austerlitz. A new bridge, subsequently called the Bridge of Jena, was commenced. These were but a part of the works entered upon in the capital. The most distant departments of the empire shared his attention and his munificence. Immense canals were con-

structed, conferring the benefits of water communication upon all parts of France. National roads, upon which the tourist now gazes with astonishment, were commenced. Others, already laid out, were urged to their rapid completion. The world-renowned Pass of the Simplon, the road through the valley of the Moselle, the highway from Roanne to Lyons, the celebrated road from Nice to Genoa, the roads over Mt. Cenis and Mt. Genèvre, and along the banks of the Rhine, and the astonishing works at Antwerp, will forever remain a memorial of Bonaparte's insatiable desire to enrich and ennoble the country of which he was the monarch.

These were the works in which he delighted. This was the fame he wished to rear for himself. This was the immortality he coveted. His renown is immortal. He has left upon the Continent an imprint of beneficence which time can never efface. But Europe was in arms against him. To protect his empire from hostile invasion, while carrying on these great works, he was compelled continually to support 400,000 men in battle array.

Napoleon was always a serious man, religiously inclined. In his youthful years he kept himself

entirely aloof, not only from the dissipations, but from the merriment of the camp. In his master life the soldiers gave him the name of "Father Thoughtful." Though not established in the belief that Christianity was of divine origin, he ever cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. Amidst the sneers of infidel Europe, he, with unvarying constancy, affirmed that religion was essential to the well-being of society, not merely as a police regulation, but as a necessity of the human soul. When but twenty-four years of age, he encouraged his brother Louis, who was then a lad but about fifteen years old, but conscientious and devout, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Says Louis, "I was then but a child. It was in consequence of his advice and care, that I partook of my first communion. He selected a worthy ecclesiastic to give me the necessary instructions and preparations." When the schedule of study for Madame Campan's female school was presented him, he found, as one regulation, "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week*." He immediately erased, with his pen, the words "twice a week," and substituted "every day."

"Sire! said General Bertrand to Napoleon, one day, "you believe in God. I also believe. But, after all, what is God? What do we know of him? Have we seen him?"

Napoleon replied, "What is God? Do I know what I believe? Very well! I will tell you. Answer me: How know you that a man has genius? Is it any thing you have seen? Is it visible—genius? What then can you believe of it? We see the effect. From the effect we pass to the cause. We find it; we affirm it; we believe it. Is it not so? Thus upon the field of battle, when the action commences, though we do not understand the plan of attack, we admire the promptitude, the efficiency of the manœuvres, and exclaim 'A man of genius!' When in the heat of the battle victory wavers, why do you the first turn your eyes toward me? Yes! your lips call me. From all parts we hear but one cry, 'The Emperor, where is he? his orders?' What means that cry? It is the cry of instinct, of general faith in me—in my genius."

"Very well! I also, I have an instinct, a knowledge, a faith, a cry which involuntarily escapes me. I reflect. I regard nature with her phenomena, and I exclaim God! I admire, and cry, *There is a God!*"

"Since you believe in genius, tell me, tell me, I pray you, what gives to the man of genius this invention, inspiration, this glance of the eye, peculiar to man alone? Answer me! from whence does it come? You can not tell! Is it not so? Neither can I, nor any one else. And still, this peculiarity which characterizes certain individuals, is a fact as evident, as positive as any other fact. But if there is such a difference in mind, there is evidently a cause; there is some one who has made that difference. It is neither you nor me, and *genius* is but a word, which teaches nothing of its cause. That any person should

say, *They are the organs!* Behold a silliness fit for a medical student, but not for me. Do you understand?"*

Napoleon saw so many imperfections in the Catholic priesthood, that he was unwilling to intrust the education of youth to ecclesiastics. Their devotion to the past, their hostility to all innovation and progress, incapacitated them, in his judgment, to rouse and guide the youthful mind. He devoted, at this time, very special attention to the education of the masses of the people. He established an University, to raise up a corps of teachers, of high qualifications, who should hold distinguished rank in the state, and who should receive ample emolument. In all the schools religion was to be taught by chaplains.

Such were the labors of Napoleon in Paris from January to July, 1806. At the same time he was compelled to defend himself from England, who was incessantly assailing France, with all the power of her invincible fleet. He was also conducting the most momentous negotiations with the various nations of Europe.

The province of Genoa occupied the southern slope of the Apennines. It was about as large as Rhode Island, and contained 500,000 inhabitants. Its population was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Republican France. In the wars then desolating Europe, this Lilliputian state was of course powerless, unless sustained by some stronger arm. Its immediate contiguity to France encouraged the desire for annexation. A deputation, from the Senate of Genoa, visited Napoleon, soliciting this favor. "In regenerating the people of this country," said the deputation, "your Majesty has contracted the obligation to render it happy. But this can not be done unless it is governed by your Majesty's wisdom and valor. The changes which have taken place around us, have rendered our insulated situation a source of perpetual disquietude, and imperiously call for a union with that France which you have covered with imperishable renown. Such is the wish which we are charged to lay at your Majesty's feet. The reasons on which it is founded prove sufficiently that it is not the result of any external suggestion, but the inevitable consequence of our actual situation."

When Napoleon entered Genoa, in consummation of this union, he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The fêtes arranged by the exultant inhabitants on that memorable occasion, surpassed in splendor any thing which modern Italy had seen. The magistrates met Napoleon at the gates of the city, with the keys. "Genoa," said they, "named the Superb, from its situation, is now still more

* Napoleon was exceedingly displeased with the impiety of Dr. Antonmarchi, a physician who was sent to him while at St. Helena. "You physicians," said Napoleon to him, one day, "are unbelievers, because you can not find the soul with your dissecting knife. Physicians are generally infidels. It is not so with mathematicians. They are ordinarily devout. The name of God incessantly flowed from the pen of Lagrange."



THE ANNEXATION OF GENOA.

worthy of that name from its destination. It has thrown itself into the arms of a hero. It therefore places its keys in the hands of one capable, above all others, of maintaining and increasing that glory." The city blazed with illuminations, the roar of artillery shook the embattled shores and frowning forts; and fireworks, surpassing the imagined creations of fairy power, filled the whole heavens, as Genoa rejoiced over the consummation of her nuptials with France.

The Kingdom of Naples, sometimes called the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, contained a population of about eight millions. The government, almost an unlimited monarchy, was in the hands of a branch of the house of Bourbon. The perfidious court had, again and again, sent its ships and its armies to assail Napoleon. And yet, in the hour of victory, Napoleon had ever treated the hostile governments with singular magnanimity. When the Emperor was more than a thousand miles from his capital, in the wilds of Northern Germany, struggling with his banded foes upon the plains of Austerlitz, the King of Naples thought it an inviting opportunity to attack him in his rear. Without any provocation, inviting the English fleet into his harbors, and joining his army, fifty thousand strong, with those of England, Austria, and Russia, he fell upon France. Napoleon heard of this act of treachery immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. He was extremely exasperated.

The kings of Europe seemed to treat him as an outlaw, beyond the pale of all honorable intercourse. The most solemn treaties with him were regarded as of no moment. They did every thing in their power to stir up treason around his throne, and to fan in France the flame of

civil war. They cringed before his mighty genius as they met him on the field of battle, or in the chamber of council, and yet were they ever ready to stab him in the back, the moment his face was turned. An independent nation of forty millions of people, with hardly a dissenting vote, had elected him its monarch. The despots of Europe denied his right to the throne. They refused him his title. They called him contemptuously *Mr Bonaparte*.* They resorted to every mean subterfuge, in their diplomacy, to avoid the recognition of his imperial dignity. They filled the world with the blackest libels against his fair fame. They accused him of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, blood-thirstiness, incest. They fed those who were constructing infernal machines, and mingling poison, and sharpening daggers, to hunt him out of the world. There is great moral sublimity in the dignity with which Napoleon encountered all this, and went straight on with his work. He had already spared the Bourbons of Naples three times. He resolved to be their dupe no longer. The following energetic proclamation to his army announced the merited fate of this perfidious court.

" Soldiers ! For the last ten years I have done

* Gustavus, King of Sweden, in a public note delivered to the French envoy at Stockholm, expressed his surprise at the "indecent and ridiculous insolence, which *Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte* had permitted to be inserted in the *Moniteur*." Alexander, in public documents, addressed him as *chief of the French government*. And the British Cabinet passed a solemn decree that the Emperor Napoleon, whilst at St. Helena, should receive no other title than that of *General Bonaparte*. Gustavus ever insisted that Napoleon was *The Beast* described in the book of Revelation.

every thing in my power to save the King of Naples. He has done every thing to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi, and Lodi he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, and was generous toward him. When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his allies, remained single-handed and defenseless. He implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time, the house of Naples was re-established and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, honor, or reason? No, no! *The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honor of Europe, and the repose of my crown."

Immediately Napoleon wrote, in the following words, to his brother Joseph. "My wish is, that in the first days of February you should enter the Kingdom of Naples; and that I should be informed, in the course of the month, that my Eagles hang over that capital. You will not make any suspension of arms or capitulation. My intention is, that the Bourbons should have ceased to reign in Naples. I wish to seat on that throne a prince of my house; you, in the first place, if that suits you; another, if that does not suit you."*

Joseph took an army and went to Naples. Upon his approach the English fled with the utmost precipitation, taking with them the royal family.† By thus ejecting the royal family of Naples, and placing the crown upon the brow of his brother, Napoleon greatly exasperated the remaining sovereigns of Europe, and added much

to his embarrassments. But by leaving the Bourbons on the throne, after such repeated acts of perfidy, he exposed himself to the peril of another treacherous assault whenever hostile Europe should again rise in arms against him. Wisely he chose the least of two evils. And now the idea became an established principle in the mind of Napoleon, that as all the feudal kings of Europe were in heart banded against him, and were ever watching for opportunities to assail him, he must strengthen his power, by establishing thrones and sustaining governments which should be occupied by his friends. It was a struggle, not only for his political existence, but also for the dignity and the independence of the French nation.

Holland was a low, marshy country, about the size of the State of Maryland. Two millions and a half of inhabitants, protected from the sea by dykes, cultivated its fields, and worked its factories. Holland had followed in the footsteps of France in the effort to obtain, by revolutionary violence, deliverance from aristocratic usurpation. England, with her allies, fell upon Holland as upon France. At one swoop she robbed her of her colonies, swept her commerce from the seas, and held all her ports in close blockade. Hostile armies invaded her territory. The nation, single-handed, was powerless against such multitudinous foes. She appealed to France for aid. The aid was furnished, and the allied hosts expelled When France adopted monarchical forms of government, Holland decided to do the same. Holland and France mutually sympathizing, needed mutual support. Their most intimate alliance seemed to be essential to their existence. Holland therefore chose Louis Bonaparte for her king. Louis was an intelligent, conscientious, and upright man. Even the voice of slander has not attempted to sully his fame. He won the enthusiastic love of his subjects.

The Cisalpine Republic had received the name of the Kingdom of Italy. It was a small territory, about the size of the State of Maryland, containing three millions and a half of inhabitants. It was indebted to Napoleon for existence. Unaided by his arm, it could not for an hour have protected itself from the assaults of Austria. In mid winter, four hundred and fifty deputies crossed the Alps, to implore the assistance of Napoleon in organizing their government and in defending them from the armed despotisms which threatened their destruction. In the following words they had addressed Napoleon:

"The Cisalpine Republic needs a support, which will cause it to be respected by the powers which have not yet recognized its existence. It absolutely requires a man who, by the descendant of his name and strength, may give it the rank and consideration which it may not otherwise obtain. Therefore General Bonaparte is requested to honor the Cisalpine Republic, by continuing to govern it, by blending the direction of its affairs with those of France, so long as shall be necessary to unite all parts of its territory under the same political institutions,

* "The extremity of the Peninsula and Sicily compose the Kingdom of Naples, the most powerful state in Italy, most like Rome in ignorance and barbarism, and still worse governed, if possible. There reigned a Bourbon, a mild, imbecile prince, devoted to one kind of pursuit, fishing and field sports. These occupations engrossed all his time. While he was engaged in them, the government of his kingdom was abandoned to his wife, an Austrian princess, sister to the Queen of France. This princess, a woman of capricious disposition, of licentious passions, having the Minister Acton for her paramour, who was sold to the English, conducted the affairs of the kingdom in a senseless manner. The English, whose policy it always was to gain a footing on the Continent, by controlling the petty states bordering upon its coasts, had endeavored to make themselves the patrons of Naples, as well as of Portugal and Holland. They excited the hatred of the queen against France, and with that hatred infused the ambition to rule Italy."—THIERS.

† "The brief reign of Joseph was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the covengts—opened new roads—caused the *Lazzaroni* of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes, and every where animated with new life and hope, a people long sunk in abject servitude."—*New York American*.

and to cause it to be recognized by the powers of Europe."

At the earnest solicitation of the people, Napoleon afterward accepted the crown, declaring Eugene to be his heir. On this occasion he said to the French Senate :

" Powerful and great is the French Empire. Greater still is our moderation. We have in a manner conquered Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. But, in the midst of such unparalleled success, we have listened only to the counsels of moderation. Of so many conquered provinces, we have retained only the one which was necessary to maintain France in that rank among nations which she has always enjoyed. The partition of Poland, the provinces torn from Turkey, the conquest of India, and of almost all the European colonies, have turned the balance against us. To form a counterpoise to such acquisitions, we must retain something. But we must keep only what is useful and necessary. Great would have been the addition to the wealth and the resources of our territory, if we had united to them the Italian Republic. But we gave it independence at Lyons. And now we proceed a step further, and recognize its ultimate separation from the crown of France, deferring only the execution of that project till it can be done without danger to Italian independence.

The government of Eugene in Italy was popular in the extreme. The Italians still look back upon the days of the Kingdom of Italy, as the most brilliant and the most prosperous of their modern history. The administration of the government by Napoleon is ever spoken of with admiration. Eugene followed the maxims which he received from the sagacity and the experience of the Emperor. "Unlike," says Alison, "the conquered states of other European monarchies, the inhabitants of Lombardy felt the foreign yoke only in the quickened circulation of wealth, the increased vent for industry, the wider field for exertion. Honors, dignities, emoluments, all were reserved for Italians. Hardly a magistrate or civil functionary was of foreign birth. Every where great and useful undertakings were set on foot. Splendid edifices ornamented the towns. Useful canals irrigated the fields."

The state of Piedmont, a province of Sardinia, was about as large as Massachusetts. It contained a population of one and a half millions. The inhabitants were overjoyed to escape from the iron despotism of Austrian rule. Cordially sympathizing with the French in their political principles, they tumultuously joined them. The whole land blazed with illuminations, and was vocal with rejoicings, as Piedmont was annexed to France. Napoleon was of Italian parentage. He ever remained faithful to the souvenirs of his origin. The Italian language was his mother tongue, and the interests of Italy were peculiarly near to his heart. The Peninsula was divided up into innumerable petty dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms. None of these

could be independent. They could only exist by seeking shelter beneath the flag of Austria or France. It was one of the fondest dreams of Napoleon's noble ambition to restore Italian independence. He hoped, by his influence, to have been able to unite all these feeble governments in one great kingdom, containing twenty millions of inhabitants. Rome, he would make its illustrious capital. He designed to rescue the immortal city from the ruins with which it is encumbered; to protect its ancient monuments from the further ravages of decay, and to restore the city, as far as possible, to its ancient splendor. Napoleon had gained such an influence over the Italian people, that he could without much difficulty have carried this magnificent project into execution, were it not for certain political considerations which arrested him. He wished for peace with Europe. He wished, if possible, to conciliate the friendly feelings of the surrounding monarchies toward the new institutions in France. To appease Austria, he deemed it wise to leave her in possession of her conquest of the ancient state of Venice, as far as the Adige. Spain was propitiated by allowing her two princes to occupy the throne of Etruria. By permitting the Pope to retain his secular power over the States of the Church, he secured throughout Europe a religious interest in favor of France. The Bourbons he wished to leave undisturbed upon the throne of Naples, notwithstanding reiterated acts of treachery against him. This was a pledge to Europe of his desire not to introduce violence and revolution into other governments. The power was clearly in his hands. He could have set all these considerations at defiance. So large a proportion of the population of Italy had imbibed the principles of equality which the French revolution had originated, that they implored the permission of Napoleon to drive their rulers from their thrones. Wherever the French armies appeared they were welcomed by a large portion of the people, as friends and liberators. But Napoleon did not deem it wise to spread through Europe the flames of Revolution. Neither did he consider it his duty to allow the despots of Europe to force back upon France a rejected and detested dynasty.

Such, in the main, was the position of France at this period. "While England," says Alison, "was extending its mighty arms over both hemispheres, France was laying its iron grasp on the richest and most important provinces of Europe. The strife could not be other than desperate between two such powers." The difference between the two was simply this. England was conquering and annexing to her vast empire, continents, islands, and provinces, all over the world; in the East Indies and in the West Indies, in North America and in South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa; in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Indian Ocean; in the Mediterranean Sea, and upon the shores of the Red Sea, and of the Caspian. It was her boast that upon the territories of Britannia the

sun never ceased to shine. She had formed coalitions against France with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and innumerable other petty principalities and dukedoms. And yet this England, the undisputed mistress of the sea, and more powerful upon the land than imperial Rome in her meridian grandeur, was filling the world with clamor against the insatiable ambition of Napoleon. He had annexed to France, Genoa, the valleys of Piedmont, and a few leagues of territory along the left banks of the Rhine, that that noble river might be one of his barriers against invading hosts. He had also strengthened his empire to resist its multitudinous foes, by forming strong friendly alliances with the Kingdom of Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland, and a few minor states.

There was a fatality attending Napoleon's career, which he ever recognized, and which no human wisdom could have averted. Aristocratic Europe was necessarily in arms against the Democratic Emperor. Had Napoleon neglected to fortify himself against aggression, by enlarging the boundaries of France, and by forming friendly alliances, the coalesced despots would have laughed him to scorn, as they tore the crown from his brow. But, on the other hand, by disseminating principles of equality, and organizing his friends as barriers against his foes, he alarmed still more the monarchs around him, and roused them to still more desperate efforts for his destruction. The government of England can not be called a despotism. Next to that of the United States it is the most liberal and free of any upon the globe. But the English oligarchy dreaded exceedingly the democratic principles, which had gained such an ascendancy in France. Thousands of her population, headed by many of the most eloquent members of Parliament, were clamorous for popular reform. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The maritime supremacy of England was also imperiled, should Napoleon, with his almost superhuman genius, have free scope for the development of the energies of France. Therefore liberty-loving England allowed herself to head an alliance of despots against popular rights. Combined Europe crushed Napoleon. And what is Europe now? It contains but two classes, the oppressors and the oppressed. "The day will yet come," said Napoleon, "when the English will lament the victory of Waterloo. Incomprehensible day. Concurrence of unheard of fatalities. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conqueror has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased. The memory of the one will survive his destruction. The memory of the other will perhaps be buried in his triumph." "When I heard," said Robert Hall, "of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt that the clock of the world had gone back six ages."

In this connection Napoleon remarked at St. Helena: "The English are said to traffic in

every thing. Why then does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price, and without any fear of exhausting her own stock? For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have again been subjected? I am confident that they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment; and the error into which I fell, might at least be turned into good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles that can never be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisyphus. Sooner or later some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace? This was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding?"

Napoleon, fully conscious of the uncertainty of his position, wrote to Joseph in Naples, urging him to erect a powerful fortress upon the sea-coast. "Five or six millions a year," said he, "ought to be devoted for ten years to this great creation, in such a manner that with each expenditure of six millions a degree of strength should be gained; and so that, so early as the second or third year you might be able to shut yourself up in this vast fortress. Neither you nor I know what is to befall us in two, three, or four years. *Centuries are not for us.* If you are energetic, you may hold out, in such an asylum, long enough to defy the rigors of Fortune, and to await the return of her favors." On another occasion, he remarked to some friends, who had gathered around him in the Tuileries, when in the very meridian of his power, "The vicissitudes of life are very great. It would not be strange should my son yet have cause to deem himself very fortunate with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year."

Napoleon was ever of the impression that the majority of the British people were opposed to the war; that it was maintained solely by the influence and to promote the interests of the aristocracy. "I would not have attempted to subject England to France," said he, to O'Meara. "I could not have united two nations so dissimilar. If I had succeeded in my project, I would have abolished the monarchy, and established a republic instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. I would have separated Ireland from England, and left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain, but would have introduced a great reform." Says Alison: "Would England have remained true to herself, under the temptation to swerve produced by such means?

This is a point upon which no Briton would have entertained a doubt till within these few years. But the manner in which the public mind has receded from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance, which has recently grown up with the spread of Democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction, which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. The spirit of the nation, indeed, then ran high against Gallic invasion; unanimity unprecedented animated the British people. But strong as that feeling was, it is now doubtful whether it would not have been supplanted, in a large portion of the nation at least, by a still stronger, and if the sudden offer of all the glittering objects of Democratic ambition, would not have shaken the patriotism of a considerable portion of the British, as it unquestionably would of the great bulk of the Irish people."

Sixteen princes, of various degrees of rank and power, occupying small states in the valley of the Rhine, formed a league. The plan originated with Napoleon. The states, thus united, took the name of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was a compact somewhat resembling that of the "United States," and embraced a population of about fourteen millions. Napoleon was elected Protector of the Confederation. Perfect liberty of conscience was established through all the states; and they entered unitedly into an alliance with France, offensive and defensive. In case of war, France was to furnish 200,000 men, and the Confederates 63,000. All disputes between the states were to be settled by a congress composed of two bodies. When this confederation was formed to secure external and internal peace, Napoleon sent word to the King of Prussia, that "he would see without pain, nay, even with pleasure, Prussia ranging under her influence, all the states of the north of Germany, by means of a confederation similar to that of the Rhine."

Twelve years before these events, Spain had entered into a treaty with France, by which she agreed to furnish France, in case of war, with an auxiliary force, which was subsequently commuted into a subsidy of fifteen millions of dollars a year. England was very reasonably annoyed that this large sum should be furnished her foe, by a nation professing neutrality. Spain was in a dilemma. If she refused to fulfill the treaty, war with France would be the inevitable consequence. If she continued to supply France with money, she must expose herself to the broadsides of the British navy. After many remonstrances on the part of England—and denials, apologies, and protestations on the part of Spain—England, without any declaration of war, issued secret orders to her fleet to capture the merchant-ships of Spain, wherever found. Four Spanish galleons, freighted with treasure, all unsuspicious of danger, were approaching

Cadiz. A squadron of four British ships attacked them. One of the Spanish ships was blown up, and all on board, two hundred and fifty in number, perished. The other three ships, their decks slippery with blood, were captured. The treasure on board was over ten millions of dollars. *

This occurrence produced intense excitement throughout England. The government, with much embarrassment, defended the measure as justifiable and necessary. Fox, Lord Grenville, and vast numbers of the British people condemned the act as an indelible disgrace to the nation. Spain immediately declared war against Great Britain. The united fleets of France and Spain, some thirty ships in number, were met by an equal squadron of English ships off Cape Trafalgar. A bloody conflict ensued. The combined fleet was entirely overthrown. Nineteen ships were taken; seven escaped into Cadiz, so pierced and shattered as to be perfectly unserviceable. Four made way for the Straits, and were captured a few days afterward. Thus the fleets of France and Spain were in fact annihilated. England remained the undisputed mistress of the seas. Napoleon could no longer hope to assail her. He could only strive to ward off the blows, which she continued unceasingly to deal upon him. This led him more deeply to feel the necessity of strengthening himself upon the Continent, as the wide world of water was entirely in possession of his foes.*

The capitulation at Ulm and the victory of Austerlitz caused the defeat of Trafalgar to be forgotten. The echoes of that terrific naval conflict died away amid the solitudes of the ocean; while the resonance of the mighty tread of Napoleon's armies vibrated through every capital upon the Continent. William Pitt soon died, at the age of forty seven. Public opinion in England now imperiously called for Mr. Fox as Prime Minister. The king was compelled to yield. Mr. Fox and Napoleon were friends, mutual admirers. The masses of the British people were in favor of peace. The powerful aristocracy, both of wealth and rank, were almost to a man in favor of war. Napoleon was exceedingly gratified by this change, and was sanguine in the hope of immediate peace. Soon after the accession of Mr. Fox to power, a wretch presented himself to Mr. Fox, and offered to assassinate Napoleon. Mr. Fox indignantly ordered the man to be seized and imprisoned, and wrote a noble letter to the French government, denouncing the odious project, and offering to place the man at their disposal. This generous procedure, so different from that which Napoleon had been accustomed to receive from the

* Nelson lost his life in this conflict. England gratefully conferred all possible honors upon his memory. His brother was made an earl, with a pension of 30,000 dollars a year. Each of his sisters received a gift of 50,000 dollars, and 500,000 dollars to purchase an estate. A public funeral was decreed him, and a monument erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. "At Waterloo," says Alison, "England fought for victory, at Trafalgar, for existence."

British government, touched the magnanimous heart of the Emperor. "There," he exclaimed, "I recognize the principles of honor and virtue, which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him, in my name. Tell him whether the policy of his sovereign causes us to continue much longer at war, or whether as speedy an end as the two nations can desire is put to a quarrel useless to humanity, I rejoice at the new character which from this proceeding, the war has already taken. It is an omen of what may be expected from a cabinet, of the principles of which I am delighted to judge from those of Mr. Fox. He is one of the men most fitted to feel in every thing what is excellent, what is truly great." M. Talleyrand, the French Minister, communicated this reply to Mr. Fox. A reply was immediately returned by Mr. Fox, in frank and cordial terms proposing peace. Napoleon was delighted with the proposal. Most sincerely he wished for reconciliation with Great Britain. Rejoiced at this overture, he accepted it with the utmost cordiality.

But it was now extremely difficult to settle the conditions of peace. Napoleon was so powerful that France would accede to any terms which her Emperor should judge to be best. But Mr. Fox was surrounded in Parliament by an Opposition of immense strength. The Tories wished for war. England had made enormous conquests of the colonies of France and her allies. She wished to retain them all. France had made vast accessions to her power upon the Continent. The Tories insisted that she should surrender all. England wished to be the great manufacturer of the world, with all nations for her purchasers, and with the commerce of all climes engrossed by her fleets. Napoleon, though most anxious for peace, was not willing that France should become the vassal of England. He deemed it a matter of the first moment that French manufactures should be encouraged by protective duties. Under these circumstances, Napoleon said to Mr. Fox, through M. Talleyrand, "France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim any thing more upon the Continent than what she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The Emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the Emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they are possible, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

It is cheering to contemplate the generous intercourse between these noble men. Mr. Fox accompanied each official dispatch with a private note, full of frank and cordial friendship. M.

Talleyrand, who was but the amanuensis of Napoleon, followed his example. It will be remembered that at the commencement of the war the English captured all the French whom they could find upon the sea. Napoleon, in retaliation, captured all the English whom he could find upon the land. Many members of the highest families in England were detained in France. Mr. Fox applied for the release of several of them on parole. Napoleon immediately sent to him every one designated in the list. Mr. Fox, in return for this magnanimity, released an equal number of illustrious captives taken in the battle of Trafalgar.

There was another serious difficulty in the way of peace. The King of England was also King of Hanover. This kingdom, situated in the northern part of Germany, occupied a territory about twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, and embraced a million and a half of inhabitants. At the commencement of the last coalition against France, Napoleon had taken it. At the peace of Presburg, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon had allowed Prussia to take possession of the territory. English honor demanded that Hanover should be restored. This appeared absolutely essential to peace. But Prussia grasped her rich booty with deathless tenacity. Napoleon, however, meditated restoring Hanover to England, and conferring upon Prussia some other provinces in requital. In the midst of this labyrinth of diplomacy, Fox was suddenly taken sick, and died. The peace of the world was entombed in his sepulchre. New influences gained strength in the Cabinet of St. James, and all hopes of peace were at an end. The English ministers now presented all kinds of obstacles in the way of peace; and the ambassadors at Paris conducting the negotiations, soon demanded their passports. "There can be no doubt," says H. B. Ireland, "but that the hopes of a new war, indulged by the English cabinet, constituted the basis of those objections. This rupture was hailed at the London Stock Exchange with the most savage demonstrations of joy."

The death of Fox, Napoleon ever deemed one of the greatest of calamities. At St. Helena he said, half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation.

"With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together." Again he said, "Fame had informed me of his talents. I found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him." And again he remarked, "Certainly the death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and

we should have established a new order of things in Europe."*

And now England, Russia, and Prussia formed another coalition against Napoleon. There was even no plausible pretext to be urged in extenuation of the war. Napoleon was consecrating all his energies to the promotion of the best interests of France. For the accomplishment of his noble purposes, he needed peace. In his vast conquests he had shown the most singular moderation—a moderation which ought to have put England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria to the blush. To the following remarks in the *Moniteur*—evidently from the powerful pen of Napoleon—Europe could make no reply but by the charges of her squadrons, and by the broadsides of her fleets.

"Why should hostilities arise between France and Russia? Perfectly independent of each other, they are impotent to inflict evil, but all-powerful to communicate benefits. If the Emperor of France exercises a great influence in Italy, the Czar exerts a still greater influence over Turkey and Persia. If the cabinet of Russia pretends to have a right to affix limits to the power of France, without doubt it is equally disposed to allow the Emperor of the French to prescribe the bounds beyond which Russia is not to pass. Russia has partitioned Poland. Can she then complain that France possesses Belgium and the left banks of the Rhine? Russia has seized upon Crimea, the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Persia. Can she deny that the right of self-preservation gives France a title to demand an equivalent in Europe? Let every power begin by restoring the conquests which it has made during the last fifty years. Let them re-establish Poland, restore Venice to its Senate, Trinidad to Spain, Ceylon to Holland, the Crimea to the Porte, the Caucasus and Georgia to Persia, the kingdom of Mysore to the sons of Tippoo Saib, and the Mahratta States to their lawful owners; and then the other Powers may have some title to insist that France shall retire within her ancient limits. It is the fashion to speak of the ambition of France. Had she chosen to preserve her conquests, the half of Austria, the Venetian States, the states of Holland and Switzerland, and the kingdom of Naples, would have been in her pos-

* "While Mr. Pitt lived," says Hazlitt, "war was certain; his death offered a bare chance of peace. He had long been the mouthpiece of the war party, and the darling of that part of the aristocracy who wished to subdue the popular spirit of English freedom to get the whole power of the country into the hands of a few borough-mongers, and, of course, to crush and stifle the example and the rising flame of liberty every where else. Engaged in a quarrel that was never to have an end, and for an object that must be kept in the back-ground, it was necessary to have a set of plausible excuses always ready. If we were at war, it was for 'the existence of social order.' If we did not make peace, it was because 'existing circumstances' did not permit us."

While Fox held the reins, hopes continued to be entertained of peace, and Bonaparte, with Talleyrand to assist him, strained every nerve to urge it forward. But at his death things reverted to their old and natural course.

session. The limits of France, ~~are~~ in reality, the Adige and the Rhine. Has it passed either of these limits? Had it fixed on the Solza and the Drave, it would not have exceeded the bounds of its conquest."

When Napoleon was endeavoring to surround General Mack at Ulm, it was absolutely essential to the success of his enterprise, that he should send a few battalions across the little state of Anspach, which belonged to Prussia. To Bernadotte, who had charge of this division, he wrote: "You will traverse the territory of Anspach. Avoid resting there. Do every thing in your power to conciliate the Prussians. Testify the greatest possible regard for the interests of Prussia. In the meantime pursue ~~your~~ march with the utmost rapidity, alleging, as an excuse, the impossibility of doing otherwise, which is really the fact."

At the same time he dispatched the Grand Marshal Duroc, to Berlin, to apprise the King of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed, by an attack from so formidable an alliance, without any previous declaration of war; to express his unfeigned regret at the necessity of marching some troops over a portion of the Prussian territory; and to excuse himself upon the ground of absolute necessity alone. Though the king rather ungraciously accepted the apology, the more warlike portion of the nation, headed by their chivalric queen, loudly declared that this violation was an outrage which could only be avenged by the sword. This was one of the grievances of which Prussia now complained.

There were then, as now, in Europe two great antagonistic forces—the governors and the governed—the aristocracy and the people. The triumph of Napoleon was the triumph of popular rights. Alexander, young, ambitious, and the monarch of the uncounted millions of Russia, was anxious to wipe out the stain of Austerlitz. Prussia, proud of her past military glory, and stimulated by an enthusiastic and romantic queen, resolved to measure swords with the great conqueror. England, burdened with the grasp of two hemispheres, reiterated her cry against "the insatiable ambition of Napoleon."

The armies of Prussia, nearly 200,000 strong, commenced their march, and entered the heart of Saxony. Frederic William, the King of Prussia, headed this army, and compelled the King of Saxony to join in the alliance. "Our cause," he said, "is the common cause of legitimate kings, and all such must aid in the enterprise." Alexander, having aroused anew his barbarian legions, was hastening by forced marches over the wilds of Poland. Two hundred thousand men were in his train, to join the invading host in their march upon Paris. England, with her omnipresent and invincible fleet, was frowning along the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Channel, raining down terrific blows upon every exposed point, and striving, by her political influence and her gold, to unite new nations in the formidable coalition.

With deep sorrow, Napoleon beheld the rising of this new storm. He had just completed an arduous campaign. He had treated his enemies with surpassing magnanimity, and had hoped that a permanent peace was secured. But no sooner was one coalition destroyed than another was formed. His energetic spirit, however, was not one to yield to despondency. Throwing off the dejection which for an hour oppressed him, with all his wonted power and genius he roused himself for the new conflict. He wrote to his brothers in Naples and in Holland, saying, "Give yourselves no uneasiness. The present struggle will be speedily terminated. Prussia and her allies, be they who they may, will be crushed. *And this time I will settle finally with Europe. I will put it out of the power of my enemies to stir for ten years.*"

He shut himself up for forty-eight hours, to form his plans and arrange the details. He then for two days dictated, almost without intermission, nearly two hundred letters.

All these letters are preserved. Through all time they will be admired as models of the art of governing armies and empires. In six days the Imperial Guard were sent from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. It was nearly midnight on the 24th of September, 1806, when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered his carriage at the Tuilleries, to join the army. As in the last contest, he knew not "why he fought, or what was required of him." He communicated a parting message to the Senate, in which he said: "In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretense, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage."

At Mayence Napoleon parted with Josephine. Her tears for a moment overcame him, and he yielded to those emotions of tenderness which are an honor to the heart. He headed his army; utterly bewildered the Prussians by his manoeuvres, and in a few days threw his whole force into their rear, cutting them off from all their supplies and from all possibility of retreat. He was now sure of a decisive victory. Yet, to arrest, if possible, the effusion of blood, he humanely wrote as follows to the King of Prussia:

"I am now in the heart of Saxony. Believe me, my strength is such that your forces can not long balance the victory. But wherefore shed so much blood? To what purpose? Why should we make our subjects slay each other? I do not prize a victory which is purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire! your Majesty will be vanquished. You will have compromised the repose of your life, and the existence of your subjects, without the shadow of a pretext. At

present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month has passed you will treat, but in a different position. I am aware that I may, in thus writing, irritate that sensibility, which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your Majesty to view, in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that he may have you in his worthy and holy keeping.—Your majesty's good brother,

"NAPOLEON."

To this letter no reply was returned. It was given to a Prussian officer; but it is said that the Emperor did not receive it until the morning of the battle of Jena.

In two days Napoleon, accompanying the advance guard of his army, met the mighty host of the Prussians strongly fortified upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the thirteenth of October. A cloudless sun, filling the western sky with splendor, dazzled the eye with brilliance as its rays were reflected from the armor of one hundred thousand men. Eighteen thousand superb cavalry, with their burnished helmets and proud caparisons, were drawn up upon the plain. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery were concentrated in a battery, whose destructive power imagination can hardly conceive. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon immediately drove them from the hill, and took possession. From its brow the whole line of the Prussian army could be described, extending for many leagues. The plain of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant, was however lost from the view. Napoleon was not aware that a strong division of the Prussian army occupied that position. The shades of night came on. The blaze from the Prussian fires, dispersed over a space of eighteen miles, threw a brilliant glow over the whole heavens. Couriers were immediately dispatched to hasten on, with all possible speed, the battalions of the French army, for the decisive battle which the morning sun was to usher in. Napoleon was his own engineer in surmounting the difficulties of dragging the cannon to the summit of the Landgrafenberg. To encourage the men to Herculean toil, Napoleon, by the light of the lantern, worked with his own hands in blasting the rocks, and smoothing the way. With incredible enthusiasm the successive divisions of the French, as they arrived, engaged in overcoming those obstacles which to the Prussians had appeared absolutely insurmountable. Napoleon having prepared the way, and aided in dragging one gun to the summit left his troops to do the rest. Through the long night they toiled unceasingly, and before the morning dawned, a formidable battery was bristling from the heights. As battalion after battalion arrived in the darkness, they took the positions designated by their experienced chief-



ASCENDING THE LANDGRAFENBERG.

tain, and threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. Soult and Ney received orders to march all night, to be prepared to arrest the retreat of the Prussians. Napoleon having thus made all his arrangements for the terrific conflict of the ensuing day, retired to his tent about midnight, and calmly sat down to draw up a *plan of study and of discipline for Madame Campan's Female School*. Nothing can more strikingly show than this the peculiar organization of this most extraordinary mind. There was no affectation in this effort. He could, at any time, turn from one subject, however momentous that might be, and consecrate all his energies to another, untroubled by a wandering thought. All that he did for the internal improvement of France, he was com-

elled to do in moments thus snatched from the toils of war. Combined Europe would never allow him to lay aside the sword. "France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much, to promote her regeneration, as good mothers." His heart was deeply interested in promoting the prosperity and happiness of France. To the sanguinary scenes of Jena and Auerstadt he was reluctantly driven by the attacks of foes, who denounced him as an usurper, and threatened to hurl him from his throne.

It was midnight. A girdle of flame, rising from the innumerable watch-fires of the Prussian hosts, swept the horizon, as far as the eye could extend, almost encircling the troops of the Emperor. The cold winds of approaching winter

swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg. Wrapped in his cloak, he had thrown himself upon the ground, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of his soldiers. He was far from home. The fate of his empire depended perhaps upon the struggle of the ensuing day. England, Russia, Prussia, the three most powerful monarchies, upon the globe, were banded against him. If defeated on the morrow, Austria, Sweden, and all the minor monarchies would fall upon the republican Emperor, and secure his utter destruction.

In that gloomy hour, intercepted dispatches of the utmost importance were placed in the hands of Napoleon. He roused himself from his slumber, and read them by the light of the camp fire. The Bourbons of Spain, admonished by the defeat of Trafalgar, had decided that England would be for them a safer ally than France. While professing cordial friendship for Napoleon, they were entering into secret alliance with England. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence from France, and trusting that he would encounter defeat far away in the heart of Prussia, they were treacherously preparing to cross the Pyrenees and, in alliance with England, to attack him in his rear. Napoleon certainly was not one of the meekest of men. The perusal of these documents convinced him that he could enjoy no security, while the Bourbons sat upon the throne of Spain. They would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him in the dark. As he folded up these proofs of their perfidy he calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

Napoleon wrapped himself again in his cloak,

threw himself upon the ground with his feet toward the fire, and slept as serenely as if he were reposing upon the Imperial couch of St. Cloud.

At four o'clock in the morning he was again on horseback. A dense fog enveloped the plains, shrouding, with impenetrable obscurity, the sleeping hosts. Under cover of the darkness and the thick vapor, the French army was ranged in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," greeted Napoleon as he rode along their lines. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, and shivering in their ranks, waited impatiently, two hours, for the signal of attack. At six o'clock the order to advance was given. In solid columns, through the gray mist of the morning, the French pierced the Prussian lines in every direction. Then ensued a scene of horror which no pen can describe, which no imagination can conceive. For eight hours the battle raged as if demon with demon contended: the soldiers of Napoleon and the marshaled host trained in the school of Frederic the Great! It was indeed "Greek meeting Greek." The ground was covered with the slain. The shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging cavalry, the shout of onset, as the pursuers cut down and rode over the pursued, rose in hideous clamor even above the ceaseless thunders of the battle. The victory wavered to and fro. About mid-day the Prussian general felt that the victory was his. He dispatched an order to one of his generals, "Send all the force you can to the chief point of attack. At this moment we beat the enemy at all points. My cavalry has captured some of his cannon." A few hours later he sent the following almost frantic dispatch to his reserve: "Lose not a moment in advancing with your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your col-



NAPOLEON AND THE GUARDS.



CAVALRY CHARGE.

umns so that through their openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which in the most furious manner rides on, overwhelms and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

In the midst of this appalling scene, so graphically described, the Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with firm tread and unbroken front, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the awful torrent. For a moment they seemed to restore the battle. Napoleon stood upon the summit of the Landgrafenberg, calm, serene, passionless, watching every portion of the extended field, and guiding the terrific ele-

ments of destruction. The Imperial Guard, held in reserve, waited hour after hour, looking upon the carnage before them, burning with intense zeal to share in the conflict. At last a young man, in the excess of his almost delirious excitement, shouted, "Forward, forward!" "How now," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly, as he turned his eye toward him. "What beardless boy is this who ventures to counsel his Emperor? Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice!"

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon saw that the decisive moment had arrived. He ordered Murat, with twelve thousand horse, fresh and in the finest array, to charge the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host, and com-

plete the victory. The clatter of iron hoofs was heard, resounding like the rush of the tornado, as this terrible and irresistible mass swept, with the celerity of the whirlwind, upon the plain. The work was done. The Prussian army was destroyed. Humanity vails her weeping eyes from the appalling scene which ensued. It was no longer a battle but a massacre. All order was lost as the whole army, like an inundation, rushed from the field. The batteries of Napoleon plowed their ranks in every direction. The musketry of Napoleon's solid columns pierced them through and through with a pitiless storm of bullets. Twelve thousand horsemen, mounted on powerful and unwearied steeds, rode over and trampled down the confused mass, and their sabres dripped with blood. The wretched victims of war, in their frantic attempts to escape, found their retreat every where cut off by the terrible genius of the conqueror. They were headed here and there, and driven back upon themselves in refluent waves of blood and destruction.

While this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, the Prussians were encountering a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstadt, but twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of

both armies met in their flight, and were entangled in the crowded roads, while bullets, and grape-shot, and cannon-balls, and bomb-shells were falling like hail stones and thunderbolts upon them, consternation unutterable seized all hearts. In wild dismay they disbanded, and, throwing down their arms, and forsaking their guns, their horses, and their ammunition wagons, they fled a rabble rout across the fields, without direction and without a rallying point. But Murat, with his twelve thousand horsemen, was in the midst of them, and their mangled corpses strewed the plain.

Darkness came. It brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was unintermittent. Not one moment was allowed the foe to rally or to rest. In every direction the fugitives found the divisions of Napoleon before them. The king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner during the tumult and the horror of that disastrous rout. He had fled in the midst of the wreck of his army, from the field of Auerstadt. Accompanied by a few companions, on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and, in the gloom of night, plunged through field and forest. It was five o'clock in the morning before he suc-



NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

ceeded, by circuitous routes and through by-paths, in reaching a place of safety.

The Prussians lost, during this disastrous day, twenty thousand in killed and wounded, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to his custom, having dispatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the field of battle, personally superintending the care of the wounded. With his own hand he held the cup of water to their lips, and soothed their dying agonies with his sympathy. With his iron firmness he united a heart of great tenderness. No possible efforts were spared to promote their comfort. He sent Duroc in the morning to the crowded hospitals of Jena, to convey his sympathy to every man individually of the wounded there, to distribute money to those who needed it, and to assure all of munificent rewards. As the letter of the Emperor was read to these unfortunate men, forgetting their sufferings, they shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" Mangled and bleeding, they expressed the desire to recover that they might again devote their lives to him.

Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, even attributing great praise to his officers and his soldiers, most signalized rewarded Davoust for his heroism at Auerstadt. In his official account of the battle he stated, "On our right the corps of Marshal Davoust performed prodigies. Not only did he keep the enemy in check, but pursued the bulk of his forces over a space of three leagues. That Marshal has displayed alike the distinguished bravery and firmness of character which are the first qualities of a soldier." For his dauntless intrepidity on this occasion he created him Duke of Auerstadt. To honor him still more, he appointed him to enter first the Prussian capital, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterward he called his officers around him, and addressed them in the highest terms of respect and admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire! the soldiers of the third corps will always be to you, what the tenth legion was to Cæsar."

Immediately Napoleon took measures for following up his victory with that activity and skill which no other captain has ever equaled. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The fugitive king, with a few companions, had fled to the confines of Russia, there to await the approach of the armies of Alexander. Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world, was such a power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done—an army of two hundred thousand men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable, and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin, in the palace of the Prussian king. Europe heard the tidings with amazement and dismay. It

seemed more like the unnatural fiction of an Arabian tale, than like historic verity. "In a sailing this man," said the Emperor Alexander, "we are but children attacking a giant."

The King of Saxony had been compelled to join Prussia against France. In these wars of Europe, sad is the fate of the minor powers. They must unite with one party or the other. Napoleon had taken a large number of Saxon prisoners. The day after the great battle of Jena, he assembled the captive officers in one of the halls of the University at Jena. In frank and conciliating words he thus addressed them:

"I know not why I am at war with your sovereign. He is a wise, pacific prince, deserving of respect. I wish to see your country rescued from its humiliating dependence upon Prussia. Why should the Saxons and the French, with no motives for hostility, fight against each other? I am ready, on my part, to give a pledge of my amicable disposition by setting you all at liberty, and by sparing Saxony. All I require of you is your promise no more to bear arms against France."

The Saxon officers were seized with admiration as they listened to a proposition so friendly and generous from the lips of this extraordinary man. By acclamation they bound themselves to serve against him no more. They set out for Dresden, declaring that, in three days, they would bring back the friendship of their sovereign.

The Elector of Hesse was one of the vilest of men, and one of the most absolute and unrelenting of despots. He had an army of 32,000 men. He had done every thing in his power to provoke the war, and was devoted to the English, by whom he was despised. Alexander, with nearly 200,000 chosen troops, was pressing down through the plains of Poland, to try his strength again with the armistice of France. Napoleon resolved to meet the Czar at the half way. It was not safe for him to leave in his rear so formidable a force in the hands of this treacherous prince. Marshal Mortier was charged to declare that the Elector of Hesse had ceased to reign, to take possession of his dominions in the name of France, and to disband his army.

The Grand Duke of Weimar had command of a division of the Prussian army. His wife was sister of the Emperor Alexander. She had contributed all her influence to instigate the war. Napoleon entered Weimar. It was a refined and intellectual city, the Athens of modern Germany, and honored by the residence of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. Contending armies, in frightful clamor and carnage, had surged through its streets, as pursuers and pursued had rushed pell-mell in at its gates from the dreadful fields of Jena and Auerstadt. The houses were pierced and shattered by shells and balls, and the pavements were slippery with blood. The Grand Duchess, greatly agitated, approached Napoleon to implore his clemency. "You now see, Madame," Napoleon coolly replied, "what war is." This was his only vengeance. He treated his female foe with the greatest courtesy, expressed

no displeasure at the conduct of her husband, and ordered especial attention to be paid to the wounded Prussians with which the city was filled. He munificently rewarded a Catholic priest for his unwearied attentions to the bleeding Prussians.

On the 28th of October Napoleon made a triumphal entry into Berlin, and established himself in the king's palace. Prussia had provoked the war. By the right of conquest Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. With characteristic delicacy he would allow no one to occupy the private apartments of the queen. She had fled in the utmost haste, leaving all her letters and the mysteries of a lady's boudoir exposed. He, however, in his bulletins, spoke with great severity of the queen. She had exerted all her powers to rouse the nation to war. On horseback she placed herself at the head of the troops, and fanned to the highest pitch, by her beauty, her talents, and her lofty spirit, the flame of military enthusiasm. His sarcasms on queens who meddle in affairs of state, and who, by their ignorance, expose their husbands to frightful disasters, and their country to the horrible ravages of war, were generally thought ungenerous toward one so utterly prostrate Napoleon, indignant in view of the terrible scene of carnage and woe which her vanity had caused, reproached her in one of his bulletins without mercy. Josephine, in the kindness of her heart, wrote to him in terms of remonstrance. Napoleon thus replied:

"Nov. 6, 1806, 9 o'clock, p.m.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears, and in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, exclaimed, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much. It went to my heart. I said, 'Well, Madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well.

NAPOLEON."

The occurrence to which Napoleon refers was this. The Prince of Hatzfeld was governor of Berlin. He had surrendered the city to Napoleon, and promised submission. An intercepted letter proved that he, under cover of this assumed friendship, was acting as a spy, and communicating to the King of Prussia every thing of importance that was transpiring in Berlin. He had given his oath that he would attempt nothing

against the French army, and would attend solely to the quiet, safety, and welfare of the capital. The prince was arrested, and ordered to appear before a court-martial. In two hours he would have been shot. His wife, in a delirium of terror, threw herself in tears before Napoleon, as he alighted from his horse at the gate of the palace. Napoleon was a tender-hearted man. "I never," said he, "could resist a woman's tears." Deeply touched by her distress he conducted her to an apartment. A hot fire was glowing in the grate. Napoleon took the intercepted letter, and, handing it to her, said, "Madame, is not that the handwriting of your husband?" Trembling and confounded she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon, "throw it into the fire, and there will no longer remain any evidence against him." The lady, half dead with confusion and terror, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared, in smoke and flame, he said to the princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction." This act of clemency has ever been regarded as a signal evidence of the goodness of Napoleon's heart. The safety of his army seemed to require that something should be done to intimidate the magistrates of the several towns, who were also revealing the secrets of his operations to the enemy.

Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederic the Great, where the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had, but a year before, taken their solemn and romantic oath. He seemed deeply impressed with solemnity as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and of iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it very carefully, and then turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, said, "Did you know that the Spanish ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-khan. I would not exchange this sword of Frederic, for four millions of dollars. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aid a very peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and gently pinching his ear, said, "Have I not then a sword of my own, Mr. Giver of Advice?"

In 1757, the armies of France had been signally defeated, upon the plain of Rossbach, by the Prussians. The Prussian government had erected a monument commemorative of the victory. Napoleon, passing over the field, turned from his course to see the monument. To his surprise he found it a very insignificant affair

The inscription upon the soft stone had been entirely effaced by the weather. The obelisk was hardly more imposing than a French milestone. In perfect silence he contemplated it for some time, walking slowly around it, his arms folded upon his breast, and then said, "This is contemptible—this is contemptible." Just then a division of the army made its appearance. "Take that stone," said he, to a company of sappers, "place it upon a cart, and send it to Paris. It will require but a moment to remove it." Then, mounting his horse he galloped away. For both of these acts Napoleon has been severely censured. It is not an easy question to decide what are the lawful trophies of war.

When Napoleon left the capital of Austria, on his return to France after the campaign of Austerlitz, he thus addressed the citizens of Vienna, in a final adieu: "In leaving you, receive as a present, evincing my esteem, your arsenal complete, which the laws of war had rendered my property. Use it in the maintenance of order. You must attribute all the ills you have suffered to the mishaps inseparable from war. All the improvements, which my army may have brought into your country, you owe to the esteem which you have merited."

Napoleon, in a month, had overturned the Prussian monarchy, destroyed its armies, and conquered its territory. The cabinets and the aristocracies of Europe were overwhelmed with consternation. Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, and the propagator of the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant, was humbling into the dust the proudest monarchies. Every private soldier in the French army felt that all the avenues of wealth, of influence, of rank were open before him. This thought nerfed his arm, and inspired his heart. France had imbibed the unalterable conviction, which it retains to the present day, that Napoleon was the great friend of the people; their advocate and the firm defender of their rights. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued a glowing proclamation to the army, in which he extolled, in the loftiest terms, their heroism, their intrepidity, and their endurance of the most exhausting fatigue. He concluded in the following words, "Soldiers! I love you with the same intensity of affection which you have ever manifested toward me."

Lannes, in a dispatch to the Emperor, wrote, "Yesterday I read your Majesty's proclamation at the head of the troops. The concluding words deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers. It is impossible for me to tell your Majesty how much you are beloved by these brave men. In truth, never was lover so fond of his mistress, as they are of your person."

The Prussians were fully aware of the tremendous power with which the principles of equality invested the French soldier. One of the Prussian officers wrote to his family, in a letter which was intercepted, "The French, in the fire, become supernatural beings. They are urged on by an inexpressible ardor, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers."

What can be done with peasants, who are led into battle by nobles, to encounter every peril, and yet to have no share in the honors or rewards?"

The King of Prussia himself, while a fugitive in those wilds of Poland, which, in banditti alliance with Russia and Austria, he had infamously annexed to his kingdom, found that he could not contend successfully with France, without introducing equality in the ranks of his army also. Thus liberal ideas were propagated wherever the armies of Napoleon appeared. In every country in Europe the Emperor of France was regarded, by democrat and aristocrat alike, as the friend of the people.

During these stormy scenes, Napoleon, in the heart of Prussia, conceived the design of erecting the magnificent temple of the Madelaine. It was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the Emperor, and was to bear upon its front the inscription, "The Emperor Napoleon, to the Soldiers of the Great Army." On marble tablets there were to be inscribed the names of all the officers, and of every soldier who had been present at the great events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena. The names of those who had fallen in those battles, were to be inscribed upon tablets of gold.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote from Posen, dated December 6, 1806: "Literature has need of encouragement. Propose to me some means for giving an impulse to all the different branches of belles-lettres, which have in all times shed lustre upon the nation."

In the midst of the enormous cares of this extraordinary campaign, Napoleon found time to write, almost every day, a few lines to Josephine. A few of these letters will be read with interest

"BAMBERG, Oct. 7, 1806.

"I set out this evening, love, for Cronach. My army is in full march. Every thing is prosperous. My health is perfect. I have received but one letter from you. I have received one from Eugene and Hortense. Adieu. A thousand kisses, and good health. NAPOLEON."

"GERA, Oct. 13, 2 o'clock in the morning

"I am at Gera, my dear friend. My affairs are prosperous—every thing as I could wish. In a few days, with the aid of God, matters will take, I think, a terrible turn for the poor King of Prussia. I pity him, personally; for he is a worthy man. The queen is at Erfurt with the king. If she wishes to see a battle, she will have that cruel pleasure. I am very well. I have gained flesh since my departure. Nevertheless, I travel every day from sixty to seventy-five miles, on horseback, in carriages, and in every other way. I retire at eight o'clock, and rise at midnight. I often think that you have not yet retired. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON."

"JENA, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"My love! I have manœuvred successfully against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. There were 150,000 men. I have

taken 20,000 prisoners; also 100 pieces of cannon, and many flags. I was near the King of Prussia, and just failed taking him and the queen. For two days and nights I have been in the field. I am wonderfully well. Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, and love me. If Hortense is with you, give her a kiss, as also one to Napoleon, and to the little one.

"NAPOLEON."

"WEIMAR, Oct. 16, 5 o'clock in the evening.

"M. Talleyrand will show you the bulletin, my dear friend. You will there see my success. Every thing has transpired as I had calculated. Never was an army more effectually beaten, and more entirely destroyed. I have only time to say that I am well, and that I grow fat upon fatigue, bivouacs, and sleeplessness. Adieu, my dear friend. A thousand loving words to Hortense, and to the grand Monsieur Napoleon Wholly thine.

"NAPOLEON."

"Nov. 1, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Talleyrand has arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep. What do you wish, then? You have your daughter, your grand-children, and good news. Surely this is enough to make one contented and happy. The weather is superb. Not a drop of rain has yet fallen during the campaign. I am very well, and every thing is prosperous. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from Monsieur Napoleon. I think Hortense must have written it. A thousand kind things to all.

"NAPOLEON."

The little Napoleon to whom the Emperor so often alludes, was the eldest son of Louis and Hortense. He was an unusually bright and promising boy, and a great favorite of his illustrious grandfather. Napoleon had decided to adopt him as his heir, and all thoughts of divorce were now laid aside.

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

I DID not leave Newport the morning after Jones Smith fell prostrate with Mabel in the public parlor.

An indulgent public will grant that I might have done so with honor, and have departed myself with pallor and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs as a heart-stricken man. But an indulgent public is not entire master of the position. "There are reasons for secrecy, sir," as Owle is wont to say with diplomatic mystery, when he wishes to conceal the exact number of oysters he ate for lunch. Owle says he is in the diplomatic career. He once officiated, for a fortnight, as Secretary to our Chargé at Copenhagen, during the illness of the real Secretary. When I first saw him, I supposed he must be at least secret Ambassador Extraordinary of the Czar of all the Russias, and hinted to him my suspicions. He smiled with lofty sadness. "There are reasons for secrecy, sir," said he. As he moved away, I saw the eyes of Araminta Dovecote fastened upon him.

"Oh! how interesting he is!" said she to

me, as I accosted her. "Don't you think him very like Audley Egerton, in 'My Novel'?"

"Very like Audley Egerton, dear Miss Araminta," I replied, and helped her to pickled oysters.

No; I was not to be bluffed off from Newport by any such mischance as that disastrous fall. Had I not been really driven away from Saratoga? Had I not found it pleasanter to leave Cape May, than to encounter the looks and innuendoes of my charming friends there? "Really, Smythe," said I to myself, "your first summer at the watering-places has, the least in the world, the air of a failure." Yet I saw that it was not so with others: why should it be so with me? I looked carefully at "the men," and they all tied their cravats, wore their Panamas, and smoked their cigars, with the air of conscious victory.

I assumed a similar nonchalance, I swaggered up and down Bellevue-street, and talked and laughed noisily over my cigar upon the piazzas. I cocked my hat on one side, slapped my elders upon the back, and cried, "Come, old fellow, take something to drink." I wore the blasé air of a man who has just come in possession of the Indies. I even strung an eye-glass round my neck, which did very well until I tried to put it in my eye. I could not do it. I almost put my eye out in trying to put the glass in. I took lessons in crooking my brow over it; but just as I fancied I had achieved the proper stare, down it came; and I was forced to affect an ease which I did not feel. I ordered a bottle of Champagne every day at dinner, and found the "fellows" as sociable as possible. I hired a trotting-wagon for the fort-afternoons, and could always find one of them willing to occupy the spare seat. I played a miserable game at billiards, and was never at a loss for a partner. I averaged 120 at the bowling-alley, and if any fellow wanted exercise he was sure to ask me to bowl. I found that I had the pleasure of settling for most of the parties in which I was concerned. If we went to the Tea-House, it was, "Smythe, just see to this, will you?" and it was not easy afterward, nor agreeable, to call upon each individual of the party for his share of the expense. If we drank cobblers at the bar, no one had ever the requisite shillings. It was always, "Smythe, have you any loose change?" Smythe always did have it, somehow. I could not tell how, and speculated about it, until I suddenly remembered that as I was perpetual paymaster, the floating coin, of course, came to me in change.

But even this did not seem a great success. To have a dozen fellows eating, drinking, smoking, and gaming at my expense, did not appear to be the highest felicity of a watering-place. Yet I still had no idea of being bluffed. I swore a great oath not to yield to any possible conspiracy of circumstances.

One day I retired to my room to consider whether I was jolly or not. It was nigh noon. Newport lay torpid in the sun. I heard the s.

striking the cliffs with a muffled, drowsy sound. The dazzling ocean was reeling into sleep along the shore. The thunders of the bowling-alleys had died away. The gurgling rattle of broken ice, as sherry-cobblers were made at the bar, grew less and less. The moment was the shining apex of the day. Summer culminated in that noon. Yet it was as dreamy as midnight, and much more sad. O, withered hopes! O, wasted summer! I thought of all that had gone before—of Lulu, of Brunetta—devoted friendships! profound attachments!

A knock at my door startled me. "Come in." Enter Fritz Dickey, in traveling costume.

"My dear Dickey, where do you drop from?" "Fresh from Paris."

"How glad I am to see you. I was just ready to give it up here."

"Hollo! what's the matter? Answer me one question?"

"Allez."

"Are there as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?"

"Certainly."

"Eh, bien! courage!" said Fritz, as he sat down by the window.

"What a lovely place," he continued. "Why, it's as peaceful as Arcady. I, too, am an Arcadian. Who's here? Who's the belle? How long do you stay?"

He blew my blues away, as a fresh north-wind a fog. I was exhilarated by his presence more than by Champagne; and told him every thing that the summer had brought forth.

Fritz sat by the window, laughing and serious, by turns. His eyes wandered over the solitary fields, and rested upon the sea.

"There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And he shot a little duck, duck, duck."

cried he, as I concluded my history. "Why, you young wretch. You precocious Tamerlane, slaughtering and to slaughter: and getting sentimental up here in the fourth story of 'The Ocean,' because you've no victim at present under torture—sie! sie!" And Fritz laughed immoderately. Suddenly he stopped, and turned to me.

"Hearken, O King! To-day the sun will rise on this benighted Newport, and extinguish all the stars. Who do you think is coming?"

"Not Pleona?"

"Pleona? Yes," answered Fritz, and took leave.

The arrival of a belle among other pretty women, is like the rising of a sun. It is in the world of fact, what Helen is in Grecian story. What fair and noble dames illuminated those old days—thousands of them fairer and nobler to many thousands of men, than any famous Helen. Yet we shall never know of them, although each was a Helen to some King Menelaus, and each had, perhaps—(mark, I say only, perhaps) her Paris. We men profess a great devotion to beauty, and we have it. Our young ideal is a commanding beauty. We begin by falling in love

with the stately wife of some elder friend. We look with longing upon all the flowers in all the gardens, because the whole summer harvest of flowers should be flung in homage at the feet of our goddess. Then we would be buried under the fragrant heaps, and say, with penetrant and melodious voice, "O, excellent and fair! these are pale before you!" And how tremblingly we do send the flowers that we can procure. They are so unspeakably beautiful. They are full of meaning, so large and lovely. They say so much more perfectly than we can say, all that we dream and even dare to hope. Flowers bloom in the most generous hours of Nature—they are the offspring of those tropical moments when the sun lay in the bosom of the earth. And as a beautiful woman is fairer than any possible flower, while yet in a certain dainty perfection they rival each other, so there is no act more satisfactory to the imagination than when Love gives its mistress a flower.

Yet with all this natural homage to beauty, there can be no doubt that the poorest follower of Menelaus was as happy in the smile of his wife—if he was fortunate enough to have one—as his master in the light of Helen's countenance. And probably with less fear of Paris before his eyes. "Ah!" thought I, as Fritz closed the door and left me to these thoughts, "ah! if our Helens had only more fear of Paris!"

It is hard to describe Pleona. She had that beauty which is felt rather than seen. When you see Rachel in any of her fine characters you would swear she is supremely beautiful, and so in talking with Pleona, or in thinking of her, you would instinctively acknowledge her charm. Yet in a picture it would not show—unless a lover painted it. And if all the portraits of women had hitherto been the work of their lovers, what a gallery were there! Dante drew his Beatrice in music, in the mystic-toned Vita Nuova. Petrarch colored Laura with sunbeams in his sonnets, and Raphael in his Madonnas immortalized his Fornarina.

But, when you have finished this brief history, judge if I am the man to paint Pleona.

I say Pleona's was a beauty rather felt than seen. There is a wonderful difference between the two. If a woman has either in a great degree, she becomes a belle. There is Araminta Dovecote herself, that anemone of a girl, always with a dew-drop in her eye, and a drooping, shrinking manner that is the delight and fascination of all the agreeable French and Polish counts, who fringe the edges of our society with such superior mustaches. Araminta has no beauty for a sculptor, unless he could catch in marble the evanescent grace of her manner, as frost the ripple of a wave. Yet she is always sure of being a belle. She never blooms against the wall. She never stands in the dancing-room looking upon the dancers with that serious indifference which is merely a negative way of shouting out, "O ye boys in varnished boots, lead me to the Redowa and happiness!" She is enshrined in the memory of all who see her

or converse with her, as a lovely girl. The men are always glad to be with her, if it is only to stand by her side. When she smiles it is as if she said what every one most wished to hear. Nor are the women jealous of her, and as they look at her, they say, How pretty! (as I think, honestly, although that satirist of society, Charles Sniffe, declares it is because they see that 'she is not handsome'). Araminta has the beauty that is felt.

On the other hand you remember Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace—who had sat to all the sculptors and painters in Italy. She had officiated as Madonna, Diana, Isis, and Mrs. Siddons in every variety of costume, and to the rapturous admiration of the artists, and the ameliorated applause of a refined public. She had been to all the famous masquerades and fancy balls in every part of Europe, and was every where acknowledged supremely handsome. You could as well deny that a rose was a rose, as question her beauty. She was so tall and of such brilliant prestige that when she entered a room it was as if a star had stepped in, and the candles were pale with envy. Not that the ladies envied her—at least they never said they did. A silence of admiration followed her advent in a room, like the smooth water in the wake of a stately ship. It was an event in a man's life to see Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace. But if she smiled, the lines upon her cheek were as cold as the corrugations of a glacier. Her splendid eyes dazzled, but they did not win. Her magnificent mien was queenly—but few men love queens. She stood, a Juno, but none of the gods and no mortal ever cared to flirt with that imperial personage. At nineteen, the world said of Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace, "How beautiful she is? Who is fit for her?" At twenty-three, the world said, "How superbly she would preside over the establishment of old Croesus Timon." At twenty-six, the world said, "How odd she doesn't get married." At thirty the world sneered, "Corbeille de Glace might as well take up with little Perry Wygg." At forty, she was still Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace. In fact, a man would as soon have married the marble Venus di Milo, unless he were a sculptor who wished a life interest in a model. Mademoiselle de Glace had the beauty that is seen.

Pleona had the former. She had that southern charm, that tropical smile, which melts a man's heart, and causes it to flow toward the object before he knows his danger. I had seen her often, but had never been presented. I saw her first at the ballet at Niblo's. I had been dining with Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Ambassador, and after dinner, when silver tooth-picks were served, my friend Don Bobtail said, "How shall we kill the evening?"

"There is Christy's, Eccellenza," I suggested.

"—Christy's," said Don Bobtail in the large Spanish manner.

He was a fine picture at that moment. He lay back in his crimson velvet chair, with his hands elevated to show the golden knobs that

caught his wristbands, and looked like Titian's Charles V. picking his teeth. I mean that Don Bobtail was using one of the silver tooth-picks.

"Very well," said I, "there's De Soto at Niblo's."

"Of course there is," said Don Bobtail, "let's go."

We went, and I know how much the Spanish Ambassador must have appreciated Pleona from his saying to me at the moment when De Soto's foot reached its greatest altitude,

"*Cielo!* what a pretty girl!"

I looked, and saw Pleona. Whenever I was in town during the season I met her constantly. I looked my admiration. Every evening (during the holiday vacation) I brought my eyes to bear upon her, and they said, as plainly as eyes ever said, "Pleona, I love you" I forebore to be introduced, like the crowd. I was romantic, and said in my heart, "Never will I know you until some auspicious moment reveals us to each other." Term-time arrived before the auspicious moment. I went back to college. I was Byronic for two weeks and oozed poetry at every pore. The third week I was torpid—the fourth, passive—the fifth, I met pretty little Ruta Baga, the rustic belle. I danced with her—walked, drove, twilit, and moonlighted with her—was on the point of declaring my passion in some apposite lines from "the Bride of Alydos," when, unfortunately, the strain of going down upon my knees, was too much for my tight summer trowsers—they split—and I ran for my life. The next morning I received a perfumed package. It was addressed to me in Ruta's hand. I tore (hateful word!) the paper, and found a delicate jewel-box. Tremblingly I opened it—lifted the cotton, and beheld—a needle and thread! Red with fury, I sat down and scribbled—

"I tore my trowsers—you have torn a faithful heart," wrapped the needle and thread in a piece of brown paper, and sent them back to her.

Since then there had been sundry episodes of the heart, but they had passed, and I now, fancy-free, heard of the arrival of Pleona in Newport.

She was at the "Atlantic."

There was to be a ball that evening.

Life, which had seemed so dull before noon, suddenly became interesting again. I went directly to Galpin, who makes beautiful bouquets, and said:

"Galpin, exhaust your genius upon a bouquet, and send it, at seven this evening, without my name, to this address."

It was fort-day; and after dinner my hired wagon came to the door. I had asked Fritz to drive with me. He was very sorry, but he had promised to go with a party of ladies. I did not choose to ask any one else, and drove off alone. A rain had put the road in capital order. I was in the same condition; for what a shower is to a dry road, was the prospect of an *affairé* to my heart, thirsty for excitement. But as I bowed along beside the harbor, and watched the little boats skimming the golden gleam of the water,

and the opposite shore of the bay that stretched—the purple edge of Arcady—across the rosy western sky ; as I more slowly climbed the hill, and mused upon the melancholy waste of rocks that in their barren solitudes confess the supremacy of the sea, whose sharp breath stunts the hopeless shrubs clustering in their sheltered crevices, a sadness stole over me, like a wind blowing out of the south, and I said softly to myself—"Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her."

"For whom, then, will I?" shouted I, aloud. "Li"—answered the solitary echo.

I touched my horse and dashed along. I overtook the gay cavalcade, and whirled around the corners of the embankment—then down—then up—and entered the fort.

It was crowded. A slow procession of carriages passed in the avenue. Upon the green a band was playing. The wind whirled the music in gusts around the area. I bowed to every body. Every body bowed to every body. Marley was there with six horses and a stage-coach loaded with loveliness. Luxurious dog ! he drove about like a Sultan airing his harem—like an undeveloped Mormon. Every corner of the coach was full, inside and out ; even the topmost seat had its tenant. And, to speak the truth, for a moment I forgot Pleona ; and as I watched that merry and fair company, and the music rose in long chords, and (O ! professors of rhetoric forgive !) trembled in the air, a dissolving rainbow of sound, I seemed to see the Venetian galley, Bucentoro, crowded with radiant dames, going to the sea , and, as I looked more wistfully among them, I knew that had I been the Doge, I would have wooed another mistress than the Adriatic.

These were fleet fancies in my brain. My eyes fell upon a plain carriage, with two ladies upon the buck seat, and a gentleman in front. I bent to the dasher of my wagon as it passed, for I recognized Pleona, and her mother, and—Fritz Dickey !

Why did I leave the fort without taking another turn—without even remembering that wheeled Bucentoro ? Why did I rush along the road quite alone and at full speed, and in the most solitary spot rein in my horse upon his haunches, and strain my ears to hear the sea ? Why did its hollow murmur wail through my heart, like a wind in a ruin ? Why did I snatch a cup of tea, and then rush to my room and hold a general review of my wardrobe ? Oh ! why did no boots seem small enough, no waistcoat white enough, no pearl buttons pearly enough, no shirt bosom white enough ? Why wouldn't my hair go the right way, why would it stick out like bristles, and, when I applied pomade, why did my chamber smell like a barber's shop, and my perverse hair shine like a lacquered tray ? Ye Gods ! why wouldn't it part straight behind ? And when I was ready, after two and a half hours' incessant preparation, putting on and putting off, rubbing and scrubbing, pulling and pinning, tying and untying—why did I look like a second-hand dandy ? Dearest Pleona, it was a terrible toilet ! Whew ! how red I was when it

was accomplished. How I sank, utterly fatigued, into a chair ; and how the warmth of the evening and my excitement melted my collar, so that I had to undergo all the cravatting and collar ing again ? Innocent girl ! at that moment sitting cool in white muslin, and having your hair puffed in placid bandeaus—you were the cause. Pleona, I have long since forgiven you !

While I sat weltering in the chair, there was a knock at the door. Galpin entered with the bouquet. "It was so handsome, I wanted you to see it, sir." He was right. It was superb—and that was some consolation. I directed him to take it carefully to "The Atlantic," and leave it, without my name. He went, and I resigned myself to reveries of bliss and Pleona. I saw myself by her side ; I heard her repulse the dancers. I detected the slight suffusion upon her cheek ; her eyes fell abashed upon my bouquet. I heard her murmur, "How beautiful !" I answered with suppressed passion. There was music, the odor of flowers—we stepped out upon the piazza ; the music fell fainter upon our ears—there was a room—a tree—a hand—a tear—and an unmitigated snore, which aroused me, for I was gently sleeping.

I arose, surveyed myself as well as possible in a glass a foot square, and sauntered toward "The Atlantic."

I am sorry for it, but the Atlantic dining-room is a dreary hall for a ball. It is low and dingy, and the swift feet of impetuous youth are impeded by the gravy-polished floor. But the moment I entered, my eyes swept the room, and at the further end beheld Pleona. She was radiant, and held flowers in her hand. I made my way toward her through the crowd. I was almost as near as I dared to approach, when the orchestra commenced the most seductive and delirious waltz. To my horror, Fritz Dickey stepped toward her, slipped his arm around her waist, and whirled her off into the melodious maze ! She held her bouquet upon his shoulder, where her hand rested. I saw it as they glided down the room, hung out like a beacon of hope to me "Let them laugh who win," said I mentally to my friend Fritz. They turned at the bottom of the room. they were coming back again. Nearer, nearer, floating upon the wings of that music—nearer, nearer—gracefully gliding. They brushed past me I looked, and—by Jupiter ! it was not my bouquet !

My part was instantly taken. The dance was no sooner over than I went to Fritz, and asked him to present me to Pleona.

"With pleasure." I was presented.

"What a pleasant ball."

"Very pleasant."

"You are fond of dancing ?"

"Very fond."

"Have you been long in Newport ?"

"Not long."

"Do you like Newport ?"

"Yes."

It was rather dwindling into the monosyllabics. I made another rush.

"Do you bathe?"

"No."

"Do you ride?"

"Yes."

"Ah! how glorious it is to spring on to a horse, and gallop over the beaches! isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Pleona was *distracte*. Her eyes were wandering. I followed them, and mine lit upon Fritz Dickey. I renewed the conversation with ardor. She recovered herself and charmed me with every word she spoke. I engaged her for several dances. We waltzed—we did every thing that people in a ball-room usually do. At length I ventured to praise her flowers.

"They are very beautiful," said she, and—even as in my reverie—she slightly blushed.

"I had hoped to see other flowers in your hand this evening," said I.

"I did receive a bouquet," replied Pleona, "but it was anonymous; and I prefer to know whose flowers I hold."

"Probably, then, you know whose you are holding now," said I, nettled.

"I do," said she, quietly, and blushed this time not very slightly.

And so did I. But I would not be balked. I clung to her side. I saw the glances of the room turned upon us, and was delighted to see them. I grew more and more earnest. I looked as happy as a king. When she danced with other men I withdrew, and watched her constantly, and the moment the music ceased I was by her side. The eyes of the ball-room saw her downcast eyes and blushes, whenever I hinted at the bouquet. The tongues of the ball-room whispered just what I wanted them to whisper. For every man is willing to be reputed successful with the woman he loves, and all the more willing, when he is conscious that he is not quite so. It is the balm of vanity. Newport went home to its hotels that night convinced that a flirtation of the best possible promise had been commenced. I, for my part, went singing along the street toward "the Ocean," but just as I was entering remembered I had left my little stick at "The Atlantic." I hurried back, found it, and, as I was stepping out upon the piazza, looked into the parlor. It was quite dark, but upon the sofa at the further end sat two figures very near together. The head of one was bent a little forward, and the hands played with a bouquet. I recognized the dress. It was Pleona's. The other figure was earnestly speaking—his back was toward me. A vague jealousy and anger smote my pride. I stepped back a moment so as to regard the pair through the crack of the door, then, with an irresistible impulse, I drew out—my handkerchief, and blew my nose in the most appalling manner. Pleona started and rose. I started and ran.

Before I slept I comprehended the state of affairs. It was to be a brief, but deadly campaign. There was no use in disguising the truth that Fritz Dickey and I were upon opposite sides, and, like other great generals, I took

a complete survey of the position. Fritz was as young as I, and handsomer. On the other hand I was rather the finer figure. He was a man of intelligence and refinement. I was ditto. He was poor, fresh from Paris, and had no wagon. I was not very rich, nor just from Paris, but I had a wagon, and a wagon is a good investment at Newport. Pleona liked him very well, but then she knew him longer, and that was natural. She did not dislike me, and the prestige of favorable report was on my side.

"*Allons!*" cried I, "it is a fair fight. Only Master Fritz, I advise you to hurry up the cakes."

In the morning I called upon Pleona, and asked her to drive in the afternoon. She would gladly do so. Afternoon found her at my side, in the little trotting-wagon. How merrily we dashed along the white edges of the Atlantic, where they are raveled in foam upon the beach! How fresh and inspiring was that ocean air! What a sly cosmetic for those rose-shaming cheeks! How my tongue was loosened, and rattled off fun, and fancy, and gravity! How devoted I was whenever a carriage approached, and how clearly I saw the quick appreciation upon the part of the astute people in those carriages, without ever looking at them! How meekly Fritz Dickey trotted by in a grim old family coach with his grim old aunt! How abstractedly I gave him a half bow, as if I were meditating something very serious just said by my companion! How the sun set placidly and left us growing silent by the sea! How at the latest moment of twilight that propriety allows, we reached "The Atlantic!" How like Alexander the Great I returned to "The Ocean."

I issued orders to Galpin to furnish Pleona daily with the most sumptuous bouquet. I gave little suppers at Downing's to her and her mother, and a few friends of her own choosing—but she never mentioned Fritz. I made bowling-parties and offered to teach her billiards. I sought the acquaintance of the distinguished strangers that I might present them to her if she wished, and at any rate enjoy the honor of knowing them. I learned every thing about every new comer that I might answer any chance question she asked. I engaged her for certain dances at every ball and hop, and practiced in my room to insure ease and perfection. There were tea-parties at Durfee's, and excursions to the Glen. There were drives at the fort, and sails to the Dumplings and around Goat Island. There were Sunday afternoon walks along the cliff and moonlight rambles to Conrad's cave and the forty steps. In all I was Pleona's cavalier. The position was accorded to me *de jure*. Sometimes Fritz went and talked in a very low tone with Pleona, and she looked very sweetly, and was occasionally even a little absent, when he was gone. I encountered them several times at evening strolling upon the side piazza at "The Atlantic." But Fritz instantly retired when I approached, and left the field to me. Once Pleona declined to walk with me on Sunday afternoon, and I presently met her upon the

cliff alone with Fritz, and in interested conversation. She always danced with him two or three times at every hop.

But I was not troubled. "Proximity and pertinacity," said Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Ambassador, "do the business." Then there was the wagon; that was a trump card. The days slipped on. The summer slid imperceptibly away. Youths and maidens clutched the hurrying hours, and held them back by their golden hair. With the wild eagerness of midnight Bacchanals who dread the dawn, they crowded every fading moment with panting joy, and whirled intoxicated toward the end. September, with chastening breath blew the lightest away. But sweeter ran the life that lingered

"You're making hay while the sun shines," said many wise old gentleman.

"You're going it while you're young," said many a witty youth.

But I wanted to strike a grand *coup*. Shall I confess it? I believed Pleona was not entirely untouched. After such a prolonged besieging of female hearts as the summer had been, I fancied one was at last yielding. And Lulu? and

—Why, they were elsewhere and happy. Why should not I be so? Ah! gentle ladies, if ever your eyes irradiate these pages, will you not remember that it is a snap-dragon game, brief and brilliant; in playing which you must be very nimble, or burn your fingers; and in which, if happily successful, you get a raisin for your pains!

I resolved to give Pleona a serenade. It was already late in the evening; but I knew where to find the leader of the band, and the impromptu character would make it only the more charming. I pondered the pieces I would have played. I composed my serenade, as a Persian poet his bouquet: each melody should be a flower, and a flower of impassioned speech. Pleona, I knew, well understood music; and I counted upon her sagacity to comprehend every thing the music meant. I hummed several of the airs, and I determined the disposition of the musicians. I would go closely wrapped in a cloak. I would swear the leader to secrecy, and only her own heart should assure Pleona that it was I declaring my passion with all the sumptuous emphasis of music. I looked out of the window. It was a perfect September night, and the silent island lay bare to the moon. Taking my pen, I wrote rapidly the list of pieces I had meditated, and with my cloak over my arm slipped out of my room, and softly down stairs. I escaped from the hotel without being observed, hid myself in my cloak, and turned toward the haunt of the band. It was an enchanted night. I grew poetic, nor envied young Lorenzo:

"In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night."

So upon music would I sigh my soul away to my Cressid—so should hers float to me.

Suddenly, a full burst of harmony seemed to fill the world. I stood still, and my heart with me. The triumphant strain pealed on, ravishing the midnight, and saying all I had hoped to say. Somebody had the band, and was giving a serenade! I did not dare ask myself, "To whom?" for the sounds came from the direction of "The Atlantic." I hurried along the street toward the hotel. I reached it just as the music died away, just as the blind of Pleona's room slightly opened—just as a flower fell, fluttering in the moonlight—just as Fritz Dickey caught it, kissed it, kissed his hand—and the blind closed.

I had pleasant dreams that night, of course, and awoke buoyant. But while I still lay, "chewing the cud of my dreams," a waiter entered with a note. It was from a party of ladies at "The Atlantic," who proposed a sail upon the bay that afternoon. "And you," it concluded, "who are evidently so determined to make hay while the sun shines, will not probably refuse to join when you know that the sun will be of the party?"

I wrote, "Certainly not," and sprang up like a new man.

Why like a new man?

Because I knew that my friends of the water-party did not know Fritz; and that, therefore, he would not be asked, while I should have a seat by Pleona, and returning in the moonlight! Ought I not to have been a new man? I would not sleep until I had told her all. "Let those laugh who win," said I again, as I remembered the serenade.

I came down to breakfast merry as a lark. "Hollo, Fritz," cried I, to my friend. "Did you hear that serenade last night. Some poor devil is done out of a cool fifty. It's rather too late in the season for serenades."

"Ah! you think so!" said Fritz, with smiling good-humor.

"Yes; but not for drives. By-the-by, I can't use my wagon this afternoon; wouldn't you like to have it?"

"I should, indeed," replied Fritz; and I saw the sudden light flash in his eyes, as he thought of driving Pleona. Poor boy! how happy he felt that moment. I sipped my coffee sardonically.

"What time would you like it?" said I.

"About five o'clock."

"Very well, I shall tell Tennant;" and I did so. The wagon was to call for Mr. Dickey at "The Ocean," at five, precisely. The water-party was arranged for half-past four; which would give me just time to get off with Pleona and my other friends, before hapless Fritz drove up, as I knew he would, to find his goddess gone. I regarded this as the great day of the campaign. "This, General Dickey," said I, confidentially to myself, "is our decisive battle. We'll see whose hay is made first."

We dined, Fritz and I—then sat smoking. I looked at my watch: it was nearly half-past four.

"I've an engagement," said I, rising. "I

must run up and change my coat, and be off. Adieu."

"Adieu," said unconscious Dickey, languidly, making rings of his smoke.

I rustled up to my room in the fourth story. The key was not in the door: there was no chambermaid, no waiter, within hail. I ran down to the office. The key was not there; the chambermaid had it. "I wish the deuce had the chambermaid!" said I. The next moment she appeared. Up I bounded again—plunged into another coat—down-stairs—out of the house—saw that it was five minutes past the hour—reached "The Atlantic"—and passed into the parlor. There was no one there: I stepped to the office, and learned that the party had left a half-hour earlier than they had intended. There was a note in the tray, addressed to me. I tore it open, and found it was to apprise me of the change of hour.

"Why didn't you send this note to me?" stormed I at the clerk.

"Really, sir," replied he, confused, "I beg pardon; but, really, sir, I forgot it!"

"Stupid!" sneered I, disgusted; and retired to the parlor to mourn over my ruined hopes. An exquisite afternoon upon the water with Pleona—by heaven! it was too bad. I fancied the unutterable delight of the happy men, who were with her. I marched up and down the room, like a madman. I actually capered with mortification and wrath, for I had lost this splendid throw—this great trump against Dickey's game. I seriously thought of thrashing the clerk for not sending the note. The idea was very attractive. "It will do good—it will be a public benefit," thought I; and, fixing my eyes upon the floor with determination, I walked toward the door, and almost overthrew a lady who was on the point of entering.

It was Pleona!

I stared at her for a moment idiotically.

"Well!" said she.

"Are you not upon the water-party?" gasped I.

"No, I am in this parlor. I have changed my mind, and am engaged for a land-party," returned she, slightly smiling.

I stood transfixed. The clock struck five. I heard the rattling of wheels; I saw, through the window, Fritz, driving up in my wagon!

"Good-afternoon," said Pleona.

"Where are you going?" whispered I.

"I am going to drive with Mr. Dickey."

I followed her out of the room, and to the piazza.

"Are you quite ready?" said Fritz, as he leaped out.

"All ready!" said she.

I followed her down the steps. I actually helped her into my own wagon. Fritz sprang in, and took his seat beside her.

"It's a capital wagon, Smythe," said he.

I grinned horribly. I tried to gasp, "Bon voyage!" but I couldn't get it out. Fritz took the reins, and away they flew in my wagon! Avenging Fates!—I had offered it to him!

I felt very weak in the knees, and beckoned to a waiter.

"A glass of brandy," said I, and sank into a chair.

That evening there was a hop at "The Ocean." I went in mechanically. The room was in a buzz of excitement.

"Weren't you surprised?" said Wilhelmina Wagtail, as she "came in," panting from a polka.

"At what?" said I, listlessly.

"Why, the engagement. Haven't you heard?"

"No, Miss Wagtail, I have not heard."

"Well—gracious! there they are," exclaimed the lady.

I looked and saw Pleona entering the room, leaning upon Fritz Dickey's arm. They came toward me, followed by all eyes.

"Good-evening," said Fritz to me. "Your wagon is delightful."

"Yes," said Pleona. "We are so much obliged to you!"

I made sundry miserable attempts at smiles. They passed on and glided off in a waltz.

"What a handsome pair!" said the world.

"I knew it would be so from the beginning," said the same fuzzy old world, whose gossip had given Pleona to me every day since I met her.

There was no disguising it—they were handsome and happy. General Dickey had conquered General Smythe. The summer of the latter gentleman was a failure, after all. The heart suspected of yielding, surrendered to a very different foe. The band seemed to me to be playing dirges. It ceased, and Fritz and Pleona passed me again.

"By-the-by," said Dickey, leaning toward me, and whispering, "it was very, very kind of you to lend me your wagon this afternoon; and I'm sure you are not surprised at the result, for you know—if any body does—that life is short, and that we must make hay while the sun shines!"

When Fritz moved away, I felt like leaving the hall. As I was going slowly down stairs, I met old Evilli coming slowly up. I always preferred to avoid him, but it was quite out of the question now.

"Oh, you gay gamester!" said he, jocosely, "you play with female hearts, do you? Ah, you wild young man!"

I smiled jocularly, and we passed.

"By-the-by," said he, pausing upon the staircase, and looking down, "I hear, my young friend, that you've lost the trick!"

And old Evilli went lumbering up-stairs, chuckling over his feeble wit.

If there is any man I especially dislike, it is your old Watering-Place *habitué*, whose heart is burnt out, and who believes every other man and woman heartless. What a hollow laugh his is! What a weak wit! Evilli thought he could joke with me, as if I were not a man of sensibility;—I, who left next morning in the early boat, bearing from the field a heart sorely wounded, but of great recuperative power.

THE TWO SKULLS.

"HOW did you like my friend, Mr. Blazon?" said the Secretary to me.

"I was disappointed. I expected greater things of one of his reputation." I knew that the Secretary had only asked the question to introduce one of those philosophizing lectures with which, I being always a good listener, he so often favored me.

"Did you ever, sir, see a great man who did not disappoint you? ever one who did not lose something of his magnitude by near approach, or display some flaw dimming the splendor of his reputation!—except it might be to such exceptional toadies as Boswell?

"Distance lends enchantment to the moral and mental, as well as to the physical view. Let the eye sweep over a broad and distant landscape; only its grand and imposing features are seen; draw near it—walk through it, and the littering rocks, the mud holes, putrefying carcasses, and other disgusting objects, offend the sight.

"Heroes, it is said, are never heroes to their valets. Why are they more so to the public? I will tell you. Because the public imagines a harmony of character not to be found in human nature. It takes a single prominent trait in an individual, and magnifies his every other quality to its dimensions. A man becomes distinguished in poetry—eloquence—science; those who hear of him endow him with every correspondent quality of greatness, and are very much disappointed if they find him manifesting any of the ordinary every-day traits of humanity; and yet, there are no men so great but they will do so.

"Those who like myself, sir, have mingled much with their fellows, in high and in low stations, learn that there is more difference in the external position of men than in their intrinsic qualities.

"Taking the extremes of humanity—the lowest idiotic intellect or moral character at one end, and the highest and most noble at the other, probably between one and the other, may be found every shade, variety, and combination of character—good and bad mingled in every degree, sometimes the one and sometimes the other predominating; and hence, too, we have the same persons exhibiting the most opposite and inconsistent qualities, and sometimes flying suddenly from the line of their established reputation, and startling the public by manifestations of character hitherto unsuspected.

"Did you never see that strange combination of men to whom religious observances, divine worship, and sacred ceremonies were a necessity, yet whose daily practices were entirely inconsistent with such habits? Such men are not hypocrites—another combination makes the hypocrite.

"If I was to tell you your neighbor was provident, wise, active, you would think only of a good citizen; and if I told you of another, who was jealous, malignant, dark, sullen, unsociable,

reserved, cruel, unrelenting, unforgiving, you would think of no combined useful quality; but Hume puts all these epithets together and makes up a Tiberius.

"*Common Sense*, the preservative quality, is that more generally diffused, and is often wanting in those of brilliant genius. Hence, our ordinary every-day acquaintance may exhibit more force and strength of character, than forms the general aggregate of some great men; they fall below our habitual association. Besides the properties which make greatness, there are other properties necessary to make greatness known—the show-window art of putting the goods in the public eye; and men may, most probably do, exist in every association, unknown to fame, but gifted with all upon which others base a public reputation. There may be men in their quiet farm-houses, in their village offices greater than greatness. Even in our schoolboy associations, have we not seen those calm, quiet, intellectual boys, satisfied with the joy of knowledge, and despising scholastic triumphs. May there not then be men who think the fame of the hustings, the fuss and feathers of the soldier, and the plodding calculations of the seeker for wealth, a poor exchange for heart-quiet, and that manly action which, working for others and not for self, shuns the noise and bustle of popularity? These are the truly great men who work in the steady view of the all-seeing God, and not before the world's blinking eye, and so long as this principle fails to be taught as the leading human impulse, education is defective.

"The parent tells his child, Such and such a one rose from poverty to wealth. Follow his example; wealth is the grand object.

"Mr. Magnum, who sits now in the high place of power, was once a poor mechanic—work you for power also; that is, work, plod for yourself; let self be the aim and object—the alpha and omega of your existence. Who tells his child to measure his sphere of usefulness; to begin by doing the little good he can; to widen his circle with his strength, until his usefulness reaches the utmost circumference of his power? Then if wealth, fame, power comes, they come to one fitted for their use, and if they do not come, a greater than all does—happiness."

"You have never been married, I believe, Mr. Secretary?" "No, sir; I'm a bachelor," and as if the question was an unpleasant one, he picked up his cane and gloves to leave me, but a new thought chased away the momentary annoyance, and quietly laying them down again, he resumed, "Often the world looks with admiring envy upon the greatness of a great man, identifies it with the whole existence of the individual, and considers him as reveling in the joy of high fortune, whereas the true man and his greatness are separate existences;—his greatness is a shadow or rather a brilliant light, may be either, round about him, shutting out all views of the world from his true self. It need indeed, be a strong spectre walking by his side and hurrying along the true man despite him each

"I am satiated with greatness," cried the scarcely more than boy Napoleon. It became a *thing* outside of himself, but it pushed him along. "I have a star—a destiny," he said; so much did the man-Napoleon feel subjected to the world-Napoleon. A youth, and almost unknown, he had magically created armies, and conquered circumstances. Now, after Waterloo, with an army calling him to head it, with over 80,000 men immediately to commence operations and to take a bloody revenge on the Duke of Wellington, with the French people adoring him, he exclaimed :

"Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris, and insure me the crown, without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance. No, I like the regrets of France better than her crown.*

"And he quietly walks out of his empire and his glory. People wonder. It is incomprehensible! Might not the man Napoleon have become tired of living so long the slave of the world-seen splendid Napoleon? 'I will henceforth live to educate my boy,' spoke the man. The spectre *Greatness* would not be shaken off, and chained him to St. Helena, without wife, child, or friend. Those who have lived above greatness, are greater than Napoleon, and—happier.

"Calm, quiet, blue-eyed, light-haired Doctor Morton, 'The illustrious' he is called, measures in his study the capacity for greatness of individuals, and that of nations. He pours beans or shot into their skulls, when the brains are out, measures and weighs their power, and tells us that the Teutonic skull is the largest, and the negro nine cubic inches smaller. He measures one tremendous head, finds one hundred and fourteen cubic inches, puts it up on his shelf, and labels it 'Dutch Gentleman.'

"Dutch Gentleman, with the big head, who shall tell of your true greatness corresponding with your brain-power? It may have been felt in acts of wisdom, judgment, and intellect, on your native Holland canals. Then what was this little Peruvian head, the smallest of heads, fifty-eight cubic inches? This may be the head of a great man—an Inca—a Child of the Sun, who on his golden throne at Cuzco, called upon all the world to bow the knee as it approached his capital; and believing it did so, believed his own greatness."

The Secretary, having delivered these sentiments, again took up his gloves and cane, rose from his chair, and prepared to go in earnest. In all courtesy I arose at the same time, and as we stood together he slowly drew on his gloves, remarking—

"I am sorry you did not like Blazon. You must not judge him by your disappointment. The most disappointing kind of men, if they are asked to come down, and divide their magnifi-

cence out for half an hour with a few friends, are your authors. For two reasons: they do not go out to work, but to relax. In the labors of authorship they are on the stretch, when they come to meet your few friends they let down, and are interested in the same every day common-place matters which interest us common people. Again, when you ask your merchant or banker friend to dine or sup with you, do you expect the one to bring his wares, and the other his money, to divide with you and your company? The author's good thoughts and good sayings are his wares, and if scattered at your table would lose their value in the market, and sometimes to save a bright idea, he condescends to discuss the merits of a beefsteak. By the way," he added, as he took up his hat, "it is just the time for mine, and if you will go with me we will talk this matter over more fully; as I find our views are so much alike, it will be pleasant."

I begged to be excused, and the Secretary took his leave. He was a great talker.

CAPTAIN BART AND THE SEA-FOX.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY E. ROBINSON.

IT was during the siege of Dunkirk, in the year 1658, that Captain Bart, a tall, vigorous man, with white hair and a gray beard, was sitting wrapped up in blankets in an arm-chair, and was leaning his pale, thin face on the shoulder of his wife, while his little son, a boy of ten years, with long golden hair, was kneeling at his feet.

The old hero, a few days ago, had been hit in the side by two musket-balls, one of which the surgeon had not been able to extract. With sadness did he turn his eyes to his wife, who looked at him with a tender and painful expression, and pressed the head of her son to her breast.

"God is just, my good Catherine," said the captain. "I hope he will reward your love and care by letting me live long enough to make a brave and good sailor of our John."

Catherine raised her eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, as if to add her prayer to that of her husband.

"Oh!" continued the old hero. "when will Dunkirk at length belong to France, and be forever rid of these English and Spaniards? I shall probably never see the day!"

"But, why not, my friend?" said Catherine. "You have told me yourself, that the city can not hold out much longer; and, besides, the inhabitants are very indifferent to the result of the siege, and wish for nothing more than for a favorable capitulation."

Catherine was silent; for she saw that the pains of her husband had again become severer. He lay a moment, with closed eyes; then, recovering himself, he called for his old servant, in order to receive news of the progress of the siege. After he had made his report, the captain asked him to sit down by him; for neither to him, nor to his little son, had he related a story for many weeks, and intended, now, that

* Count Montholon.

his pains seemed to subside, to again narrate something from his much-troubled life.

"Oh, do, do, father!" cried John, full of joy, as he noticed the purpose of his father.

"You will exert yourself again, dear husband," said Catherine, "only remember that the physician has told you to speak as little as possible."

"Well, well; don't be afraid!" said the captain. "I will speak very low. But my son must know how gloriously his grandfather died; and as yet, I have told him but little about the old hero."

At that moment, the thunder of the cannons, which had been silent till then, was again heard. "That's right!" cried the captain, with spirit; "the fire of the batteries shall accompany the narration of the deeds of arms of my father and of the old Sea-fox; for, accompanied by their thunder have they earned their fame, and found a grave in the waves."

It was indeed a splendid sight as the brave sailor, almost conquered by his wounds, in the midst of the dangers of a siege, accompanied by the roar of the cannons, was telling his son of the glorious death of the two heroes of the sea.

"Old Jacobson," said the captain, "was called the Sea-fox, because nobody understood like him, by stratagem and cunning to capture his prey, and to escape his enemies. Jacobson was the brother-in-arms of my father; they had not only sworn to each other everlasting friendship, but had shown it by action."

"My dear," interrupted Catherine, "I think you exert yourself too much by speaking. Do lie down; the doctor has said that before the bullet is out, the smallest exertion may cost you your life."

"Would you rather have then, wife," answered old Bart, "that I should think of my pains and should grieve over them, than forget them while telling my son of the war and of the deeds of his grandfather? I hope to God that he will keep the honor of our name upright!"

Hereupon he commenced his tale as follows:

"It was during the war with the English, who were blockading our harbor; we had safely returned with my father from the fishery, and our brigantine, the 'Sea-bird,' was anchored in the bay, the crew on board, and ready to put out to sea again at any moment. One winter evening—the wind blew from the northwest, and whistled and howled—we were assembled in this very room, around a warm fire, and were smoking tobacco from Rotterdam, and drinking English porter with it. Next to your grandfather, was sitting Mynheer Vandervelde, whom his Majesty had knighted, because he made him a present of twelve well-furnished and well-manned ships, all for nothing, out of pure generosity. We were just chatting of the war and of the booty, when, suddenly, the door opened—the same one which you see there—and who should enter but the Sea-fox, wrapped in a large cloak, which was dripping wet, for it was pouring outside. Under the cloak, he was in full armor. 'Anthony,' said he to my father,

and looked at him fixedly, 'I need you, your son, your crew, and your ship.'

"'When?' was all my father asked.

"'Immediately; we must put to sea within an hour,' answered the Fox.

"My father excused himself to his guest, and said to the Fox, 'While I and my son go and arm ourselves, smoke a pipe, drink a glass of beer, and dry yourself.' So, my son, in those days did the seamen keep friendship. The Sea-fox would have done the same for my father that he did for him, and that without any farther agreement.

"The Fox threw his cloak over a chair, and held the large water-boots, which reached above his knee, to the fire. It seems as if I saw him yet: he wore an old buff-jacket of buffalo-skin, and a cuirass of steel, covered with rust. When we were ready, and came down again, we found the Fox in deep thought, staring into the fire, and so sunk in meditation that his pipe had gone out, and that he had not heard us come.

"'Well, Michael,' said my father, gayly, as he tapped the Fox on the shoulder, 'shall we let the gun be fired for departure?'

"The Fox jumped up and answered with great emotion, 'Yes, yes, let us go!' But, suddenly, he stood still, and said very soberly to my father, 'Tell me truly, Anthony: how is it with your soul? Could you appear before God without fear, and that within an hour?'

"My father saw, from this that it was to be a very dangerous and daring enterprise. He answered the Fox: 'If it is so, Michael, the chapel-door of the parish-church is open all night; let us go and pray before we put out, and beg God for mercy. It is not our fault that we can do no more, and not take the sacrament; for a priest is wanting.'

"Well, so off we went. The wind blew horribly, and the rain struck our faces like hail. We went all three of us to the chapel, said our prayers, and at eleven o'clock were at the harbor. We found our brigantine ready, and all the crew aboard, from the mate to the lowest boy, as my father had ordered it always to be on board the 'Sea-bird'; for all the orders of my father were punctually obeyed, the discipline being as good as on the largest man-of-war. The anchors were soon weighed, the Fox had an order from the Admiral, so that the chain extending across the harbor's mouth was opened for us. At midnight we were in the canal, and soon after in the open sea. The wind was unfavorable, and the Fox, whom my father had given the command up to, ordered the wheelsman to tack, so as to get to the westward, and had all the lights extinguished. The rain continued, and the night was extremely dark; at intervals we could see between the waves, at a great distance, the watchfires of the cruising ships shining like stars, for they did not venture near the coast.

"Our pilot, a boatman from Vliessingen, had an eagle's eye, which pierced through the thickest night. The only communication between him and the wheelsman was by whistling, which each

seemed to understand as well as if minute orders had been given. The Fox had all the arms which were on board brought on deck, ordered every one to arm himself, and by break of day be ready for every thing.

"At this time, as my poor father was in the hold, superintending the distribution of arms, he had a very singular sight. Only think, my child, as he was at the back end of the hold, it suddenly seemed to him as if the sides of the ship were transparent, and he saw the sea raging and shining with a green light, and pale figures swimming now before and now behind the ship, and making signs to my father to come to them, and calling to him in a voice that was not of this world."

"That is a horrible story!" cried Catherine, and held her hand before her eyes.

"But the English, the English! Did you beat them?" impatiently asked John.

"You will hear right away, Jack. But first I must tell you of your grandfather. He instantly recognized in this sight a sign from God that he would be soon taken away. So he commenced praying with pious submission; and then with great quietness went on deck again. The brigantine was still tacking, and the weather also had not changed. Only God and the Sea-fox knew till then where we were going, for as the latter had not told my father of himself, he dared not ask him. We sailed all night, having but little sail up, on account of the severity of the storm, and as we were obliged to tack, we had made but little progress when the day broke. The Sea-fox was walking impatiently up and down the quarter-deck, making it resound with his great boots, and playing with a large battle-ax, while my father and myself stood near him, and awaited his orders.

"When it had become day, although it was not very light, on account of the rain and the black clouds, the Sea-fox ordered that the large flag should be hoisted astern; and sent word to the gunner to fire a gun from the bows. We were both very much astonished—my father and myself—for this shot would draw the attention of the cruisers to us; but we said nothing. At last, after about an hour, the man aloft cried out, 'I see two large men-of-war, and another smaller one!' The face of the Sea-fox, instead of getting pale, was flushed with a proud red; he struck his ax into the deck, and cried out, 'They are here at last!' with as much joy as if he had captured the silver transport of the King of Spain. He only told my father now, that he had orders to draw the enemy's ships upon him, in order to get them away from the harbor, so that a large convoy which had been cruising on and off all night could get in. Jacobson's ship was just being repaired, and therefore he had demanded ours. 'Now, Anthony,' said the Fox to my father, 'we must encounter these English, and must fight like devils: let us warm the crew's blood a little.' My father answered him, in his and my name, that it was our duty to die where the service of the king and of God de-

manded it; and then the Fox spoke with the crew after his manner. The confidence with which the brave Jacobson inspired all, was so great, and so blind, that our sailors swore that the enemy should not 'get a piece of them that was yet alive.' Upon this the Fox, who knew the sailors well, ordered a barrel of brandy to be brought on deck. Every body drank the health of the king; and the gunners besmeared their faces with powder and brandy, which gave them a horrid appearance, and inflamed them more. Hereupon the ship's chaplain, who had come on board, contrary to our expectations, just as we were about to leave, read mass, and all listened dutifully. I, my father, and some others confessed, and every one prepared for battle.

"The men-of-war came directly toward us, with every sail set. We went to meet them. The next one to us was a pinnace, not as strong as our brigantine. In one moment she got from us two such broadsides that she began to keel over.

"But then the two large frigates following her began such a horrible fire upon the 'Sea-bird,' that pretty soon our poor ship was a wreck, and half the crew were dead or wounded. But think what glory it was! What a defense! We alone against three ships, of which one was already sinking, and the other two were in such a state that they could hardly come up to us, such a furious fire did we keep up, with the cry of, 'Vive le Roi!'

"We were all of us in a fever of excitement, swinging our battle-axes, scoffing at the English, and crying to them incessantly, 'Why don't you board us? Why don't you board us?'"

When the captain had spoken these words, he raised himself up; the excitement colored his pale countenance, and his voice trembled.

"Good God! good God!" cried Catherine, "my husband, you will kill yourself!"

"Leave me alone, wife; let me be!" the old hero answered: for the force of those glorious recollections drew him irresistibly away, and he continued his history with increasing excitement.

"While we were mocking the English so, they did really begin to board us from both sides, and a horrid slaughter took place. Swords and axes in our hands, we were fighting face to face. But the frigates had so large a crew, that they were able every minute to replace the fellows whom we cut down, while we had no reinforcement, and formed only a very small body, in which all were wounded. The Fox himself had been struck in the stomach by a bullet; my father had three severe stabs, and I had received a shot in the arm; our deck was filled with the dying and the dead. When the Fox saw that there was no chance of farther resistance, and that the brigantine was so much injured by the balls as to be near sinking, he cried out to my father, 'Anthony! a match into the magazine, a match into the magazine, and God be with us! The English shall not get us alive!'"

"Oh! how brave, how brave!" cried little Jack, with enthusiasm, without noticing the un-

usual paleness of his father's face, who laid his hand upon his breast, and endeavored to hide from Catherine a bloody foam which was rising to his mouth.

Nevertheless the captain continued his tale, only pausing now and then, when his pains became too severe.

"The Fox was not able to use his battle-ax, and therefore caught hold of the English captain, and held him in a strong embrace, in order to take him with him on his journey to the other world. More than a hundred Englishmen were on our deck, and the Fox cried out to my father incessantly, 'Into the magazine! into the magazine!' My father was as quick as possible, but could not get on well, on account of the corpses that blocked up the way to the magazine. At last he reached it, and suddenly I felt—I was, as I have already said, wounded, and was still fighting with two red-coats, armed with halberts, on the quarter-deck—suddenly I felt a horrible concussion, and my senses left me. The coldness of the water, into which I had fallen, at last brought me to again, and I found myself upon a beam, which I had grasped quite mechanically. On looking around me, I saw English sailors rowing about, and picking up those in the water. They took me on board of one of their boats. I asked after my father—he was dead; after the Sea-fox—he also had perished; of our crew only two were left; of our brigantine only a few boards. But also of the two English frigates but one was left, and she a wreck; the other one had sunk when our brigantine blew up. During the fight the convoy had reached Dunkirk in safety, and I was obliged to go to England as prisoner, in company with the two sailors. Thus was your grandfather, my son . . . thus was I also . . . Follow our example . . . and"

But this vivid narration had exhausted the captain's strength; he sank back into his chair, pale and almost motionless.

"Holy Virgin! Holy Virgin! he is dying!" cried Catherine.

"My father! my father, also, have the English murdered!" cried the child.

"Help! help!" cried Frau Bart, and pulled at the bell-rope. But it was too late—the hero had ended.

The next day Dunkirk surrendered to the King of France.

THE QUEEN OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.
SOME years ago I was in the island of Grand Canary, and during my sojourn there visited many towns on the island, and found many Moorish legends still prevalent among them, some of which possess interest which renders them well worthy of preservation; and especially the story of ANDAMANA, a Moorish maiden, and the first Queen of Canary. History has recorded many a name less worthy of celebrity, but, except in unwritten tradition, here is unmentioned. The account I send you is, I believe, the first attempt to record it, where it deserves to be, among the heroines of history. In the story I have related,

I have endeavored to adhere closely to the information I was able to collect. I regret that my stay there was too brief to enable me to obtain fuller records. The story is not one of fiction, however inaccurate it may be in its details, in consequence of the length of time elapsed since the date of Andamana's reign, and the corruption to which legendary tradition is subject; but I believe can be relied on for the truth of its principal incidents.

The island of Grand Canary embraces about six hundred square miles, and was peopled by the Moors, and under an independent Moorish dynasty, until its conquest by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century. Its earliest government was that of petty chiefs or patriarchs, and continued so until a woman reduced it to a sovereignty. Each town or village—of which there were then, as now, a great many on the island—was governed by a chief, selected from among the oldest and most influential men, who acted as governor, legislator, and magistrate: each town was independent of the others, and made and enforced its own laws; the constitution of society was simple, and the people peaceful.

Tradition has preserved no record of the previous history of the family of Andamana, and it seems probable that its previous history presented nothing remarkable. It is said she was very beautiful, and when very young her genius and wisdom became subjects of notice. As she grew up, her opinions on any and every subject on which she expressed them, showed such remarkable sagacity, that she was consulted constantly by the people of her village, and often by deputations from other towns also, where her fame had spread; and the invariable wisdom of her decisions, and the success which always followed their observance, soon led the people of her district to look upon her sayings as oracular; and she was often consulted by the old men and rulers of the village, especially in cases of difficulty, to obtain the benefit of her judgment, until custom seemed almost to have given her the right of a public counselor—a right, at any rate, which she soon assumed, and insisted on; for the frequent reference of matters of public importance to her judgment, seems to have awakened ambition in her breast. She was almost worshiped by her immediate associates and the people of her own village, and was often sought in marriage, but ambition with her was stronger than love, and she rejected all matrimonial offers. Her great popularity prevented the chief and other men of her town from making any opposition to her assumption of power, until, in addition to the right she had previously assumed, and which seems to have been tacitly yielded, of giving advice as a counselor even in public matters, she assumed that of giving judgment also as a magistrate, and citing cases before her when not previously referred to her by the interested parties. The legal magistrates considered this an infringement of the laws of the community, as well as a usurpation of their prerogatives; but fearing to take measures against her on their own respons-

ibility, called a 'council to take the matter into consideration. Andamana seems to have had a spirit and genius that controlled the minds of all with whom she came in contact. She heard of this step so dangerous to the success of her ambition. The council met; when, to the amazement of those assembled, the door of the council-chamber opened, and Andamana, splendidly attired, and radiant with beauty, entered, and passing through the midst, calmly assumed a seat as presiding chief of the assembly. The council was struck dumb! No one uttered a word, until Andamana herself spoke—asked them how they dared to question her authority? challenged them to cite one instance where, in her public acts or decisions, she had been swayed by any other motive than public good; and ended by upbraiding them as unworthy of all she had done for them. The assumption of this tone of superiority was a bold stroke of policy. No one attempted a reply, and she again rose and pronounced the council dissolved. No further attempt was made to dispute her authority, which she henceforth asserted with regal sway; the rulers acknowledged themselves to be her servants, and in all things obedient to her will. Thus did she, by the power of a determined will alone, become the sovereign ruler of the community to which she belonged.

Her first act now was to issue a new code of laws; the old code was very defective—she revised it, abolished many laws which she did not approve, altered others, and introduced many new ones; defined the punishments of different offenses, which before were left to the discretion of the magistrates; defined the duties of those officers, and established punishments for bribery or perversion of justice.

Pursuing the same course of assumption of power which had been so successful in her own district, she sent copies of her code of laws to the surrounding provinces, directing its observance in their future administration of justice. In her own province she was almost idolized; but her influence was little felt, and altogether unacknowledged, beyond it. Her messages and instructions were treated with scorn, and, in some cases, her messengers with punishment. But her ambition was not to be thus checked: very likely she foresaw this result, and had decided on the course she intended to pursue. Immediately on the return of her messengers, she called her people to arms; they responded with enthusiasm, and she then published to them her intention to unite herself in marriage with a man named Gumidafe (pronounced *Gumidarfeh*), celebrated above all in the island as a warrior of intrepidity and courage. The rites uniting them being performed, she invested him with the military command of the forces, but rode on horseback herself beside him.

In this way, headed by herself and Gumidafe, the army of Andamana swept down on the offending provinces, spreading before it terror and consternation. Where the people submitted without resistance, she not only forbore to strike, but

invited them to join her forces, so that her army augmented as she advanced, and she soon overran the whole island, and returned in triumph to her native village. Every province had acknowledged her supremacy, and she proclaimed herself *Queen of Canary*. The island continued to be a monarchy, governed by her descendants, until it was captured by the Spaniards. A new kind of wine raised on the island is called "Andamana," in memory of this heroine. W. B. W.

GOOD ADVICE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following letter from Sir WALTER SCOTT to Mr. W. F. DEACON, who has since achieved distinction as an author—written in reply to an application for advice as to his future course of life, has but just been published :

"SIR—I received your packet only two days since, and this may apologize for any delay in reply, as it happened to be addressed to my house in Edinburgh. The favorable idea I am inclined to form of your talents, from the specimens you have sent me, induces me to regret much that I see no chance of my being useful to you in the way you point at. I have no connection with Mr. Blackwood's Magazine, in the way of recommendation or otherwise, nor do I know by whom it is conducted, unless it be by Mr. Blackwood himself. I know him, however, sufficiently to send him your productions, but I dare hardly augur any very favorable result. London, the great mart of literature, as of every thing else, is the only place where it is possible for a man to support himself by periodical writings. In our country an editor can get so much gratuitous and voluntary assistance, that he hardly cares to be at the expense of maintaining a regular corps of laborers. I shall be happy if Mr. Blackwood makes a distinction in your favor, were it but to give you some time to look round you, and to choose some more steady mode of life than the chance of this precarious mode of employment, which must necessarily make your comforts, if not your existence, dependent on the caprice of the public and tyranny of book-sellers and editors.

"An expression in your letter leads me to think you have in your option some commercial situation, which you reject in consequence of your love for the Muses. If this be so, let me conjure you to pause and to recollect that independence, the only situation in which man's faculties have full scope, and his mind full enjoyment, can only be attained by considerable sacrifices. The commencement of every profession is necessarily dull and disagreeable to youths of lively genius; but every profession has its points of interest when the mind comes to view it divested of its technical details. I was as much disgusted with the introductory studies of the law as you can be with those of commerce, and it cost me many a bitter hour before I could bend my mind to them. But I made a virtue of necessity, and was in due time rewarded by finding that I could very well unite my love of letters

with my professional duty, and that, set at ease on the score of providing for my family, I had more respectability in the eyes of the public, more freedom of intellect and sunshine of mind, than I could have had with all the uncertainty, dependence, and precarious provision which are the lot of men of literature who have neither profession nor private fortune.

"What you mention frankly of your irregularities at college implies, I sincerely hope, the intention of repressing all tendency to such eccentricities in future. Take my advice, and carry your self-control a little further. Reconcile yourself with your father, and subdue your inclinations to his. Your road to distinction will be as easy from the counting-house as from a Welsh valley, for the world does not ask *where* but *what* a man writes. You will acquire a steady income, and in all probability an honorable independence, and when your head is gray, you may lay it on a pillow made soft by your own industry, and by the recollection that you have discharged the duty of a son, by the sacrifice of a predominant taste to the will of your parent. If I thought my own interference could be likely to be of use, I have so much regard for your situation as a young gentleman of talents, who seems too much disposed to give way to a generous but irregular love of literature, and so much for that of your father, whose feelings I can judge of by making his case my own, that if you choose to give me a direction and your permission, I would take the liberty to write to your father and try to make up matters betwixt you, an intrusion which my years and situation might perhaps induce him to excuse.

"Perhaps, sir, I may have exceeded the limits of the sphere to which you meant me to limit my opinion in offering it upon these points; but you must hold the intent, which is most sincerely kind, as an excuse,

"And, believe me, Sir,

"Your well-wisher and humble servant,
(Signed) "WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, near MELBURN, N.B.,
"Sept. 1821."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEANWHILE Harley had listened to Mr. Dale's vindication of Leonard with cold attention.

"Enough," said he at the close. "Mr. Fairfield (for so we will call him) shall see me to-night; and if apology be due to him, I will make it. At the same time, it shall be decided whether he continue this contest or retire. And now, Mr. Dale, it was not to hear how this young man wooed, or shrank from wooing, my affianced bride, that I availed myself of your promise to visit me at this house. We agreed that the seducer of Nora Avenel deserved chastisement, and I promised that Nora Avenel's son should find a father. Both these assurances shall be fulfilled to-morrow. And you, sir," continued Harley, rising, his whole form

gradually enlarged by the dignity of passion, "who wear the garb appropriated to the holiest office of Christian charity—you who have presumed to think that, before the beard had darkened my cheek, I could first betray the girl who had been reared under this roof, then abandon her—sneak like a dastard from the place in which my victim came to die—leave my own son, by the woman thus wronged, without thought or care, through the perilous years of tempted youth, till I found him, by chance, an outcast in a desert more dread than Hagar's—you sir, who have for long years thus judged of me, shall have the occasion to direct your holy anger toward the rightful head; and in me, you who have condemned the culprit, shall respect the judge!"

Mr. Dale was at first startled, and almost awed, by this unexpected burst. But, accustomed to deal with the sternest and the darkest passions, his calm sense and his habit of authority over those whose souls were bared to him, nobly recovered from their surprise. "My lord," said he, "first with humility I bow to your rebuke, and entreat your pardon for my erring, and, as you say, my uncharitable opinions. We, dwellers in a village, and obscure pastors of a humble flock—we, mercifully removed from temptation, are too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate its power over those whose lots are cast in that great world which has so many gates ever open to evil. This is my sole excuse, if I was misled by what appeared to me strong circumstantial evidence. But forgive me again if I warn you not to fall into an error, perhaps little lighter than my own. Your passion, when you cleared yourself from reproach, became you. But ah! my lord, when, with that stern brow and those flashing eyes, you launched your menace upon another over whom you would constitute yourself the judge, forgetful of the divine precept, 'Judge not,' I felt that I was listening no longer to honest self-vindication—I felt that I was listening to fierce revenge."

"Call it revenge, or what you will," said Harley, with sullen firmness. "But I have been stung too deeply not to sting. Frank with all, till the last few days, I have ever been—frank to you, at least, even now. This much I tell you: I pretend to no virtue in what I still hold to be justice; but no declamations nor horripilings tending to prove that justice is sinful, will move my resolves. As man I have been outraged, and as man I will retaliate. The way and the mode—the true criminal and his fitting sentence—you will soon learn, sir. I have much to do to-night; forgive me if, I adjourn for the present all further conference."

"No, no; do not dismiss me. There is something, in spite of your present language, which so commands my interest, I see that there has been so much suffering where there is now so much wrath, that I would save you from the suffering worse than all—remorse. O pause, my dear lord, pause, and answer me but two questions; then I will leave your after course to yourself."

"Say on, sir," said Lord L'Estrange, touched, and with respect.

* Concluded from the January Number.

"First, then, analyze your own feelings. Is this anger merely to punish an offender and to right the living?—for who can pretend to right the dead? Or is there not some private hate that stirs and animates, and confuses all?"

Harley remained silent. Mr. Dale renewed:

"You loved this poor girl. Your language even now reveals it. You speak of treachery: perhaps you had a rival who deceived you; I know not—guess not—whom. But if you would strike the rival, must you not wound the innocent son? And, in presenting Nora's child to his father, as you pledge yourself to do, can you mean some cruel mockery that, under seeming kindness, implies some unnatural vengeance?"

"You read well the heart of man," said Harley; "and I have owned to you that I am but man. Pass on; you have another question."

MR. DALE.—"And one more solemn and important. In my world of a village, revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the Sublime Civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion even seeks to ennable man; and nothing so debases him as revenge. Look into your own heart, and tell me whether, since you have cherished this passion, you have not felt all sense of right and wrong confused—have not felt that whatever would before have seemed to you mean and base, appears now but just means to your heated end. Revenge is ever a hypocrite—rage, at least, strikes with the naked sword; but revenge, stealthy and patient, conceals the weapon of the assassin. My lord, your color changes. What is your answer to my question?"

"Oh," exclaimed Harley, with a voice thrilling in its mournful anguish, "it is not since I have cherished the revenge that I am changed—that right and wrong grow dark to me—that hypocrisy seems the atmosphere fit for earth. No; it is since the discovery that demands the vengeance. It is useless, sir," he continued, impetuously—"useless to argue with me. Were I to sit down patient and impotent, under the sense of the wrong which I have received, I should feel, indeed, that debasement which you ascribe to the gratification of what you term revenge. I should never regain the self-esteem which the sentiment of power now restores to me—I should feel as if the whole world could rejoice and jeer at my meek humiliation. I know not why I have said so much—why I have betrayed to you so much of my secret mind, and stooped to vindicate my purpose. I never meant it. Again I say, we must close this conference." Harley here walked to the door, and opened it significantly.

"One word more, Lord L'Estrange—but one. You will not hear me. I am a comparative stranger, but you have a friend, a friend dear and intimate, now under the same roof. Will you consent, at least, to take counsel of Mr. Audley Egerton? None can doubt his friendship for you; none can doubt, that whatever he advises

will be that which best becomes your honor. What, my lord, you hesitate?—you feel ashamed to confide to your dearest friend a purpose which his mind would condemn? Then I will seek him—I will implore him to save you from what can but entail repentance."

"Mr. Dale, I must forbid you to see Mr. Egerton. What has passed between us ought to be as sacred to you as a priest of Rome holds confession. This much, however, I will say to content you: I promise that I will do nothing that shall render me unworthy of Mr. Audley Egerton's friendship, or which his fine sense of honor shall justify him in blaming. Let that satisfy you."

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr. Dale, pausing irresolute at the doorway, and seizing Harley's hand, "I should indeed be satisfied if you would submit yourself to higher counsel than mine—than Mr. Egerton's—than man's. Have you never felt the efficacy of prayer?"

"My life has been wasted," replied Harley, "and I dare not, therefore, boast that I have found prayer efficacious. But, so far back as I can remember, it has at least been my habit to pray to Heaven, night and morning, until, at least—until!"—The natural and obstinate candor of the man forced out the last words, which implied reservation. He stopped short.

"Until you have cherished revenge. You have not dared to pray since. Oh! reflect what evil there is within us, when we dare not come before Heaven—dare not pray for what we wish. You are moved—I leave you to your own thoughts."

Harley inclined his head, and the Parson passed him by, and left him alone—startled, indeed; but was he softened?

As Mr. Dale hurried along the corridor, much agitated, Violante stole from a recess formed by a large bay-window, and, linking her arm in his, said anxiously, but timidly: "I have been waiting for you, dear Mr. Dale; and so long! You have been with Lord L'Estrange?"

"Well."

"Why do you not speak? You have left him comforted—happier?"

"Happier! No."

"What!" said Violante, with a look of surprise, and a sadness not unmixed with petulance in her quick tone. "What! does he then so grieve that Helen prefers another?"

Despite the grave emotion that disturbed his mind, Mr. Dale was struck by Violante's question, and the voice in which it was said. He loved her tenderly. "Child, child," said he, "I am glad that Helen has escaped Lord L'Estrange. Beware, oh, beware! how he excite any gentler interest in yourself. He is a dangerous man—more dangerous for glimpses of a fine original nature. He may well move the heart of the innocent and inexperienced, for he has strangely crept into mine. But his heart is swollen with pride, and ire, and malice."

"You mistake; it is false!" cried Violante, impetuously. "I can, not believe one word that

would asperse him who has saved my father from a prison, or from death. You have not treated him gently. He fancies he has been wronged by Leonard—received ingratitude from Helen. He has felt the sting in proportion to his own susceptible and generous heart, and you have chided where you should have soothed. Poor Lord L'Estrange! "And you have left him still indignant and unhappy!"

"Foolish girl! I have left him meditating sin; I have left him afraid to pray; I have left him on the brink of some design—I know not what—but which involves more than Leonard in projects of revenge; I have left him so, that if his heart be really susceptible and generous, he will wake from wrath to be the victim of long and unavailing remorse. If your father has influence over him, tell Dr. Riccabocca what I say, and bid him seek, and in his turn save, the man who saved himself. He has not listened to religion—he may be more docile to philosophy. I can not stay here longer—I must go to Leonard."

Mr. Dale broke from Violante and hurried down the corridor; Violante stood on the same spot, stunned and breathless. Harley on the brink of some strange sin—Harley to wake the victim of remorse—Harley to be saved, as he had saved her father! Her breast heaved—her color went and came—her eyes were raised—her lips murmured. She advanced with soft footsteps up the corridor—she saw the lights gleaming from Harley's room, and suddenly they were darkened, as the inmate of the room shut-to the door with angry and impatient hand.

An outward act often betrays the inward mind. As Harley had thus closed the door, so had he sought to shut his heart from the intrusion of softer and holier thoughts. He had turned to his hearthstone, and stood on it, resolved and hardened. The man who had loved with such pertinacious fidelity for so many years, could not at once part with hate. A passion once admitted to his breast, clung to it with such rooted force! But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if to-morrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished, knowing that, in the fulfilment of thy blind will, thou hast met falsehood with falsehood, and deception with deceit! What though those designs now seem to consummate so just, so appropriate, so exquisite a revenge—seem to thee the sole revenge wit can plan and civilized life allow—wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain that will sully thine honor? Thou, too, professing friendship still, and masking perfidy under smiles. Grant that the wrong be great as thou deem it—be ten times greater—the sense of thy meanness, O gentleman and soldier, will bring the blush to thy cheek in the depth of thy solitude. Thou, who now thinkest others unworthy a trustful love, wilt feel thyself forever unworthy theirs. Thy seclusion will know not repose. The dignity of man will forsake thee. Thy proud eye will quail from the gaze. Thy step will no longer spur the earth that it treads on. He who has once

done a base thing is never again wholly reconciled to honor. And woe—thrice woe, if thou learn too late that thou hast exaggerated thy fancied wrong; that there is excuse, where thou seest none; that thy friend may have erred, but that his error is venial compared to thy fancied retribution.

Thus, however, in the superb elation of consciousness, power, though lavished on a miserable object—a terrible example of what changes one evil and hateful thought, cherished to the exclusion of all others, can make in the noblest nature—stood, on the hearth of his fathers, and on the abyss of a sorrow and a shame from which there will be no recall—the determined and scornful man.

A hand is on the door—he does not hear it; a form passes the threshold—he does not see it; a light step pauses—a soft eye gazes. Deaf and blind still to both. Violante came on, gathering courage, and stood at the hearth, by his side.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LORD L'ESTRANGE—noble friend!"

"You!—and here—Violante? Is it I whom you seek? For what? Good heavens, what has happened? Why are you so pale—why tremble?"

"Have you forgiven Helen?" asked Violante, beginning with evasive question, and her cheek was pale no more.

"Helen—the poor child! I have nothing in her to forgive, much to thank her for. She has been frank and honest."

"And Leonard—whom I remember in my childhood—you have forgiven him?"

"Fair meditator," said Harley, smiling, though coldly, "happy is the man who deceives another; all plead for him. And if the man deceived can not forgive, no one will sympathize or excuse."

"But Leonard did not deceive you?"

"Yes, from the first. It is a long tale, and not to be told to you. But I can not forgive him."

"Adieu! my lord. Helen myst, then, still be very dear to you!" Violante turned away. Her emotion was so artless, her very anger so charming, that the love, against which, in the prevalence of his later and darker passions, he had so sternly struggled, rushed back upon Harley's breast; but it came only in storm.

"Stay, but talk not of Helen!" he exclaimed. "Ah! if Leonard's sole offense had been what you appear to deem it, do you think I could feel resentment? No; I should have gratefully hailed the hand that severed a rash and ungenial tie. I would have given my ward to her lover with such a dower as it suits my wealth to bestow. But his offense dates from his very birth. To bless and to enrich the son of a man who—Violante, listen to me. We may soon part, and forever. Others may misconstrue my actions; you, at least, shall know from what just principle they spring. There was a man whom I singled out of the world as more than a brother. In the romance of my boyhood I saw one who dazzled my fancy,

captivated my heart. It was a dream of Beauty breathed into waking life. I loved—I believed myself beloved. I confided all my heart to this friend—this more than brother; he undertook to befriend and to aid my suit. On that very pretext he first saw this ill-fated girl;—saw—betrayed—destroyed her;—left me ignorant that her love, which I had thought mine, had been lavished so wildly on another;—left me to believe that my own suit she had fled, but in generous self-sacrifice—for she was poor and humbly born;—that—oh vain idiot that I was!—the self-sacrifice had been too strong for a young human heart, which had broken in the struggle;—left me to corrode my spring of life in remorse;—clasped my hand in mocking comfort; smiled at my tears of agony—not one tear himself for his own poor victim! And suddenly, not long since, I learned all this. And, in the father of Leonard Fairfield, you behold the man who has poisoned all the well-spring of joy to me. You weep! O Violante! the Past he has blighted and embittered—that I could forgive; but the Future is blasted too. For, just ere this treason was revealed to me, I had begun to awake from the torpor of my dreary penance, to look with fortitude toward the duties I had slighted—to own that the pilgrimage before me was not barren. And then, oh then, I felt that all love was not buried in a grave. I felt that you, had fate so granted, might have been all to my manhood which youth only saw through the delusion of its golden mists. True, I was then bound to Helen; true, that honor to her might forbid me all hope. But still, even to know that my heart was not all ashes—that I could love again—that that glorious power and privilege of our being was still mine, seemed to me so heavenly sweet. But then this revelation of falsehood burst on me, and all truth seemed blotted from the universe. I am freed from Helen; ah, freed, forsooth—because not even rank and wealth, and benefits and confiding tenderness, could bind to me one human heart! Free from her; but between me and your fresh nature stands Suspicion as an Upas tree. Not a hope that would pass through the tainted air, and fly to you, but falls dead under the dismal boughs. I love! Ha, ha! I—I, whom the past has taught the impossibility to be loved again. No: if those soft lips murmured 'Yes' to the burning prayer that, had I been free but two short weeks ago, would have rushed from the frank depths of my heart, I should but imagine that you deceived yourself—a girl's first fleeting, delusive fancy—nothing more! Were you my bride, Violante, I should but debase your bright nature by my own curse of distrust. At each word of tenderness, my heart would say, 'How long will this last?—when will the deception come?' Your beauty, your gifts would bring me but jealous terror;—eternally I should fly from the Present to the Future, and say, 'These hairs will be gray, while flattering youth will surround her in the zenith of her charms.' Why then do I hate and curse my foe? Why do I resolve upon revenge? I comprehend it now. I knew that

there was something more imperious than the ghost of the Past that urged me on. Looking on you, I feel that it was the dim sense of a mighty and priceless loss; it is not the lost Nora—it is the living Violante. Look not at me with those reproachful eyes; they can not reverse my purpose; they can not banish suspicion from my sickened soul; they can not create a sunshine in the midst of its ghastly twilight. Go, go; leave me to the sole joy that bequeathes no disappointment—the sole feeling that unites me to social man; leave me to my revenge."

"Revenge! Oh, cruel!" exclaimed Violante, laying her hand on his arm. "And in revenge, it is your own life that you will risk!"

"My life, simple child! This is no contest of life against life. Could I bare to all the world my wrongs for their ribald laughter, I should only give to my foe the triumph to pity my frenzy—to shun the contest; or grant it, if I could find a second—and then fire in the air. And all the world would say, 'Generous Egerton!—soul of honor!'"

"Egerton, Mr. Egerton! He can not be this foe? It is not on him you can design revenge?—you who spend all your hours in serving his cause—you to whom he trusts so fondly—you who leant yesterday on his shoulder, and smiled so cheerfully in his face?"

"Did I? Hypocrisy against hypocrisy—snare against snare; *that* is my revenge!"

"Harley, Harley! Cease, cease!"

The storm of passion rushed on unheeding.

"I seem to promote his ambition, but to crush it into the mire. I have delivered him from the gentler gripes of a usurer, so that he shall hold at my option alms or a prison—"

"Friend, friend! Hush, hush!"

"I have made the youth he has reared and fostered into treachery like his own (your father's precious choice—Randal Leslie), mine instrument in the galling lesson how ingratitude can sting. His very son shall avenge the mother, and be led to his father's breast as victor, with Randal Leslie, in the contest that deprives sire and benefactor of all that makes life dear to ambitious egotism. And if in the breast of Audley Egerton there can yet lurk one memory of what I was to him and to truth, not his least punishment will be the sense that his own perfidy has so changed the man whose very scorn of falsehood has taught him to find in fraud itself the power of retribution."

"If this be not a terrible dream!" murmured Violante, recoiling, "it is not your foe alone that you will deprive of all that makes life dear. Act thus—and what, in the future, is left to me?"

"To you! Oh, never fear. I may give Randal Leslie a triumph over his patron, but in the same hour I will unmask his villainy, and sweep him forever from your path. What in the future is left to you?—your birthright and your native land; hope, joy, love, felicity. Could it be possible that in the soft but sunny fancy which plays round the heart of maiden youth, but still sends

no warmth into its deeps—could it be possible that you had honored me with a gentler thought, it will pass away, and you will be the pride and delight of one of your own years, to whom the vista of Time is haunted by no chilling spectres—one who can look upon that lovely face, and not turn away to mutter: 'Too fair, too fair for me!'

"Oh agony!" exclaimed Violante, with sudden passion. "In my turn hear me. If, as you promise, I am released from the dreadful thought that one, at whose touch I shudder, can claim this hand, my choice is irrevocably made. The altars which await me will not be those of a human love. But oh, I implore you—by all the memories of your own life, hitherto, if sorrowful, unsullied—by the generous interest you yet profess for me, whom you will have twice saved from a danger to which death were mercy—leave, oh leave to me the right to regard your image as I have done from the first dawn of childhood. Leave me the right to honor and revere it. Let not an act, accompanied with a meanness—oh that I should say the word!—a meanness and a cruelty that give the lie to your whole life—make even a grateful remembrance of you, an unworthy sin. When I kneel within the walls that divide me from the world, oh let me think that I can pray for you as the noblest being that the world contains! Hear me! hear me!"

"Violante!" murmured Harley, his whole frame heaving with emotion, "bear with me. Do not ask of me the sacrifice of what seems to me the cause of manhood itself—to sit down, meek and patient, under a wrong that debases me, with the consciousness that all my life I have been the miserable dupe to affections I deemed so honest—to regrets that I believed so holy. Ah! I should feel more mean in my pardon than you can think me in revenge! Were it an acknowledged enemy, I could open my arms to him at your bidding; but the perfidious friend!—ask it not. My cheek burns at the thought, as at the stain of a blow. Give me but to-morrow—one day—I demand no more—wholly to myself and to the past, and mould me for the future as you will. Pardon, pardon the ungenerous thoughts that extended distrust to *you*. I retract them, they are gone—dispelled before those touching words, those ingenuous eyes. At your feet, Violante, I repent and I implore! Your father himself shall banish your sordid suitor. Before this hour to-morrow you will be free. Oh, then, then! will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt—to reason—to be wisely fearful—I love, I love you. I trust again in virtue and faith. I place my fate in your keeping."

If at times Violante may appear to have ventured beyond the limit of strict maiden bashfulness, much may be ascribed to her habitual candor, her solitary rearing, and remoteness from the world—the very innocence of her soul, and the warmth of heart which Italy gives its daughters.

But now that sublimity of thought and purpose which pervaded her nature, and required only circumstances to develop, made her superior to all the promptings of love itself. Dreams realized which she had scarcely dared to own—Harley free—Harley at her feet;—all the woman struggling at her heart, mantling in her blushes—still stronger than love—stronger than the joy of being loved again—was the heroic will—will to save him—who in all else ruled her existence—from the eternal degradation to which passion had blinded his own confused and warring spirit.

Leaving one hand in his impassioned clasp, as he still knelt before her, she raised on high the other. "Ah!" she said, scarce audibly—"ah! if Heaven vouchsafe me the proud and blissful privilege to be allied to your fate, to minister to your happiness, never should I know one fear of your distrust. No time, no change, no sorrow, not even the loss of your affection, could make me forfeit the right to remember that you had once confided to me a heart so noble. But—" Here her voice rose in its tone, and the glow fled from her cheek—"But, O Thou the Ever Present, hear and receive the solemn vow! If to me he refuse to sacrifice the sin that would debase him, that sin be the barrier between us evermore. And may my life, devoted to Thy service, atone for the hour in which he belied the nature he received from Thee. Harley, release me! I have spoken: firm as yourself, I leave the choice to you!"

"You judge me harshly," said Harley, rising, with sullen anger. "But at least I have not the meanness to sell what I hold as justice, though the bribe may include my last hope of happiness."

"Meanness! Oh, unhappy, beloved Harley!" exclaimed Violante, with such a gush of exquisite reproachful tenderness, that it thrilled him as the voice of the parting guardian-angel. "Meanness! But it is that from which I implore you to save yourself. You can not judge, you can not see. You are dark, dark. Lost Christian that you are, what worse than heathen darkness, to feign the friendship the better to betray—to punish falsehood by becoming yourself so false—to accept the confidence even of your bitterest foe, and then to sink below his own level in deceit? And, oh—worse, worse than all—to threaten that a son—son of the woman you professed to love—should swell your vengeance against a father. No! it was not you that said this—it was the Fiend!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Harley, startled, conscience-stricken, and rushing into resentment, in order to escape the sense of shame. "Enough! you insult the man you professed to honor."

"I honored the prototype of gentleness and valor. I honored one who seemed to me to clothe with life every grand and generous image that is born from the souls of poets. Destroy that ideal, and you destroy the Harley whom I honored. He is dead to me forever. I will mourn for him as his widow—faithful to his memory—weeping over the thought of what he was." Sobs choked

her voice ; but as Harley, once more melted, sprang forward to regain her side, she escaped with a yet quicker movement, gained the door, and, darting down the corridor, vanished from his sight.

Harley stood still one moment, thoroughly irresolute—nay, almost all subdued. Then sternness, though less rigid than before, gradually came to his brow. The demon had still its hold in the stubborn and marvelous pertinacity with which the man clung to all that once struck root at his heart. With a sudden impulse, that still withheld decision, yet spoke of sore-shaken purpose, he strode to his desk, drew from it Nora's manuscript, and passed from his room.

Harley had meant never to have revealed to Audley the secret he had gained, until the moment when revenge was consummated. He had contemplated no vain reproach. His wrath would have spoken forth in deeds, and then a word would have sufficed as the key to all. Willing, perhaps, to hail some extenuation of perfidy, though the possibility of such extenuation he had never before admitted, he determined on the interview which he had hitherto so obstinately shunned, and went straight to the room in which Audley Egerton still sate solitary and fearful.

CHAPTER XXX.

EGERTON heard the well-known step advancing near and nearer up the corridor—heard the door open and reclose—and he felt, by one of those strange and unaccountable instincts which we call forebodings, that the hour he had dreaded for so many secret years had come at last. He nerved his courage, withdrew his hands from his face, and rose in silence. No less silent, Harley stood before him. The two men gazed on each other; you might have heard their breathing.

"You have seen Mr. Dale?" said Egerton, at length. "You know—"

"All!" said Harley, completing the arrested sentence.

Audley drew a long sigh. "Be it so; but no, Harley; you deceive yourself; you can not know all, from any one living, save myself."

"My knowledge comes from the dead," answered Harley, and the fatal memoir dropped from his hand upon the table. The leaves fell with a dull low sound, mournful and faint as might be the tread of a ghost, if the tread gave sound. They fell, those still confessions of an obscure, uncomprehended life, amidst letters and documents eloquent of the strife that was then agitating millions, the fleeting, turbulent fears and hopes that torture parties and perplex a nation; the stormy business of practical public life, so remote from individual love and individual sorrow.

Egerton's eye saw them fall. The room was but partially lighted. At the distance where he stood, he did not recognize the characters, but involuntarily he shivered, and involuntarily drew near.

"Hold yet awhile," said Harley. "I produce my charge, and then I leave you to dispute the

only witness that I bring. Audley Egerton, you took from me the gravest trust one man can confide to another. You knew how I loved Leonora Avenel. I was forbidden to see and urge my suit; you had the access to her presence which was denied to myself. I prayed you to remove scruples that I deemed too generous, and to woo her, not to dishonor, but to be my wife: Was it so? Answer."

"It is true," said Audley, his hand clenched at his heart.

"You saw her whom I thus loved—her thus confided to your honor. You wooed her for yourself. Is it so?"

"Harley, I deny it not. Cease here. I accept the penalty—I resign your friendship; I quit your roof; I submit to your contempt; I dare not implore your pardon. Cease—let me go hence, and soon!" The strong man gasped for breath.

Harley looked at him steadfastly, then turned away his eyes, and went on. "Nay," said he, "is that ALL? You wooed her for yourself—you won her. Account to me for that life which you wrench'd from mine. You are silent. I will take on myself your task—you took that life, and destroyed it."

"Spare me, spare me!"

"What was the fate of her who seemed so fresh from heaven when these eyes beheld her last? A broken heart—a dishonored name—an early doom—a forgotten grave-stone."

"No, no—forgotten—no!"

"Not forgotten! Scarce a year passed, and you were married to another. I aided you to form those nuptials which secured your fortunes. You have had rank, and power, and fame. Peers call you the type of English gentlemen. Priests hold you as a model of Christian honor. Strip the mask, Audley Egerton; let the world know you for what you are!"

Egerton raised his head, and folded his arms calmly; but he said, with a melancholy humility, "I bear all from you; it is just. Say on."

"You took from me the heart of Nora Avenel. You abandoned her—you destroyed. And her memory cast no shadow over your daily sunshine; while over my thoughts—over my life—oh, Egerton—Audley, Audley—how could you have deceived me thus!" Here the inherent tenderness under all this hate—the fount imbedded under the hardening stone—broke out. Harley was ashamed of his weakness, and hurried on.

"Deceived—not for an hour, a day, but through blighted youth, through listless manhood—you suffered me to nurse the remorse that should have been your own; her life slain, mine wasted; and shall neither of us have revenge?"

"Revenge! Ah, Harley, you have had it!"

"No, but I await it! Not in vain from the charnel have come to me the records I produce. And whom did fate select to discover the wrongs of the mother? whom appoint as her avenger? Your son—your own son; your abandoned, nameless son!"

"Son! son!"

"Whom I delivered from famine, or from worse; and who, in return, has given into my hands the evidence which proclaims in you the perfidious friend of Harley L'Estrange, and the fraudulent seducer, under mock marriage forms—worse than all franker sin—of Leonora Avenel."

"It is false—false!" exclaimed Egerton, all his stateliness, and all his energy restored to him. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. I forbid you by one word to sully the memory of my lawful wife."

"Ah!" said Harley, startled. "Ah! false! prove that, and revenge is over! Thank Heaven!"

"Prove it! What so easy? And wherefore have I delayed the proof—wherefore concealed, but from tenderness to you—dread, too—a selfish but human dread—to lose in you the sole esteem that I covet; the only mourner who would have shed one tear over the stone inscribed with some lying epitaph, in which it will suit a party purpose to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. Vain hope. I resign it! But you spoke of a son. Alas! alas! you are again deceived. I heard that I had a son—years, long years ago. I sought him, and found a grave. But bless you, Harley, if you succored one whom you even erringly suspect to be Leonora's child!" He stretched forth his hand as he spoke.

"Of your son we will speak later," said Harley, strangely softened. "But before I say more of him, let me ask you to explain—let me hope that you can extenuate what—"

"You are right," interrupted Egerton, with eager quickness. "You would know from my own lips at last the plain tale of my own offense against you. It is due to both. Patiently hear me out."

Then Egerton told all; his own love for Leonora—his struggles against what he felt as treason to his friend—his sudden discovery of Nora's love for him;—on that discovery, the overthrow of all his resolutions; their secret marriage—their separation—Nora's flight, to which Audley still assigned but her groundless, vague suspicion that their nuptials had not been legal; and her impatience of his own delay in acknowledging the rite.

His listener interrupted him here with a few questions; the clear and prompt replies to which enabled Harley to detect Levy's plausible perversion of the facts; and he vaguely guessed the cause of the usurer's falsehood, in the criminal passion which the ill-fated bride had inspired.

"Egerton," said Harley, stifling with an effort his own wrath against the vile deceiver, "if, on reading those papers, you find that Leonora had more excuse for her suspicions and flight than you now deem, and discover perfidy in one to whom you trusted your secret, leave his punishment to Heaven. All that you say convinces me more and more that we can not even see through the cloud, much less guide the thunderbolt. But proceed."

Audley, looked surprised and startled, and his

eye turned wistfully toward the papers; but after a short pause he continued his recital. He came to Nora's unexpected return to her father's house—her death—his conquest of his own grief, that he might spare Harley the abrupt shock of learning her decease. He had torn himself from the dead, in remorseful sympathy with the living. He spoke of Harley's illness, so nearly fatal—repeated Harley's jealous words, "that he would rather mourn Nora's death, than take comfort from the thought that she had loved another." He spoke of his journey to the village where Mr. Dale had told him Nora's child was placed—and, hearing that child and mother were alike gone, "whom now could I right by acknowledging a bond that I feared would so wring your heart?" Audley again paused a moment, and resumed in short, nervous, impressive sentences. This cold, austere man of the world for the first time bared his heart—unconscious, perhaps, that he did so—unconscious that he revealed how deeply, amidst state cares and public distinctions, he had felt the absence of affections—how mechanical was that outer circle in the folds of life which is called "a career"—how valueless wealth had grown—none to inherit it. Of his gnawing and progressive disease alone he did not speak; he was too proud and too masculine to appeal to pity for physical ills. He reminded Harley how often, how eagerly, year after year, month after month, he had urged his friend to rouse himself from mournful dreams, devote his native powers to his country, or seek the surer felicity of domestic ties. "Selfish in these attempts I might be," said Egerton; "it was only if I saw you restored to happiness that I could believe you could calmly hear my explanation of the past, and on the floor of some happy home grant me your forgiveness. I longed to confess, and I dared not; often have the words rushed to my lips—as often some chance sentence from you repelled me. In a word, with you were so entwined all the thoughts and affections of my youth—even those that haunted the grave of Nora—that I could not bear to resign your friendship, and, surrounded by the esteem and honor of a world I cared not for, to meet the contempt of your reproachful eye."

Amidst all that Audley said—amidst all that admitted of no excuse—two predominant sentiments stood clear, in unmistakable and touching pathos. Remorseful regret for the lost Nora—and self-accusing, earnest, almost feminine tenderness for the friend he had deceived. Thus, as he continued to speak, Harley more and more forgot even the remembrance of his own guilty and terrible interval of hate; the gulf that had so darkly yawned between the two closed up, leaving them still standing, as it were, side by side, as in their schoolboy days. But he remained silent, listening—shading his face from Audley, and as if under some soft, but entralling spell, till Egerton thus closed—

"And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge?"

"Revenge!" muttered Harley, starting.

"And believe me," continued Egerton, "were revenge in your power, I should rejoice at it as an atonement. To receive an injury in return for that which, first from youthful passion, and afterward from the infirmity of purpose that concealed the wrong I have inflicted upon you—why, that would soothe my conscience, and raise my lost self-esteem. The sole revenge you can bestow takes the form which most humiliates me;—to revenge, is to pardon."

Harley groaned; and, still hiding his face with one hand, stretched forth the other, but rather with the air of one who entreats than who accords forgiveness. Audley took and pressed the hand thus extended.

"And now, Harley, farewell. With the dawn I leave this house. I can not now accept your aid in this election. Levy shall announce my resignation. Randal Leslie, if you so please it, may be returned in my stead. He has abilities which, under safe guidance, may serve his country; and I have no right to reject, from vain pride, whatever will promote the career of one whom I undertook, and have failed, to serve."

"Ay, ay," muttered Harley; "think not of Randal Leslie; think but of your son."

"My son! But are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—you—oh, Harley—I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found!"

Lord L'Estrange rose with a sudden start—gazed on Audley for a moment—irresolute, not from resentment, but from shame. At that moment he was the man humbled; he was the man who feared reproach, and who needed pardon. Audley, not divining what was thus passing in Harley's breast, turned away. "You think that I ask too much; and yet all that I can give to the child of my love and the heir of my name, is the worthless blessing of a ruined man. Harley, I say no more. I dare not add, 'You too loved his mother! and with a deeper and a nobler love than mine!'" He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

"Me—me—pardon me, Audley! Your offense has been slight to mine. You have told me your offense; never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equals still, Audley—brothers still. Look up—look up; think that we are boys now as we were once;—boys who have had their wild quarrel—and the moment it is over, feel dearer to each other than before."

"Oh, Harley, this is revenge! It strikes home," murmured Egerton, and tears gushed fast from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack. The clock struck; Harley sprang forward.

"I have time yet," he cried. "Much to do and to undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy—your election will be won—your fortunes in much may be restored—you have before you honors not yet achieved—your career as yet is scarce begun—your son you will embrace tomorrow. Let me go—your hand again! Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THERE is a hitch," said Dick, pithily, when Randal joined him in the oak copse at ten o'clock. "Life is full of hitches."

RANDAL.—"The art of life is to smooth them away. What hitch is this, my dear Avenel?"

DICK.—"Leonard has taken huff at certain expressions of Lord L'Estrange's at the nomination to-day, and talks of retiring from the contest."

RANDAL (with secret glee).—"But his resignation would smooth a hitch—not create one. The votes promised to him would thus be freed, and go to—"

DICK.—"The Right Honorable Red-Tapist!"

RANDAL—"Are you serious?"

DICK.—"As an undertaker! The fact is, there are two parties among the Yellows as there are in the Church—High Yellow and Low Yellow. Leonard has made great way with the High Yellows, and has more influence with them than I; and the High Yellows infinitely prefer Egerton to yourself. They say, 'Politics apart, he would be an honor to the borough.' Leonard is of the same opinion; and if he retires, I don't think I could coax either him or the Highflyers to make you any the better by his resignation."

RANDAL.—"But surely your nephew's sense of gratitude to you would induce him not to go against your wishes?"

DICK.—"Unluckily the gratitude is all the other way. It is I who am under obligations to him—not he to me. As for Lord L'Estrange, I can't make head or tail of his real intentions; and why he should have attacked Leonard in that way, puzzles me more than all, for he wished Leonard to stand. And Levy has privately informed me that, in spite of my lord's friendship for the Right Honorable, you are the man he desires to secure."

RANDAL.—"He has certainly shown that desire throughout the whole canvass."

DICK.—"I suspect that the borough-mongers have got a seat for Egerton elsewhere; or, perhaps, should his party come in again, he is to be pitch-forked into the Upper House."

RANDAL (smiling).—"Ah, Avenel, you are so shrewd; you see through every thing. I will also add, that Egerton wants some short respite from public life in order to nurse his health and attend to his affairs, otherwise I could not even contemplate the chance of the electors preferring me to him, without a pang."

DICK.—"Pang!—stuff—considerable. The oak trees don't hear us! You want to come into Parliament, and no mistake. If I am the man to retire—as I always proposed, and had got Leonard to agree to, before this confounded speech of L'Estrange's—come into Parliament you will, for the Low Yellows I can twist round my finger, provided the High Yellows will not interfere;—in short, I could transfer to you votes promised to me, but I can't answer for those promised to Leonard. Levy tells me you are to marry a rich girl, and will have lots of money; so, of course,

you will pay my expenses, if you come in through my votes."

RANDAL.—"My dear Avenel, certainly I will."

DICK.—"And I have two private bills I want to smuggle through Parliament."

RANDAL.—"They shall be smuggled, rely on it. Mr. Fairfield being on one side the House, and I on the other, we two could prevent all unpleasant opposition. Private bills are easily managed—with that tact which I flatter myself I possess."

DICK.—"And when the bills are through the House, and you have had time to look about you, I dare say you will see that no man can go against Public Opinion, unless he wants to knock his own head against a stone wall; and that Public Opinion is decidedly Yellow."

RANDAL (with candor).—"I can not deny that Public Opinion is Yellow; and, at my age, it is natural that I should not commit myself to the policy of a former generation. Blue is fast wearing out. But, to return to Mr. Fairfield—you do not speak as if you had no hope of keeping him straight to what I understand to be his agreement with yourself. Surely his honor is engaged to it?"

DICK.—"I don't know as to honor; but he has now taken a fancy to public life; at least so he said no later than this morning before we went into the hall; and I trust that matters will come right. Indeed, I left him with Parson Dale, who promised me that he would use all his best exertions to reconcile Leonard and my lord, and that Leonard should do nothing hastily."

RANDAL.—"But why should Mr. Fairfield retire because Lord L'Estrange wounds his feelings? I am sure Mr. Fairfield has wounded mine, but that does not make me think of retiring."

DICK.—"Oh, Leonard is a poet, and poets are quite as crotchety as L'Estrange said they were. And Leonard is under obligations to Lord L'Estrange, and thought that Lord L'Estrange was pleased by his standing; whereas now—in short, it is all Greek to me, except that Leonard has mounted his high horse, and if that throws him, I am afraid it will throw you. But still I have great confidence in Parson Dale—a good fellow, who has much influence with Leonard. And though I thought it right to be above-board, and let you know where the danger lies, yet one thing I can promise—if I resign, you shall come in; so shake hands on it."

RANDAL.—"My dear Avenel! And your wish is to resign?"

DICK.—"Certainly. I should do so a little time after noon, contriving to be below Leonard on the poll. You know Emanuel Trout, the captain of the hundred and fifty 'waiters on Providence,' as they are called?"

RANDAL.—"To be sure I do."

DICK.—"When Emanuel Trout comes into the booth, you will know how the election turns. As he votes, all the Hundred and Fifty will vote. Now I must go back! Good-night. You'll not

forget that my expenses are to be paid. Point of honor. Still, if they are *not* paid, the election can be upset—petition for bribery and corruption; and if they *are* paid, why, Lansmere may be your seat for life."

RANDAL.—"Your expenses shall be paid the moment my marriage gives me the means to pay them—and that must be *very soon*."

DICK.—"So Levy says. And my little jobs—the private bills?"

RANDAL.—"Consider the bills passed, and the jobs done."

DICK.—"And one must not forget one's country. One must do the best one can for one's principles. Egerton is infernally Blue. You allow Public Opinion—is—"

RANDAL.—"Yellow. Not a doubt of it."

DICK.—"Good-night. Ha—ha—humbug, eh?"

RANDAL.—"Humbug! Between men like us—oh, no. Good-night, my dear friend—I rely on you."

DICK.—"Yes; but mind. I promise nothing if Leonard Fairfield does not stand."

RANDAL.—"He must stand; keep him to it. Your affairs—your business—your mill—"

DICK.—"Very true. He *must* stand. I have great faith in Parson Dale."

Randal glided back through the park. When he came on the terrace, he suddenly encountered Lord L'Estrange. "I have just been privately into the town, my dear lord, and heard a strange rumor, that Mr. Fairfield was so annoyed by some remarks in your lordship's admirable speech, that he talks of retiring from the contest. That would give a new feature to the election, and perplex all our calculations. And I fear, in that case, there might be some secret coalition between Avenel's friends and our Committee, whom, I am told, I displeased by the moderate speech which your lordship so eloquently defended—a coalition by which Avenel would come in with Mr. Egerton; whereas, if we all four stand, Mr. Egerton, I presume, will be quite safe; and I certainly think I have an excellent chance."

Lord L'Estrange.—"So Mr. Fairfield would retire in consequence of my remarks! I am going into the town, and I intend to apologize for those remarks and retract them."

RANDAL (joyously).—"Noble."

Lord L'Estrange looked at Leslie's face, upon which the stars gleamed palely. "Mr. Egerton has thought more of your success than of his own," said he gravely, and hurried on.

Randal continued on the terrace. Perhaps Harley's last words gave him a twinge of compunction. His head sank musingly on his breast, and he paced to and fro the long gravel walk, summoning up all his intellect to resist every temptation to what could injure his self-interest.

"Skulking knave!" muttered Harley. "At least there will be nothing to repent, if I can do justice on him. That is not revenge. Come, that must be fair retribution. Besides, how else can I deliver Violante?" He laughed gayly, his

heart was so light; and his foot bounded on as fleet as the deer that he startled among the fern.

A few yards from the turnstile, he overtook Richard Avenel, disguised in a rough greatcoat and spectacles. Nevertheless, Harley's eye detected the Yellow candidate at the first glance. He caught Dick familiarly by the arm. "Well met—I was going to you. We have the election to settle!"

"On the terms I mentioned to your lordship?" said Dick, startled. "I will agree to return one of your candidates; but it must not be Audley Egerton." Harley whispered close in Avenel's ear.

Avenel uttered an exclamation of amazement. The two gentlemen walked on rapidly, and conversing with great eagerness.

"Certainly," said Avenel, at length, stopping short, "one would do a great deal to serve a family connection—and a connection that does a man so much credit; and how can one go against one's own brother-in-law?—a gentleman of such high standing—pull up the whole family! How pleased Mrs. Richard Avenel will be! Why the devil did not I know it before? And poor—dear—dear Nora. Ah that she were living!" Dick's voice trembled.

"Her name will be righted; and I will explain why it was my fault that Egerton did not before acknowledge his marriage, and claim you as a brother. Come, then, it is all fixed and settled."

"No, my lord; I am pledged the other way. I don't see how I can get off my word—to Randal Leslie;—I'm not over nice, nor what is called Quixotic, but still my word is given, that if I retire from the election, I will do my best to return Leslie instead of Egerton."

"I know that through Baron Levy. But if your nephew retires?"

"Oh, that would solve all difficulties. But the poor boy has now a wish to come into Parliament; and he has done me a service in the hour of need."

"Leave it to me. And as to Randal Leslie, he shall have an occasion himself to acquit you and redeem himself; and happy, indeed, will it be for him if he has yet one spark of gratitude, or one particle of honor." The two continued to converse for a few moments—Dick seeming to forget the election itself, and ask questions of more interest to his heart, which Harley answered so, that Dick wrung L'Estrange's hand with great emotion—and muttered, "My poor mother! I understand now why she would never talk to me of Nora? When may I tell her the truth?"

"To-morrow evening, after the election, Egerton shall embrace you all."

Dick started, and, saying—"See Leonard as soon as you can—there is no time to lose," plunged into a lane that led toward the obscure recesses of the town. Harley continued his way with the same light elastic tread which (lost during his abnegation of his own nature)

was now restored to the foot, that seemed loth to leave a print upon the mire.

At the commencement of the High Street he encountered Mr. Dale and Fairfield, walking slowly, arm-in-arm.

HARLEY.—"Leonard, I was coming to you. Give me your hand. Forget for the present the words that justly stung and offended you. I will do more than apologize—I will repair the wrong. Excuse me, Mr. Dale—I have one word to say in private to Leonard." He drew Fairfield aside.

"Avenel tells me that if you were to retire from this contest, it would be a sacrifice of inclination. Is it so?"

"My lord, I have sorrows that I would fain forget; and, though I at first shrunk from the strife in which I have been since engaged, yet now a literary career seems to me to have lost its old charm; and I find that, in public life, there is a distraction to the thoughts which embitter solitude, that books fail to bestow. Therefore, if you still wish me to continue this contest, though I know not your motive, it will not be as it was to begin it—a reluctant and a painful obedience to your request."

"I understand. It was a sacrifice of inclination to begin the contest—it would be now a sacrifice of inclination to withdraw?"

"Honestly—yes, my lord."

"I rejoice to hear it, for I ask that sacrifice; a sacrifice which you will recall hereafter with delight and pride; a sacrifice sweeter, if I read your nature aright—oh, sweeter far, than all which commonplace ambition could bestow! And when you learn why I make this demand, you will say, 'This, indeed, is reparation for the words that wounded my affections, and wronged my heart.'"

"My lord! my lord!" exclaimed Leonard, "the injury is repaired already. You give me back your esteem, when you so well anticipate my answer. Your esteem!—life smiles again. I can return to my more legitimate career without a sigh. I have no need of distraction from thoughts now. You will believe that, whatever my past presumption, I can pray sincerely for your happiness."

"Poet!—you adorn your career; you fulfill your mission, even at this moment; you beautify the world; you give to the harsh form of Duty the cestus of the Graces," said Harley, trying to force a smile to his quivering lips. "But we must hasten back to the prose of existence. I accept your sacrifice. As for the time and mode I must select, in order to insure its result, I will ask you to abide by such instructions as I shall have occasion to convey through your uncle. Till then, no word of your intentions—not even to Mr. Dale. Forgive me if I would rather secure Mr. Egerton's election than yours. Let that explanation suffice for the present. What think you, by the way, of Audley Egerton?"

"I thought when I heard him speak, and when he closed with those touching words—im-

plying that he left all of his life not devoted to his country—"to the charity of his friends"—how proudly, even as his opponent, I could have clasped his hand; and if he had wronged me in private life, I should have thought it ingratitude to the country he had so served, to have remembered the offense."

HARLEY turned away abruptly, and joined Mr. Dale.

"Leave Leonard to go home by himself; you see that I have healed whatever wounds I inflicted on him."

PARSON.—"And your better nature thus awokened, I trust, my dear lord, that you have altogether abandoned the idea of—"

HARLEY.—"Revenge—no. And if you do not approve that revenge to-morrow, I will never rest till I have seen you—a bishop!"

MR. DALE (much shocked).—"My lord, for shame!"

HARLEY (seriously).—"My levity is but lip-deep, my dear Mr. Dale. But sometimes the froth on the wave shows the change in the tide.

The Parson looked at him earnestly, and then seized him by both hands with holy gladness and affection.

"Return to the Park now," said Harley, smiling; "and tell Violante, if it be not too late to see her, that she was even more eloquent than you."

Lord L'Estrange bounded forward.

Mr. Dale walked back through the park to Lansmere House. On the terrace he found Randal, who was still pacing to and fro, sometimes in the starlight, sometimes in the shadow.

Leslie looked up, and seeing Mr. Dale, the close astuteness of his aspect returned; and stepping out of the twilight deep into the shadow he said:

"I was sorry to learn that Mr. Fairfield had been so hurt by Lord L'Estrange's severe allusions. Pity that political differences should interfere with private friendships; but I hear that you have been to Mr. Fairfield—and, doubtless, as the peace-maker. Perhaps you met Lord L'Estrange by the way? He promised me that he would apologize and retract."

"Good young man," said the unsuspecting Parson, "he has done so."

"And Mr. Leonard Fairfield will, therefore, I presume, continue the contest?"

"Contest—ah, this election! I suppose so, of course. But I grieve that he should stand against you, who seem to be disposed toward him so kindly."

"Oh," said Randal, with a benevolent smile, "we have fought before, you know, and I beat him then. I may do so again!"

And he walked into the house, arm-in-arm with the Parson. Mr. Dale sought Violante—Leslie retired to his own room, and felt his election was secured.

Lord L'Estrange had gained the thick of the streets—passing groups of roaring enthusiasts—Blue and Yellow—now met with a cheer—now

followed by a groan. Just by a public-house that formed the angle of a lane with the High Street, and which was all a-blaze with light, and all alive with clamor, he beheld the graceful Baron leaning against the threshold, smoking his cigar, too refined to associate its divine vapor with the wreaths of shag within, and chatting agreeably with a knot of females, who were either attracted, by the general excitement, or waiting to see husband, brother, father, or son, who were now joining in the chorus of "Blue forever!" that rang from tap-room to attic of the illumined hostelry. Levy, seeing Lord L'Estrange, withdrew his cigar from his lips, and hastened to join him. "All the Hundred and Fifty are in there," said the Baron, with a backward significant jerk of his thumb toward the inn. "I have seen them all privately, in tens at a time; and I have been telling the ladies without, that it will be best for the interest of their families to go home, and let us lock up the Hundred and Fifty safe from the Yellows, till we bring them to the poll. But I am afraid," continued Levy, "that the rascals are not to be relied upon, unless I actually pay them beforehand; and that would be disreputable, immoral—and what is more, it would upset the election. Besides, if they are paid beforehand, query, is it quite sure how they will vote afterward?"

"Mr. Avenel, I daresay, can manage them," said Harley. "Pray, do nothing immoral, and nothing that will upset the election. I think you might as well go home."

"Home! No, pardon me, my lord; there must be some head to direct the committee, and keep our captains at their posts upon the doubtful electors. A great deal of mischief may be done between this and the morrow; and I would sit up all night—ay, six nights a week for the next three months—to prevent any awkward mistake by which Audley Egerton can be returned."

"His return would really grieve you so much," said Harley.

"You may judge of that by the zeal with which I enter into all your designs."

Here there was a sudden and wondrously loud shout from another inn—a Yellow inn, far down the lane, not so luminous as the Blue hostelry; on the contrary, looking rather dark and sinister, more like a place for conspirators or felons, than honest, independent electors—"Avenel forever! Avenel and the Yellows!"

"Excuse me, my lord, I must go back and watch over my black sheep, if I would have them Blue!" said Levy, and he retreated toward the threshold. But at that shout of "Avenel forever!" as if at a signal, various electors of the redoubtably Hundred and Fifty rushed from the Blue hostelry, sweeping past Levy, and hurrying down the lane to the dark little Yellow inn, followed by the female stragglers, as small birds follow an owl. It was not, however, very easy to get into that Yellow inn. Yellow Reformers, eminent for their zeal on behalf of purity of election, were stationed outside the door, and only strained

in one candidate for admittance at a time "After all," thought the Baron, as he passed into the principal room of the Blue tavern, and proposed the national song of "Rule Britannia"—"after all, Avenel hates Egerton as much as I do, and both sides work to the same end." And thumping on the table, he joined, with a fine bass, in the famous line,

"For Britons never will be slaves."

In the interim, Harley had disappeared within the "Lansinore Arms," which was the head-quarters of the Blue committee. Not, however, mounting to the room in which a few of the more indefatigable were continuing their labors, receiving reports from scouts, giving orders, laying wagers, and very muzzy with British principles and spirits, Harley called aside the landlord, and inquired if the stranger, for whom rooms had been prepared, was yet arrived. An affirmative answer was given, and Harley followed the host up a private stair, to a part of the house remote from the rooms devoted to the purposes of the election. He remained with this stranger about half an hour, and then walked into the committee-room, got rid of the more excited, conferred with the more sober, issued a few brief directions to such of the leaders as he felt he could most rely upon, and returned home as rapidly as he had quitted it.

Dawn was gray in the skies when Harley sought his own chamber. To gain it, he passed by the door of Violante. His heart suffused with grateful, ineffable tenderness, he paused and kissed the threshold. When he stood within his room (the same that he had occupied in his early youth), he felt as if the load of years were lifted from his bosom. The joyous, divine elasticity of spirit, that in the morning of life springs toward the Future, as a bird soars into heaven, pervaded his whole sense of being. A Greek poet implies, that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought. By the bedside at which he had knelt in boyhood, Harley paused to kneel once more. The luxury of prayer, interrupted since he had nourished schemes of which his passions had blinded him to the sin, but which, nevertheless, he dared not confess to the All-Merciful, was restored to him. And yet, as he bowed his knee, the elation of spirits he had before felt forsook him. The sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision; he shuddered in horror of himself. And he who, but a few hours before, had deemed it so impossible to pardon his fellow-man, now felt as if years of useful and beneficent deeds could alone purify his own repentant soul from the memory of one hateful passion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But while Harley had thus occupied the hours of night with cares for the living, Audley Egerton had been in communion with the dead. He had taken from the pile of papers, amidst which it had

fallen, the record of Nora's silenced heart. With a sad wonder, he saw how he had once been loved. What had all which successful ambition had bestowed on the lonely statesman, to compensate for the glorious empire he had lost—such realms of lovely fancy; such worlds of exquisite emotion; that infinite which lies within the divine sphere that unites spiritual genius with human love? His own positive and earthly nature attained, for the first time, and as if for its own punishment, the comprehension of that loftier and more ethereal visitant from the heavens, who had once looked with seraph's smile through the prison-bars of his iron life; that celestial refinement of affection, that exuberance of feeling which warms into such varieties of beautiful idea, under the breath of the earth-beautifier, Imagination; all from which, when it was all his own, he had turned, half-weary and impatient, and termed the exaggerations of a visionary romance; now that the world had lost them evermore, he interpreted aright as truths. Truths they were, although illusions. Even as the philosopher tells us that the splendor of colors which deck the universe, is not on the surface whereon we think to behold them, but in our own vision; yet, take the colors from the universe, and what philosophy can assure us that the universe has sustained no loss?

But when Audley came to that passage in the fragment which, though but imperfectly, explained the true cause of Nora's flight; when he saw how Levy, for what purpose he was unable to conjecture, had suggested to his bride the doubts that had offended him—asserted the marriage to be a fraud—drawn from Audley's own brief resentful letters to Nora, proof of the assertion—misled so naturally the young wife's scanty experience of actual life, and maddened one so sensitively pure into the conviction of dishonor—his brow darkened and his hand clenched. He rose and went at once to Levy's room. He found it deserted—inquired—learned that Levy was gone forth, and had left word he might not be at home for the night. Fortunate, perhaps, for Audley—fortunate for the Baron—that they did not then meet. Revenge, in spite of his friend's admonition, might at that hour have been as potent an influence on Egerton as it had been on Harley, and not, as with the latter, to be turned aside.

Audley came back to his room and finished the tragic record. He traced the tremor of that beloved hand through the last tortures of doubt and despair; he saw where the hot tears had fallen; he saw where the hand had paused, the very sentence not concluded;—mentally he accompanied his fated bride in the dismal journey to her maiden home, and beheld her before him as he had last seen, more beautiful even in death than the face of living woman had ever since appeared to him;—and as he bent over the last words, the blank that they left on the leaf, stretching pale beyond the quiver of the characters and the blister of the tears—pale and blank as the void which departed love leaves behind it—he felt his heart sud-

denly stand still, its course arrested as the record closed. It beat again, but feebly—so feebly! His breath became labor and pain, his sight grew dizzy. But the constitutional firmness and fortitude of the man clung to him in the stubborn mechanism of habit—his will yet fought against his disease—life rallied as the light flickers up in the waning taper.

The next morning, when Harley came into his friend's room, Egerton was asleep. But the sleep seemed much disturbed; the breathing was hard and difficult; the bedclothes were partially thrown off, as if in the tossing of disturbed dreams; the sinewy strong arm, the broad athletic breast, were partly bare. Strange that so deadly a disease within should leave the frame such apparent power, that, to the ordinary eye, the sleeping sufferer seemed a model of healthful vigor. One hand was thrust with uneasy straining under the pillows; it had its hold on the fatal papers; a portion of the leaves was visible—and where the characters had been blurred by Nora's tears, were the traces, yet moist, of tears perhaps more bitter.

Harley felt deeply affected: and while he still stood by the bed, Egerton sighed heavily and awoke. He stared round him, as if perplexed and confused—till his eyes resting on Harley, "he smiled and said—

"So early! Ah—I remember, it is the day for our great boat-race. We shall have the current against us; but you and I together—when did we ever lose?"

Audley's mind was wandering; it had gone back to the old Eton days. But Harley thought that he spoke in metaphorical allusion to the present more important contest.

"True, my Audley—you and I together—when did we ever lose? But will you rise? I wish you would be at the polling-place to shake hands with your voters as they come up. By four o'clock you will be released, and the election won."

"The election! How!—what!" said Egerton, recovering himself. "I recollect now. Yes, I accept this last kindness from you. I always said I would die in harness. Public life—I have no other. Ah, I dream again! Oh, Harley!—my son—my son!"

"You shall see him after four o'clock. You will be proud of each other. But make haste and dress. Shall I ring the bell for your servant?"

"Do," said Egerton briefly, and sinking back. Harley quitted the room, and joined Randal and some of the more important members of the Blue Committee, who were already hurrying over their breakfast.

All were anxious and nervous except Harley, who dipped his dry toast into his coffee, according to his ordinary abstemious Italian habit, with serene composure. Randal in vain tried for an equal tranquillity. But though sure of his election, there would necessarily follow a scene trying to the nerve of his hypocrisy. He would have to affect profound chagrin in the midst of vile joy; have to act the part of decorous high-

minded sorrow, that by some "untoward chance"—some unaccountable cross-splitting, Randal Leslie's gain should be Audley Egerton's loss. Besides, he was flurried in the expectation of seeing the Squire, and of appropriating the money which was to secure the dearest object of his ambition. Breakfast was soon dispatched. The committee-men bustling for their hats, and looking at their watches, gave the signal for departure; yet no Squire Hazeldean had made his appearance. Harley, stepping from the window upon the terrace, beckoned to Randal, who took his hat and followed.

"Mr. Leslie," said Harley, leaning against the balustrade, and carelessly patting Nero's rough, honest head, "you remember that you were good enough to volunteer to me the explanation of certain circumstances in connection with the Count di Peschiera, which you gave to the Duke di Serrano; and I replied that my thoughts were at present engaged on the election, but as soon as that was over, I should be very willing to listen to any communications affecting yourself and my old friend the Duke with which you might be pleased to favor me."

This address took Randal by surprise, and did not tend to calm his nerves. However, he replied readily.

"Upon that, as upon any other matter that may influence the judgment you form of me, I shall be but too eager to remove a single doubt that, in your eyes, can rest upon my honor."

"You speak exceedingly well, Mr. Leslie; no one can express himself more handsomely; and I will claim your promise with the less scruple, because the Duke is powerfully affected by the reluctance of his daughter to ratify the engagement that binds his honor, in case your own is indisputably cleared. I may boast of some influence over the young lady, since I assisted to save her from the infamous plot of Peschiera; and the Duke urges me to receive your explanation, in the belief that, if it satisfy me, as it has satisfied him, I may conciliate his child in favor of the addresses of a suitor who would have hazarded his very life against so redoubted a duelist as Peschiera."

"Lord L'Estrange," replied Randal, bowing, "I shall indeed owe you much if you can remove that reluctance on the part of my betrothed bride, which alone clouds my happiness, and which would at once put an end to my suit, did I not ascribe it to an imperfect knowledge of myself, which I shall devote my life to improve into confidence and affection."

"No man can speak more handsomely," reiterated Harley, as if with profound admiration; and indeed he did eye Randal as we eye some rare curiosity. "I am happy to inform you, too," continued L'Estrange, "that if your marriage with the Duke of Serrano's daughter take place—"

"If!" echoed Randal.

"I beg pardon for making an hypothesis of what you claim the right to esteem a certainty

—I correct my expression: *when* your marriage with that young lady takes place, you will at least escape the rock on which many young men of ardent affections have split at the onset of the grand voyage. You will form no imprudent connection. In a word, I received yesterday a dispatch from Vienna, which contains the full pardon and formal restoration of Alphonso Duke di Serrato. And I may add, that the Austrian government (sometimes misunderstood in this country) is bound by the laws it administers, and can in no way dictate to the Duke, once restored, as to the choice of his son-in-law, or as to the heritage that may devolve on his child."

"And does the Duke yet know of his recall?" exclaimed Randal, his cheek flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"No. I reserve that good news, with other matters, till after the election is over. But Egerton keeps us waiting sadly. Ah, here comes his valet."

Audley's servant approached. "Mr. Egerton feels himself rather more poorly than usual, my lord; he begs you will excuse his going with you into the town at present. He will come later if his presence is absolutely necessary."

"No. Pray tell him to rest and nurse himself. I should have liked him to witness his own triumph—that is all. Say I will represent him at the polling place. Gentlemen, are you ready? We will go on."

The polling-booth was erected in the centre of the market-place. The voting had already commenced; and Mr. Avenel and Leonard were already at their posts, in order to salute and thank the voters in their cause who passed before them. Randal and L'Estrange entered the booth amidst loud hurrahs, and to the national air of "See the Conquering Hero comes." The voters defiled in quick succession. Those who voted entirely according to principle or color—which came to much the same thing—and were therefore above what is termed "management," flocked in first, voting straightforwardly for both Blues or both Yellows. At the end of the first half-hour, the Yellows were about ten ahead of the Blues. Then sundry split votes began to perplex conjecture of the result; and Randal, at the end of the first hour, had fifteen majority over Audley Egerton, two over Dick Avenel—Leonard Fairfield heading the poll by five. Randal owed his place in the lists to the voters that Harley's personal efforts had procured for him; and he was well pleased to see that Lord L'Estrange had not withdrawn from him a single promise so obtained. This augured well for Harley's ready belief in his appointed "explanations." In short, the whole election seemed going just as he had calculated. But by twelve o'clock there were some changes in the relative position of the candidates. Dick Avenel had gradually gained ground—passing Randal, passing even Leonard. He stood at the head of the poll by a majority of ten. Randal came next. Audley was twenty behind Randal, and Leonard four behind Audley.

More than half the constituency had polled, but none of the committee on either side, nor one of the redoubted corps of a Hundred and Fifty.

The poll now slackened sensibly. Randal, looking round, and longing for an opportunity to ask Dick whether he really meant to stand himself instead of his nephew, saw that Harley had disappeared; and presently a note was brought to him requesting his presence in the Committee-room. Thither he hastened.

As he forced his way through the bystanders in the lobby, toward the threshold of the room, Levy caught hold of him, and whispered: "They begin to fear for Egerton. They want a compromise in order to secure him. They will propose to you to resign, if Avenel will withdraw Leonard. Don't be entrapped. L'Estrange may put the question to you; but—a word in your ear—he would be glad enough to throw over Egerton. Rely upon this, and stand firm."

Randal made no answer, but, the crowd giving way for him, entered the room. Levy followed. The doors were instantly closed. All the Blue Committee were assembled. They looked heated, anxious, eager. Lord L'Estrange, alone calm and cool, stood at the head of the long table. Despite his composure, Harley's brow was thoughtful. "Yes, I will give this young man," said he to himself, "the fair occasion to prove gratitude to his benefactor; and if he here acquit himself, I will spare him at least public exposure of his deceit to others. So young, he must have some good in him—at least toward the man to whom he owes all."

"Mr. Leslie," said L'Estrange, aloud, "you see the state of the poll. Our Committee believe that, if you continue to stand, Egerton must be beaten. They fear that Leonard Fairfield having little chance, the Yellows will not waste their second votes on him, but will transfer them to you, in order to keep out Egerton. If you retire, Egerton will be safe. There is reason to suppose that Leonard would in that case also be withdrawn."

"You can hope and fear nothing more from Egerton," whispered Levy. "He is utterly ruined: and, if he lose, will sleep in a prison. The bailiffs are waiting for him."

Randal was still silent, and at that silence an indignant murmur ran through the more influential members of the Committee. For, though Audley was not personally very popular, still a candidate so eminent was necessarily their first object, and they would seem very small to the Yellows if their great man was defeated by the very candidate introduced to aid him—a youth unknown. Vanity and patriotism both swelled that murmur. "You see, young sir," cried a rich blunt master-butcher, "that it was an honorable understanding that Mr. Egerton was to be safe. You had no claim on us, except as fighting second to him. And we are all astonished that you don't say at once, 'Save Egerton, of course.' Excuse my freedom, sir. No time for palaver."

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, turning

mildly from the butcher, "do you, as the first here in rank and influence, and as Mr. Egerton's especial friend, call upon me to sacrifice my election, and what appear to be the inclinations of the majority of the constituents, in order to obtain what is, after all, a doubtful chance of returning Mr. Egerton in my room?"

"I do not call upon you, Mr. Leslie. It is a matter of feeling or of honor, which a gentleman can very well decide for himself."

"Was any such compact made between your lordship and myself, when you first gave me your interest and canvassed for me in person?"

"Certainly not. Gentlemen, be silent. No such compact was mentioned by me."

"Neither was it by Mr. Egerton. Whatever might be the understanding spoken of by the respected elector who addressed me, I was no party to it. I am persuaded that Mr. Egerton is the last person who would wish to owe his election to a trick upon the electors in the midst of the polling, and to what the world would consider a very unhandsome treatment of myself, upon whom all the toil of the canvass has devolved."

Again the murmur rose: but Randal had an air so determined, that it quelled resentment, and obtained a continued, though most chilling and half contemptuous hearing.

"Nevertheless," resumed Randal, "I would at once retire were I not under the firm persuasion that I shall convince all present, who now seem to condemn me, that I act precisely according to Mr. Egerton's own private inclinations. That gentleman, in fact, has never been among you—has not canvassed in person—has taken no trouble, beyond a speech, that was evidently meant to be but a general defense of his past political career. What does this mean? Simply that his standing has been merely a form, to comply with the wish of his party, against his own desire."

The committee-men looked at each other amazed and doubtful. Randal saw he had gained an advantage: he pursued it with a tact and ability which showed that, in spite of his mere oratorical deficiencies, he had in him the elements of a dexterous debater. "I will be plain with you, gentlemen. My character, my desire to stand well with you all, oblige me to be so. Mr. Egerton does not wish to come into Parliament at present. His health is much broken; his private affairs need all his time and attention. I am, I may say, as a son to him. He is most anxious for my success; Lord L'Estrange told me but last night, very truly, 'more anxious for my success than his own.' Nothing could please him more than to think I were serving in Parliament, however humbly, those great interests which neither health nor leisure will, in this momentous crisis, allow himself to defend with his wonted energy. Later, indeed, no doubt he will seek return to an arena in which he is so distinguished; and when the popular excitement, which produces the popular injustice of the day, is over, what constituency will not be proud to return such a man? In support and proof of

what I have thus said, I now appeal to Mr. Egerton's own agent—a gentleman who, in spite of his vast fortune and the rank he holds in society, has consented to act gratuitously on behalf of that great statesman. I ask you, then, respectfully, Baron Levy—Is not Mr. Egerton's health much broken, and in need of rest?"

"It is," said Levy.

"And do not his affairs necessitate his serious and undivided attention?"

"They do, indeed," quoth the Baron. "Gentlemen, I have nothing to urge in behalf of my distinguished friend as against the statement of his adopted son, Mr. Leprie."

"Then all I can say," cried the butcher, striking his huge fist on the table, "is, that Mr. Egerton has behaved d—d unhandsome to us, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the borough."

"Softly, softly," said Harley. "There is a knock at the door behind. Excuse me."

Harley quitted the room, but only for a minute or two. On his return he addressed himself to Randal.

"Are we then to understand, Mr. Leslie, that your intention is not to resign?"

"Unless your lordship actually urge me to the contrary, I should say, 'Let the election go on, and all take our chance.' That seems to me the fair, manly, ENGLISH (great emphasis on the last adjective), honorable course."

"Be it so," replied Harley; "let all take their chance." Mr. Leslie, we will no longer detain you. Go back to the polling place—one of the candidates should be present; and you, Baron Levy, be good enough to go also, and return thanks to those who may yet vote for Mr. Egerton."

Levy bowed, and went out arm-in-arm with Randal.

"Capital, capital," said the Baron. "You have a wonderful head."

"I did not like L'Estrange's look, nevertheless. But he can't hurt me now; the votes he got for me instead of for Egerton have already polled. The Committee, indeed, may refuse to vote for me; but then there is Avenel's body of reserve. Yes, the election is virtually over. When we get back, Hazeldean will have arrived with the money for the purchase of my ancestral property; Dr. Riccabocca is already restored to the estates and titles of Serrano; what do I care farther for Lord L'Estrange? Still, I did not like his look."

"Pooh, you have done just what he wished. I am forbidden to say more. Here we are at the booth. A new placard since we left. How are the numbers? Avenel forty ahead of you; you thirty above Egerton; and Leonard Fairfield still last on the poll. But where are Avenel and Fairfield?"

Both those candidates had disappeared, perhaps gone to their own Committee-room.

Meanwhile, as soon as the door had closed on Randal and the Baron, in the midst of the angry hubbub succeeding to their departure, Lord L'Estrange sprang upon the table. The action and his look stilled every sound.

"Gentlemen, it is in our hands to return one of our candidates, and to make our own choice between the two. You have heard Mr. Leslie and Baron Levy. To their statement I make but this reply—Mr. Egerton is needed by the country; and whatever his health or his affairs, he is ready to respond to that call. If he has not canvassed—if he does not appear before you at this moment, the services of more than twenty years plead for him in his stead. Which, then, of the two candidates do you choose as your member—a renowned statesman, or a beardless boy? Both have ambition and ability; the one has identified those qualities with the history of a country, and (as it is now alleged to his prejudice) with a devotion that has broken a vigorous frame and injured a princely fortune. The other evinces his ambition by inviting you to prefer him to his benefactor; and proves his ability by the excuses he makes for ingratitude. Choose between the two—an Egerton or a Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried all the assembly, as with a single voice, followed by a hiss for Leslie.

"But," said a grave and prudent Committee-man, "have we really the choice?—does not that rest with the Yellows? Is not your lordship too sanguine?"

"Open that door behind; a deputation from our opponents waits in the room on the other side the passage. Admit them."

The Committee were hushed in breathless silence while Harley's order was obeyed. And soon, to their great surprise, Leonard Fairfield himself, attended by six of the principal members of the Yellow party, entered the room.

Lord L'Estrange.—"You have a proposition to make to us, Mr. Fairfield, on behalf of yourself and Mr. Avenel, and with the approval of your committee?"

LEONARD (advancing to the table).—"I have. We are convinced that neither party can carry both its candidates. Mr. Avenel is safe. The only question is, which of the two candidates on your side it best beconces the honor of this constituency to select. My resignation, which I am about to tender, will free sufficient votes to give the triumph either to Mr. Egerton or to Mr. Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried once more the excited Blues.

"Yes—Egerton for ever!" said Leonard, with a glow upon his cheek. "We may differ from his politics, but who can tell us those of Mr. Leslie? We may differ from the politician, but who would not feel proud of the senator? A great and incalculable advantage is bestowed on that constituency which returns to Parliament a distinguished man. His distinction ennobles the place he represents—it sustains public spirit—it augments the manly interest in all that affects the nation. Every time his voice hushes the assembled Parliament, it reminds us of our common country; and even the discussion among his constituents which his voice provokes—clears their perceptions of the public interest, and en-

lightens themselves, from the intellect which commands their interest and compels their attention. Egerton, then, for ever! If our party must subscribe to the return of one opponent, let all unite to select the worthiest. My Lord L'Estrange, when I quit this room, it will be to announce my resignation, and to solicit those who have promised me their votes to transfer them to Mr. Audley Egerton."

Amidst the uproarious huzzas which followed this speech, Leonard drew near to Harley: "My lord, I have obeyed your wishes, as conveyed to me by my uncle, who is engaged at this moment elsewhere in carrying them into effect."

"Leonard," said Harley, in the same undertone, "you have evinced to Audley Egerton what you alone could do—the triumph over a perfidious dependent—the continuance of the sole career in which he has hitherto found the solace or the *rest* of life. He must thank you with his own lips. Come to the Park after the close of the poll. There and then shall the explanations yet needful to both be given and received."

Here Harley bowed to the assembly and raised his voice: "Gentlemen, yesterday, at the nomination of the candidates, I uttered remarks that have justly pained Mr. Fairfield. In your presence I wholly retract and frankly apologize for them. In your presence I entreat his forgiveness, and say, that if he will accord me his friendship, I will place him in my esteem and affection side by side with the statesman whom he has given to his country."

Leonard grasped the hand extended to him with both his own, and then, overcome by his emotions, hurried from the room; while Blues and Yellows exchanged greetings, rejoiced in the compromise that would dispel all party irritation, secure the peace of the borough, and allow quiet men, who had detested each other the day before, and vowed reciprocal injuries to trade and custom, the indulgence of all amiable and fraternal feelings—until the next general election.

In the mean while the polling had gone on slowly as before, still to the advantage of Randal. "Not two-thirds of the constituency will poll," murmured Levy, looking at his watch. "The thing is decided. Aha, Audley Egerton! you who once tortured me with the unspeakable jealousy that bequeathes such implacable hate—you who scorned my society and called me 'scoundrel'—disdainful of the very power your folly placed within my hands—aha, your time is up!—and the spirit that administered to your own destruction strides within the circle to seize its prey."

"You shall have my first frank, Levy," said Randal, "to inclose your letter to Mr. Thornhill's solicitor. This affair of the election is over; we must now look to what else rests on our hands."

"What the devil is that placard?" cried Levy, turning pale.

Randal looked, and, right up the market-place, followed by an immense throng, moved, high over

the heads of all, a Yellow Board, that seemed marching through the air, comet-like :

Two o'clock, p.m.

RESIGNATION OF FAIRFIELD!

YELLOWS!

VOTE FOR

AVENEL AND EGERTON!

(Signed)

TIMOTHY ALLJACK.

Yellow Committee-Room.

"What infernal treachery is this?" cried Randal, livid with honest indignation.

"Wait a moment; there is Avenel!" exclaimed Levy; and at the head of another procession that emerged from the obscurer lanes of the town, walked with grave majesty the surviving Yellow candidate. Dick disappeared for a moment within a grocer's shop in the broadest part of the place, and then culminated, at the height of a balcony on the first story, just above an enormous yellow cannister, significant of the profession and the politics of the householder. No sooner did Dick, hat in hand, appear on this rostrum, than the two processions halted below, bands ceased, flags drooped round their staves, crowds rushed within hearing, and even the poll-clerks sprang from the booth. Randal and Levy themselves pressed into the throng. Dick on the balcony was the *Deus ex Machina*.

"Freemen and electors!" said Dick, with his most sonorous accents—"finding that the public opinion of this independent and enlightened constituency is so evenly divided, that only one Yellow candidate can be returned, and only one Blue has a chance, it was my intention last night to retire from the contest, and thus put an end to all bickerings and ill blood—(Hold your tongue there, can't you!)—I say honestly, I should have preferred the return of my distinguished and talented young nephew—honorable relation—to my own; but he would not hear of it; and talked all our Committee into the erroneous but high-minded notion, that the town would cry shame if the nephew rode into Parliament by breaking the back of the uncle." (Loud cheers from the mob, and partial cries of "We'll have you both!")

"You'll do no such thing, and you know it; hold your jaw," resumed Dick, with imperious good-humor. "Let me go on, can't you—time presses. In a word, my nephew resolved to retire, if, at two o'clock this day, there was no chance of returning both of us; and there is none. Now, then, the next thing for the Yellows, who have not yet voted, is, to consider how they will give their second votes. If I had been the man to retire, why, for certain reasons, I should have recommended them to split with Leslie—a clever chap, and pretty considerable sharp."

"Hear, hear, hear," cried the Baron, lustily.

"But I'm bound to say that my nephew has an opinion of his own—as an independent Britisher, let him be twice your nephew, ought to have; and his opinion goes the other way, and so does that of our Committee."

"Sold!" cried the Baron, and some of the

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crowd shook their heads, and looked grave—especially those suspected of a wish to be bought.

"Sold!—Pretty fellow you with the nosegay in your button-hole, to talk of selling! You who wanted to sell your own client—and you know it. (Levy recoiled.) Why, gentlemen, that's 'Levy the Jew who talks of selling! And if he asperses the character of this constituency, I stand here to defend it. And there stands the parish pump, with a handle for the arm of Honesty, and a spout for the lips of Falsehood!"

At the close of this magniloquent period, borrowed, no doubt, from some great American orator, Baron Levy involuntarily retreated toward the shelter of the polling-booth, followed by some frowning Yellows, with very menacing gestures.

"But the calumniator sneaks away; leave him to the reproach of his conscience," resumed Dick, with generous magnanimity.

"SOLD!—(the word rang through the place like the blast of a trumpet)—Sold! No, believe me, not a man who votes for Egerton instead of Fairfield will, so far as I am concerned, be a penny the better—(chilling silence)—or (with a scarce perceptible wink toward the anxious faces of the Hundred and Fifty who filled the background) or a penny the worse. (Loud cheers from the Hundred and Fifty, and cries of 'no-be!') I don't like the politics of Mr. Egerton. But I am not only a politician—I am a MAN! The arguments of our respected Committee—persons in business, tender husbands, and devoted fathers—have a weight with me. I myself am a husband and a father. If a needless contest be prolonged to the last, with all the irritations it engenders, who suffer?—why, the tradesman and the operative. Partiality, loss of custom, tyrannical demands for house rent, notices to quit—in a word, the screw!"

"Hear, hear," and "Give us the Ballot!"

"The Ballot—with all my heart, if I had it about me! And if we had the Ballot, I should like to see a man dare to vote Blue. (Loud cheers from the Yellows.) But, as we have not got it, we must think of our families. And I may add, that though Mr. Egerton may come again into office, yet (added Dick, solemnly,) I will do my best as his colleague to keep him straight; and your own enlightenment (for the schoolmaster is abroad) will show him that no minister can brave public opinion, nor quarrel with his own bread and butter. (Much cheering.) In these times the aristocracy must endear themselves to the middle and working class; and a member in office has much to give away in the Stamps and Excise, in the Customs, the Post Office, and other State departments in this rotten old—I mean this magnificent empire—by which he can benefit his constituents, and reconcile the prerogatives of aristocracy with the claims of the people—more especially in this case, the people of the Borough of Lansmere. (Hear, hear.) And, therefore, sacrificing party inclinations (since it seems that I can in no way promote them) on the Altar of General Good Feeling, I can not oppose

the resignation of my nephew—honorable relation—nor blind my eyes to the advantages that may result to a borough so important to the nation at large, if the electors think fit to choose my right honorable brother—I mean the right honorable Blue candidate—as my brother colleague. Not that I presume to dictate, or express a wish one way or the other—only, as Family Man, I say to you, Electors and Freemen, having served your country in returning me, you have nobly won the right to think of the little ones at home."

Dick put his hand to his heart, bowed graciously, and retired from the balcony amidst unanimous applause.

In three minutes more, Dick had resumed his place in the booth in his quality of candidate. A rush of Yellow electors poured in, hot and fast. Up came Emmanuel Trout, and, in a firm voice, recorded his vote—"Avenel and Egerton." Every man of the Hundred and Fifty so polled. To each question, "Whom do you vote for?"—"Avenel and Egerton" knelled on the ears of Randal Leslie with "damnable iteration." The young man folded his arms across his breast in dogged despair. Levy had to shake hands for Mr. Egerton, with a rapidity that took away his breath. He longed to slink away—longed to get at L'Estrange, whom he supposed would be as wroth at this turn in the wheel of fortune as himself. But how, as Egerton's representative, escape from the continuous gripes of those horny hands? Besides, there stood the parish pump, right in face of the booth, and some huge truculent-looking Yellows loitered round it, as if ready to pounce on him the instant he quitted his present sanctuary. Suddenly the crowd round the booth receded—Lord L'Estrange's carriage drove up to the spot, and Harley, stepping from it, assisted out of the vehicle an old, gray-headed, paralytic man. The old man stared round him, and nodded smilingly to the mob. "I'm here—I'm come; I'm but a poor creature, but I'm a good Blue to the last!"—"Old John Avenel—fine old John!" cried many a voice.

And John Avenel, still leaning on Harley's arm, tottered into the booth, and plumped for "Egerton."

"Shake hands, father," said Dick, bending forward, "though you'll not vote for me."

"I was a Blue before you were born," answered the old man, tremulously. "But I wish you success all the same, and God bless you, my boy."

Even the poll-clerks were touched; and when Dick, leaving his place, was seen by the crowd assisting Lord L'Estrange to place poor John again in the carriage—that picture of family love in the midst of political difference—of the prosperous, wealthy, energetic son, who, as a boy, had played at marbles in the very kennel, and who had risen in life by his own exertions, and now virtually M.P. for his native town—standing on the broken-down aged father, whom even the interests of a son he was so proud of could not win from the colors which he associated with truth and rectitude—had such an effect

upon the rudest of the mob there present, that you might have heard a pin fall—till the carriage drove away back to John's humble home, and then there rose such a tempest of huzzas! John Avenel's vote for Egerton gave another turn to the vicissitudes of that memorable election. As yet Avenel was ahead of Audley; but a plumper in favor of Egerton from Avenel's own father, set an example and gave an excuse to many a Blue who had not yet voted, and could not prevail on himself to split his vote between Dick and Audley; and, therefore, several leading tradesmen, who, seeing that Egerton was safe, had previously resolved not to vote at all, came up in the last hour, plumped for Egerton, and carried him to the head of the poll; so that poor John, whose vote, involving that of Mark Fairfield, had secured the first opening in public life to the young ambition of the unknown son-in-law, still contributed to connect with success and triumph, but also with sorrow, and, it may be, with death, the names of the high-born Egerton and the humble Avenel.

The great town-clock strikes the hour of four; the returning officer declares the poll closed; the formal announcement of the result will be made later. But all the town knows that Audley Egerton and Richard Avenel are the members for Lansmere. And flags stream, and drums beat, and men shake each other by the hand heartily; and there is talk of the chairing to-morrow; and the public-houses are crowded; and there is an indistinct hubbub in street and alley, with sudden bursts of uproarious shouting; and the clouds to the west look red and lurid round the sun, which has gone down behind the church tower—behind the yew trees that overshadow the quiet grave of Nora Avenel.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AMIDST the darkening shadows of twilight, Randal Leslie walked through Lansmere Park toward the house. He had slunk away before the poll was closed—crept through by-lanes, and plunged amidst the leafless copse of the Earl's stately pasture-ground. Amidst the bewilderment of his thoughts—at a loss to conjecture how this strange mischance had befallen him—inclined to ascribe it to Leonard's influence over Avenel—but suspecting Harley, and half doubtful of Baron Levy, he sought to ascertain what fault of judgment he himself had committed—what wile he had forgotten—what thread in his web had he left ragged and incomplete. He could discover none. His ability seemed to him unimpeachable—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*. And then there came across his breast a sharp pang—sharper than that of baffled ambition—the feeling that he had been deceived, and bubbled, and betrayed. For so vital a necessity to all living men is TRUTH, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken when treason recoils on himself. "That Richard Avenel, whom I trusted, could so deceive me!" murmured Randal, and his lip quivered.

He was still in the midst of the park, when a

man with a yellow cockade in his hat, and running fast from the direction of the town, overtook him with a letter, on delivering which, the messenger waiting for no answer, hastened back the way he had come. Randal recognized Avenel's hand on the address—broke the seal, and read as follows:—

(*Private and Confidential.*)

“DEAR LESLIE—Don't be down-hearted—you will know to-night or to-morrow why I have had cause to alter my opinion as to the Right Honorable; and you will see that I could not, as a Family Man, act otherwise than I have done. Though I have not broken my word to you—for you remember that all the help I promised was dependent on my own resignation, and would go for nothing if Leonard resigned instead—yet I feel you must think yourself rather bamboozled. But I have been obliged to sacrifice you, from a sense of Family Duty, as you will soon acknowledge. My own nephew is sacrificed also; and I have sacrificed my own concerns, which require the whole man of me for the next year or two at Screwstown. So we are all in the same boat, though you may think you are set adrift by yourself. But I don't mean to stay in Parliament. I shall take the Chiltern Hundreds, pretty considerable soon. And if you keep well with the Blues, I'll do my best with the Yellows to let you walk over the course in my stead. For I don't think Leonard will want to stand again. And so a word to the wise—and you may yet be member for Lansmere.—R. A.”

In this letter, Randal, despite all his acuteness, could not detect the honest compunction of the writer. He could at first only look at the worst side of human nature, and fancy that it was a paltry attempt to stifle his just anger and insure his discretion. But on second thoughts, it struck him that Dick might very naturally be glad to be released to his mill, and get *quid pro quo* out of Randal, under the comprehensive title—“repayment of expenses.” Perhaps Dick was not sorry to wait until Randal's marriage gave him the means to make the repayment. Nay, perhaps Randal had been thrown over for the present, in order to wring from him better terms in a single election. Thus reasoning, he took comfort from his belief in the mercenary motives of another. True, it might be but a short disappointment. Before the next Parliament was a month old, he might yet take his seat in it as member for Lansmere. But all would depend on his marriage with the heiress; he must hasten that.

Meanwhile, it was necessary to knit and gather up all his thought, courage, and presence of mind. How he shrunk from return to Lansmere House—from facing Egerton, Harley—all. But there was no choice. He would have to make it up with the Blues—to defend the course he had adopted in the Committee-room. There, no doubt, was Squire Hazeldean awaiting him with the purchase-money for the lands of Rood—there

was the Duke di Serrano restored to wealth and honor—there was his promised bride, the great heiress, on whom depended all that could raise the needy gentleman into wealth and position. Gradually, with the elastic temper that is essential to a systematic schemer, Randal Leslie plucked himself from the pain of brooding over a plot that was defeated, to prepare himself for consummating those that yet seemed so near success. After all, should he fail in regaining Egerton's favor, Egerton was of use no more. He might rear his head, and face out what some might call “ingratitude,” provided he could but satisfy the Blue Committee. Dull dogs, how could he fail to do that! He could easily talk over the Machiavellian sage. He should have small difficulty in explaining all to the content of Audley's distant brother, the Squire. Harley alone—but Levy had so positively assured him that Harley was not sincerely anxious for Egerton; and as to the more important explanation relative to Peschiera, surely what had satisfied Violante's father, ought to satisfy a man who had no peculiar right to demand explanations at all; and if these explanations did not satisfy, the *onus* to disprove them must rest with Harley; and who or what could contradict Randal's plausible assertions—assertions, in support of which he himself could summon a witness, in Baron Levy? Thus nervously to all that could task his powers, Randal Leslie crossed the threshold of Lansmere House, and in the hall he found the Baron awaiting him.

LEVY.—“I can't account for what has gone so cross in this confounded election. It is L'Estrange that puzzles me; but I know that he hates Egerton. I know that he will prove that hate by one mode of revenge, if he has lost it in another. But it is well, Randal, that you are secure of Hazeldean's money and the rich heiress's hand; otherwise—”

“Otherwise, what?”

“I should wash my hands of you, *mon cher*; for in spite of all your cleverness, and all I have tried to do for you, somehow or other I begin to suspect that your talents will never secure your fortune. A carpenter's son beats you in public speaking, and a vulgar mill-owner tricks you in private negotiation. Decidedly, as yet, Randal Leslie, you are—a failure. And, as you so admirably said, ‘a man from whom we have nothing to hope or fear, we must blot out of the map of the future.’”

Randal's answer was cut short by the appearance of the groom of the chambers.

“My lord is in the saloon, and requests you and Mr. Leslie will do him the honor to join him there.” The two gentlemen followed the servant up the broad stairs.

The saloon formed the centre room of the suite of apartments. From its size, it was rarely used save on state occasions. It had the chilly and formal aspect of rooms reserved for ceremony. Riccabocca, Violante, Helen, Mr. Dale, Squire Hazeldean, and Lord L'Estrange were grouped together by the cold Florentine marble table, not

littered with books and female work, and the endearing signs of habitation, that give a living smile to the face of home; nothing thereon save a great silver candelabrum, that scarce lighted the spacious room, and brought out the portraits on the walls as a part of the assembly, looking, as portraits do look, with searching, curious eyes upon every eye that turns to them.

But as soon as Randal entered, the Squire detached himself from the group, and, coming to the defeated candidate, shook hands with him heartily.

"Cheer up, my boy, 'tis no shame to be beaten. Lord L'Estrange says you did your best to win, and man can do no more. And I'm glad, Leslie, that we don't meet for our little business till the election is over; for after annoyance, something pleasant is twice as acceptable.—I've the money in my pocket. Hush—and I say, my dear boy, I can not find out where Frank is, but it is really all off with that foreign woman—eh?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, I hope so. I'll talk to you about it when we can be alone. We may slip away presently, I trust."

"I'll tell you a secret scheme of mine and Harry's," said the Squire, in a still lower whisper, "we must drive that marchioness, or whatever she is, out of the boy's head, and put a pretty English girl into it instead. That will settle him in life too. And I must try and swallow that bitter pill of the *post-obit*. Harry makes worse of it than I do, and is so hard on the poor fellow, that I've been obliged to take his part. I've no idea of being under petticoat government—it is not the way with the Hazeldeans. Well, but to come back to the point—whom do you think I mean by the pretty girl?"

"Miss Sticktorights!"

"Zounds, no!—your own little sister, Randal. Sweet pretty face. Harry liked her from the first, and then you'll be Frank's brother, and your sound head and good heart will keep him right. And as you are going to be married too (you must tell me all about that later), why, we shall have two marriages, perhaps, in the family in the same day."

Randal's hand grasped the Squire's, and with an emotion of human gratitude—for we know that, hard to all else, he had natural feelings for his fallen family; and his neglected sister was the one being on earth whom he might almost be said to love. With all his intellectual disdain for honest simple Frank, he knew no one in the world with whom his young sister could be more secure and happy. Transferred to the roof, and improved by the active kindness of Mrs. Hazeldean—blest in the manly affection of one not too refined to censure her own deficiencies of education—what more could he ask for his sister, as he pictured her to himself, with her hair hanging over her ears, and her mind running into seed over some trashy novel. But before he could reply, Violante's father came to add his own philosophical consolations to the Squire's downright comfortings.

Who could ever count on popular caprice? The wise of all ages had despised it. In that re-

spect, Horace and Machiavel were of the same mind, &c., &c. "But," said the Duke, with emphatic kindness, "perhaps your very misfortune here may serve you elsewhere. The female heart is prone to pity, and ever eager to comfort. Besides, if I am recalled to Italy, you will have leisure to come with us, and see the land where of all others ambition can be most readily forgotten, even (added the Italian with a sigh) even by her own sons!"

Thus addressed by both Hazeldean and the Duke, Randal recovered his spirits. It was clear that Lord L'Estrange had not conveyed to them any unfavorable impression of his conduct in the Committee-room. While Randal had been thus engaged, Levy had made his way to Harley, who retreated with the Baron into the bay of the great window.

"Well, my lord, do you comprehend this conduct on the part of Richard Avenel? He secure Egerton's return!—he!"

"What so natural, Baron Levy—his own brother-in-law?"

The Baron started, and turned very pale.

"But how did he know that? I never told him. I meant, indeed—"

"Meant, perhaps, to shame Egerton's pride at the last, by publicly declaring his marriage with a shop-keeper's daughter. A very good revenge still left to you; but revenge for what? A word with you, now, Baron, that our acquaintance is about to close forever. You know why I have cause for resentment against Egerton. I do but suspect yours, will you make it clear to me?"

"My lord, my lord," faltered Baron Levy. "I too wooed Nora Avenel as my wife; I too had a happier rival in the haughty worldling who did not appreciate his own felicity; I too—in a word, some women inspire an affection that mingles with the entire being of a man, and is fused with all the currents of his life-blood. Nora Avenel was one of those women."

Harley was startled. This burst of emotion from a man so corrupt and cynical, arrested even the scorn he felt for the usurer. Levy soon recovered himself. "But our revenge is not baffled yet. Egerton, if not already in my power, is still in yours. His election may save him from arrest, but the law has other modes of public exposure and effectual ruin."

"For the knave, yes—as I intimated to you in your own house—you who boast of your love to Nora Avenel, and know in your heart that you were her destroyer—you who witnessed her marriage, and yet dared to tell her that she was dishonored!"

"My lord—I—how could you know—I mean, how think that—that—" faltered Levy, aghast.

"Nora Avenel has spoken from her grave," replied Harley, solemnly. "Learn, that wherever man commits a crime, Heaven finds a witness!"

"It is on me, then," said Levy, wrestling against a superstitious thrill at his heart—"on me that you now concentrate your vengeance; and I must meet it as I may. But I have fulfilled my

part of our compact. I have obeyed you implicitly—and—”

“I will fulfill my part of our bond, and leave you undisturbed in your wealth.”

“I knew I might trust to your Lordship’s honor,” exclaimed the usurer, in servile glee.

“And this vile creature nursed the same passions as myself; and but yesterday we were partners in the same purpose, and influenced by the same thought,” muttered Harley to himself. “Yes,” he said aloud, “I dare not, Baron Levy, constitute myself your judge. Pursue your own path—all roads meet at last before the common tribunal. But you are not yet released from our compact; you must do some good in spite of yourself. Look yonder, where Randal Leslie stands, smiling secure, between the two dangers he has raised up for himself. And as Randal Leslie himself has invited me to be his judge, and you are aware that he cited yourself this very day as his witness, here I must expose the guilty—for here the innocent still live, and need defense.”

Harley turned away, and took his place by the table. “I have wished,” said he, raising his voice, “to connect with the triumph of my earliest and dearest friend the happiness of others in whose welfare I feel an interest. To you, Alphonso, Duke of Serrano, I now give this dispatch, received last night by a special messenger from the Prince Von —, announcing your restoration to your lands and honors.”

The Squire stared with open mouth. “Rickey-bockey a duke? Why, Jemima’s a duchess! Bless me, she is actually crying!” And his good heart prompted him to run to his cousin and cheer her up a bit.

Violante glanced at Harley, and flung herself on her father’s breast. Randal involuntarily rose, and moved to the Duke’s chair.

“And you, Mr. Randal Leslie,” continued Harley, “though you have lost your election, see before you at this moment such prospects of wealth and happiness, that I shall only have to offer you congratulations to which those that greet Mr. Audley Egerton would appear lukewarm and insipid, provided you prove that you have not forfeited the right to claim that promise which the Duke di Serrano has accorded to the suitor of his daughter’s hand. Some doubts resting on my mind, you have volunteered to dispel them. I have the Duke’s permission to address to you a few questions, and I now avail myself of your offer to reply to them.”

“Now—and here, my lord?” said Randal, glancing round the room, as if deprecating the presence of so many witnesses.

“Now—and here. Nor are those present so strange to your explanations as your question would imply. Mr. Hazeldean, it so happens that much of what I shall say to Mr. Leslie concerns your son.”

Randal’s countenance fell. An uneasy tremor seized him.

“My son!—Frank? Oh then, of course Randal will speak out. Speak, my boy!”

Randal remained silent. The Duke looked at his working face, and drew away his chair.

“Young man, can you hesitate?” said he. “A doubt is expressed which involves your honor.”

“‘Sdeath!’ cried the Squire, also gazing on Randal’s cowering eye and quivering lip—“What are you afraid of?”

“Afraid!” said Randal, forced into speech, and with a hollow laugh—“Afraid?—I? What of? I was only wondering what Lord L’Estrange could mean.”

“I will dispel that wonder at once. Mr. Hazeldean, your son displeased you first by his proposals of marriage to the Marchesa di Negra against your consent; secondly, by a *post-obit* bond granted to Baron Levy. Did you understand from Mr. Randal Leslie that he had opposed or favored the said marriage—that he had countenanced or blamed the said *post-obit*?”

“Why, of course,” cried the Squire, “that he had opposed both the one and the other.”

“Is it so, Mr. Leslie?”

“My lord—I—I—my affection for Frank, and my esteem for his respected father—I—I—” (He nervously himself, and went on with firm voice.) “Of course, I did all I could to dissuade Frank; and as to the *post-obit*, I know nothing about it.”

“So much at present for this matter. I pass on to the graver one, that affects your engagement with the Duke di Serrano’s daughter. I understand from you, Duke, that to save your daughter from the snares of Count di Peschiera, and in the belief that Mr. Leslie shared in your dread of the Count’s designs, you, while in exile and in poverty, promised to that gentleman your daughter’s hand? When the probabilities of restoration to your principalities seemed well-nigh certain, you confirmed that promise on learning from Mr. Leslie that he had, however ineffectively, struggled to preserve your heiress from a perfidious snare. Is it not so?”

“Certainly; had I succeeded to a throne, I could not recall the promise that I had given in penury and banishment—I could not refuse to him who would have sacrificed worldly ambition in wedding a penniless bride, the reward of his own generosity. My daughter subscribes to my views.”

Violante trembled, and her hands were locked together, but her gaze was fixed on Harley.

Mr. Dale wiped his eyes, and thought of the poor refugee feeding on minnows, and preserving himself from debt among the shades of the Casino.

“Your answer becomes you, Duke,” resumed Harley. “But should it be proved that Mr. Leslie, instead of wooing the Princess for herself, actually calculated on the receipt of money for transferring her to Count Peschiera—instead of saving her from the dangers you dreaded, actually suggested the snare from which she was delivered—would you still deem your honor engaged to—”

“Such a villain! No, surely not!” exclaimed the Duke. “But this is a groundless hypothesis! Speak, Randal.”

“Lord L’Estrange can not insult me by deem-

ing it otherwise than a groundless hypothesis," said Randal, striving to rear his head.

"I understand, then, Mr. Leslie, that you scornfully reject such a supposition?"

"Scornfully—yes. And," continued Randal, advancing a step, "since the supposition has been made, I demand from Lord L'Estrange, as his equal (for all gentlemen are equals where honor is to be defended at the cost of life), either instant retraction or instant proof."

"That's the first word you have spoken like a man," cried the Squire. "I have stood my ground myself for a less cause. I have had a ball through my right shoulder."

"Your demand is just," said Harley, unmoved. "I can not give the retraction—I will produce the proof."

He rose, and rang the bell, the servant entered, received his whispered order, and retired. There was a pause painful to all. Randal, however, ran over in his fearful mind what evidence could be brought against him—and foresaw none. The folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the servant announced—

THE COUNT DI PESCHIERA.

A bombshell descending through the roof could not have produced a more startling sensation. Erect, bold, with all the imposing effect of his form and bearing, the Count strode into the centre of the ring; and, after a slight bend of haughty courtesy, which comprehended all present, reared up his lofty head, and looked round, with calm in his eye and a curve on his lip—the self-assured, magnificent, high-bred Daredevil.

"Monsieur le Duc," said the Count in English, turning toward his astounded kinsman, and in a voice that, slow, clear, and firm, seemed to fill the room, "I returned to England on the receipt of a letter from my Lord L'Estrange, and with a view, it is true, of claiming at his hands the satisfaction which men of our birth accord to each other, where affront, from what cause soever, has been given or received. Nay, fair kinswoman"—and the Count, with a slight but grave smile, bowed to Violante, who had uttered a faint cry—"that intention is abandoned. If I have adopted too lightly the old courtly maxim, that 'all stratagems are fair in love,' I am bound also to yield to my Lord L'Estrange's arguments, that the counter-stratagems must be fair also. And, after all, it becomes me better to laugh at my own sorry figure in defeat, than to confess myself gravely mortified by an ingenuity more successful than my own." The Count paused, and his eye lightened with sinister fire, which ill suited the raillery of his tone and the polished ease of his bearing. "Ma foi!" he continued, "it is permitted me to speak thus, since at least I have given proofs of my indifference to danger, and my good fortune when exposed to it. Within the last years, I have had the honor to fight nine duels, and the regret to wound five, and dismiss from the world four, as gallant and worthy gentlemen as ever the sun shone upon."

"Monster!" faltered the Parson.

The Squire stared aghast, and mechanically rubbed the shoulder which had been lacerated by Captain Dashmore's bullet. Randal's pale face grew yet more pale, and the eye he had fixed upon the Count's hardy visage quailed and fell.

"But," resumed the Count, with a graceful wave of the hand, "I have to thank my Lord L'Estrange for reminding me that a man whose courage is above suspicion is privileged not only to apologize if he has injured another, but to accompany apology with atonement. Duke of Serrano, it is for that purpose that I am here. My lord, you have signified your wish to ask me some questions of serious import as regards the Duke and his daughter—I will answer them without reserve."

"Monsieur le Comte," said Harley, "availing myself of your courtesy, I presume to inquire who informed you that this young lady was a guest under my father's roof?"

"My informant stands yonder—Mr. Randal Leslie. And I call upon Baron Levy to confirm my statement."

"It is true," said the Baron, slowly, and as if overmastered by the tone and mien of an imperious chieftain.

"There came a low sound like a hiss from Randal's livid lips.

"And was Mr. Leslie acquainted with your project for securing the person and hand of your young kinswoman?"

"Certainly—and Baron Levy knows it." The Baron bowed assent. "Permit me to add—for it is due to a lady nearly related to myself—that it was, as I have since learned, certain erroneous representations made to her by Mr. Leslie, which alone induced that lady, after my own arguments had failed, to lend her aid to a project which otherwise she would have condemned as strongly as, Duke di Serrano, I now with unfeigned sincerity do myself condemn it."

There was about the Count, as he thus spoke, so much of that personal dignity which, whether natural or artificial, imposes for the moment upon human judgment—a dignity so supported by the singular advantages of his superb stature, his handsome countenance, his patrician air, that the Duke, moved by his good heart, extended his hand to the perfidious kinsman, and forgot all the Machiavellian wisdom which should have told him how little a man of the Count's hardened profligacy was likely to be influenced by any purer motives, whether to frank confession or to manly repentance. The Count took the hand thus extended to him, and bowed his face perhaps to conceal the smile which would have betrayed his secret soul. Randal still remained mute and pale as death. His tongue clove to his mouth. He felt that all present were shrinking from his side. At last, with a violent effort, he faltered out, in broken sentences—

"A charge so sudden may well—may well confound me. But—but—who can credit it? Both the law and common sense presuppose

some motive for a criminal action; what could be my motive here? I—myself the suitor for the hand of the Duke's daughter—I betray her! Absurd—absurd. Duke—Duke, I put it to your own knowledge of mankind—who ever goes thus against his own interest—and—and his own heart?"

This appeal, however feebly made, was not without effect on the philosopher. "That is true," said the Duke, dropping his kinsman's hand; "I see no motive."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "Baron Levy may here enlighten us. Do you know of any motive of self-interest that could have actuated Mr. Leslie in assisting the Count's schemes?"

Levy hesitated. The Count took up the word. "Pardieu!" said he, in his clear tone of determination and will—"Pardieu! I can have no doubt thrown on my assertion, least of all by those who know of its truth; and I call upon you, Baron Levy, to state whether, in case of my marriage with the Duke's daughter, I had not agreed to present my sister with a sum, to which she alleged some ancient claim, which would have passed through your hands?"

"Certainly, that is true," said the Baron.

"And would Mr. Leslie have benefited by any portion of that sum?"

Levy paused again.

"Speak, sir," said the Count, frowning.

"The fact is," said the Baron, "that Mr. Leslie was anxious to complete a purchase of certain estates that had once belonged to his family, and that the Count's marriage with the signorina, and his sister's marriage with Mr. Hazeldean, would have enabled me to accommodate Mr. Leslie with a loan to effect that purchase."

"What! what!" exclaimed the Squire, hastily buttoning his breast pocket with one hand, while he seized Randal's arm with the other—"my son's marriage! You lent yourself to that, too? Don't look so like a lashed hound! Speak out like a man, if man you be!"

"Lent himself to that, my good sir!" said the Count. "Do you suppose that the *Marchesa di Negra* could have condescended to an alliance with a Mr. Hazeldean?"

"Condescended!—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean!" exclaimed the Squire, turning fiercely, and half choked with indignation.

"Unless," continued the Count, imperturbably, "she had been compelled by circumstances to do that said Mr. Hazeldean the honor to accept a pecuniary accommodation, which she had no other mode to discharge. And here, sir, the family of Hazeldean, I am bound to say, owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Leslie; for it was he who most forcibly represented to her the necessity for this *mesalliance*; and it was he, I believe, who suggested to my friend, the Baron, the mode by which Mr. Hazeldean was best enabled to afford the accommodation my sister desired to accept."

"Mode!—the *postobit!*" ejaculated the Squire,

relinquishing his hold of Randal, to lay his gripe upon Levy.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "Any friend of Mr. Frank Hazeldean's would have recommended the same as the most economical mode of raising money."

• Parson Dale, who had at first been more shocked than any one present at these gradual revelations of Randal's treachery, now turning his eyes toward the young man, was so seized with commiseration at Randal's face, that he laid his hand on Harley's arm, and whispered him, "Look, look at that countenance!—and one so young! Spare him, spare him!"

"Mr. Leslie," said Harley, in softened tones, "believe me, that nothing short of justice to the Duke di Serrano—justice even to my young friend, Mr. Hazeldean, has compelled me to this painful duty. Here let all inquiry terminate."

"And," said the Count, with exquisite blandness, "since I have been informed by my Lord L'Estrange, that Mr. Leslie has represented as a serious act on his part, that personal challenge to myself, which I understood was but a pleasant and amicable arrangement in a part of our baffled scheme—let me assure Mr. Leslie, that if he be not satisfied with the regret that I now express for the leading share I have taken in these disclosures, I am wholly at Mr. Leslie's service."

"Peace, homicide," cried the Parson, shuddering; and he glided to the side of the detected sinner, from whom all else had recoiled in loathing.

Craft against craft, talent against talent, treason against treason—in all this Randal Leslie would have risen superior to Giulio di Peschiera. But what now crushed him, was not the superior intellect—it was the sheer brute power of audacity and nerve. Here stood the careless, unblushing villain, making light of his guilt, carrying it away from disgust itself, with resolute look, and front erect. There stood the abler, subtler, profounder criminal—cowring, abject, pitiful; the power of mere intellectual knowledge shivered into pieces against the brazen metal with which the accident of constitution often arms some ignobler nature.

The contrast was striking, and implied that truth so universally felt, yet so little acknowledged in actual life, that men with superior force of character can subdue and paralyze those far superior to themselves in ability and intelligence. It was that force which made Peschiera Randal's master—nay, the very physical attributes of the Count, his very voice and form, his bold front and unshrinking eye, overpowered the acuter mind of the refining schemer, as in a popular assembly some burly clown cowers into timorous silence every dissentient sage. But Randal turned in sullen impatience from the Parson's whisper, that breathed comfort or urged repentance; and at length said, with clearer tones than he had yet mustered—

"It is not a personal conflict with the Count

di Peschiera that can vindicate my honor; and I disdain to defend myself against the accusations of a usurer, and of a man who—”

“*Monsieur!*” said the Count, drawing himself up.

“A man who,” persisted Randal, though he trembled visibly, “by his own confession, was himself guilty of all the schemes in which he would represent me as his accomplice, and who now, not clearing himself, would yet convict another—”

“*Cher petit Monsieur!*” said the Count, with his grand air of disdain, “when men like me make use of men like you, we reward them for a service if rendered, or discard them if the service be not done; and, if I condescend to confess and apologize for any act I have committed, surely Mr. Randal Leslie might do the same without disparagement to his dignity. But I should never, sir, have taken the trouble to appear against you, had you not, as I learn, pretended to the hand of the lady whom I had hoped, with less presumption, to call my bride; and in this, how can I tell that you have not tricked and betrayed me? Is there any thing in our past acquaintance that warrants me to believe that, instead of serving me, you sought but to serve yourself? Be that as it may, I had but one mode of repairing to the head of my house the wrongs I have done him—and that was by saving his daughter from a derogatory alliance with an impostor who had abetted my schemes for hire, and who now would flinch for himself their fruit.”

“Duke!” exclaimed Randal.

The Duke turned his back. Randal extended his hands to the Squire. “Mr. Hazeldean—what? you, too, condemn me, and unheard!”

“Unheard!—ounds, no! If you have any thing to say, speak truth, and shame the devil!”

“I abet Frank’s marriage!—I sanction the *post-obit!*—Oh!” cried Randal, clinging to a straw, “if Frank himself were but here!”

Harley’s compassion vanished before this sustained hypocrisy. “You wish for the presence of Frank Hazeldean. It is just. Mr. Dale, you may now leave that young man’s side, and in your stead place there Frank Hazeldean himself. He waits in the next room—summon him.”

At these words, the Squire cried out with a loud voice—“Frank! Frank!—my son! my poor son!”—and rushed from the apartment through the door toward which Harley had pointed.

This cry and this action gave a sudden change to the feelings of the audience, and for a moment Randal himself was forgotten. The young man seized that moment. Reprieved, as it were, from the glare of contemptuous, accusing eyes—slowly he crept to the door, slowly and noiselessly as the viper, when it is wounded, drops its crest and glides writhing through the grass. Levy followed him to the threshold, and whispered in his ear—

“I could not help it—you would have done the same by me. You see you have failed in every thing; and when a man fails completely,

we both agree that we must give him up altogether.”

Randal said not a word, and the Baron marked his shadow fall on the broad stairs, stealing down, down, step after step, till it faded from the stones.

“But he was of some use,” muttered Levy. “His treachery and his exposure will gall the childless Egerton. Some little revenge still!”

The Count touched the arm of the musing usurer—

“*J’ai bien joué mon rôle, n’est ce pas?*”—(I have well played my part, have I not?)

“Your part! Ah! but, my dear Count, I do not quite understand it.”

“*Ma foi*—you are passably dull. I had just been landed in France, when a letter from L’Eschange reached me. It was couched as an invitation, which I interpreted to—the duello. Such invitations I never refuse. I replied. I came hither—took my lodgings at an inn. My lord seeks me last night. I begin in the tone you may suppose. *Pardieu!* he is clever, *milord!* He shows me a letter from the Prince Von —, Alphonso’s recall, my own banishment. He places before me, but with admirable suavity, the option of beggary and ruin, or an honorable claim on Alphonso’s gratitude. And as for that *petit Monsieur*, do you think I could quietly contemplate my own tool’s enjoyment of all I had lost myself? Nay, more, if that young Harpagon were Alphonso’s son-in-law, could the Duke have a whisperer at his ear more fatal to my own interests? To be brief, I saw at a glance my best course. I have adopted it. The difficulty was—to extricate myself as became a man *de sang et de feu.* If I have done so, congratulate me. Alphonso has taken my hand, and I now leave it to him—to attend to my fortunes, and clear up my repute.”

“If you are going to London,” said Levy, “my carriage, ere this, must be at the door, and I shall be proud to offer you a seat, and converse with you on your prospects. But, *peste! mon cher*, your fall has been from a great height, and any other man would have broken his bones.”

“Strength is ever light,” said the Count, smiling; “and it does not fall; it leaps down, and rebounds.”

Levy looked at the Count, and blamed himself for having disparaged Peschiera and overrated Randal.

While this conference went on, Harley was by Violante’s side.

“I have kept my promise to you,” said he, with a kind of tender humility. “Are you still so severe on me?”

“Ah!” answered Violante, gazing on his noble brow, with all a woman’s pride in her eloquent, admiring eyes—“I have heard from Mr. Dale that you have achieved a conquest over yourself, which makes me ashamed to think that I presumed to doubt how your heart would speak when a moment of wrath (though of wrath so just) had passed away.”

“No, Violante—do not acquit me yet; witness

my revenge (for I have not forgone it), and then let my heart speak, and breathe its prayer that the angel voice, which it now beats to hear, may still be its guardian monitor."

"What is this!" cried an amazed voice; and Harley, turning round, saw that the Duke was by his side; and, glancing with ludicrous surprise, now to Harley, now to Violante, "Am I to understand that you—"

"Have freed you from one suitor for this dear hand, to become, myself, your petitioner!"

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" cried the sage, almost embracing Harley, "this, indeed, is joyful news. But I must not again make a rash pledge—not again force my child's inclinations. And Violante, you see, is running away. The Duke stretched out his arm, and detained his child. He drew her to his breast, and whispered in her ear. Violante blushed crimson, and rested her head on his shoulder. Harley eagerly pressed forward."

"There," said the Duke, joining Harley's hand with his daughter's—"I don't think I shall hear any more of the convent; but any thing of this sort I never suspected. If there be a language in the world for which there is no lexicon or grammar, it is that which a woman thinks in, but never speaks."

"It is all that is left of the language spoken in Paradise," said Harley.

"In the dialogue between Eve and the serpent—yes," quoth the incorrigible sage. "But who comes here?—our friend Leonard."

Leonard now entered the room; but Harley could scarcely greet him, before he was interrupted by the Count.

"Milord," said Pechiera, beckoning him aside, "I have fulfilled my promise, and I will now leave your roof. Baron Levy returns to London, and offers me a seat in his carriage, which is already, I believe, at your door. The Duke and his daughter will readily forgive me, if I do not ceremoniously bid them farewell. In our altered positions, it does not become me too intrusively to claim kindred; it became me only to remove, as I trust I have done, a barrier against the claim; if you approve my conduct, you will state your own opinion to the Duke." With a profound salutation the Count turned to depart; nor did Harley attempt to stay him, but attended him down the stairs with polite formality.

"Remember only, my lord, that I solicit nothing. I may allow myself to accept. *Voilà tout.*" He bowed again, with the inimitable grace of the old *regime*, and stepped into the Baron's traveling-carriage.

Levy, who had lingered behind, paused to accost L'Estrange.

"Your lordship will explain to Mr. Egerton how his adopted son deserved his esteem, and repaid his kindness. For the rest, though you have bought up the more pressing and immediate demands on Mr. Egerton, I fear that even your fortune will not enable you to clear those liabilities, which will leave him perhaps a pauper!"

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"Baron Levy," said Harley, abruptly, "if I have forgiven Mr. Egerton, can not you too forgive? Me he has wronged—you have wronged him, and more foully."

"No, my lord, I can not forgive him. You he has never humiliated—you he has never employed for his wants, and scorned as his companion. You have never known what it is to start in life with one whose fortunes were equal to your own, whose talents were not superior. Look you, Lord L'Estrange—in spite of this difference between me and Egerton, that he has squandered the wealth that he gained without effort, while I have converted the follies of others into my own ample revenues—the spendthrift in his penury has the respect and position which millions can not bestow upon me. You would say that I am an usurer, and he is a statesman. But do you know what I should have been had I not been born the natural son of a peer? Can you guess what I should have been if Nora Avenel had been my wife? The blot on my birth, and the blight on my youth—and the knowledge that he who was rising every year into the rank which entitled him to reject me as a guest at his table—he whom the world called the model of gentlemen—was a coward and a liar to the friend of his youth: all this made me look on the world with contempt, and despising Audley Egerton, I yet hated him and envied. You, whom he wronged, stretch your hand as before to the great statesman; from my touch you would shrink as pollution. My lord, you may forgive him whom you love and pity; I can not forgive him whom I scorn and envy." Pardon my prolixity. I now quit your house."

The Baron moved a step—then, turning back, said with a withering sneer:

"But you will tell Mr. Egerton how I helped to expose the son he adopted! I thought of the childless man when your lordship imagined I was but in fear of your threats. Ha! ha!—that will sting."

The Baron gnashed his teeth as, hastily entering the carriage, he drew down the blinds—the post-boys cracked their whips, and the wheels rolled away.

"Who can judge," thought Harley, "through what modes retribution comes home to the breast? That man is chastised in his wealth—ever gnawed by desire for that which his wealth can not buy!" He roused himself, cleared his brow, as from a thought that darkened and troubled; and, entering the saloon, passed his hand upon Leonard's shoulder, and looked, rejoicing, into the poet's mild, honest, lustrous eyes. "Leonard," said he, gently, "your hour is come at last."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUDLEY EGERTON was alone in his apartment. A heavy sleep had come over him, shortly after Harley and Bandal had left the house in the early morning; and that sleep continued till late in the day. All the while the town of Lansmere had been distracted in his cause—all the while

so many tumultuous passions had run riot in the contest that was to close or re-open, for the statesman's ambition, the Janus gates of political war—the object of so many fears and hopes, schemes and counter-schemes, had slumbered heavily as an infant in the cradle. He woke but in time to receive Harley's dispatch, announcing the success of his election; and adding, "Before the night you shall embrace your son. Do not join us below when I return. Keep calm—we will come to you."

In fact, though not aware of the dread nature of Audley's complaint, with its warning symptoms, Lord L'Estrange wished to spare to his friend the scene of Randal's exposure.

On the receipt of that letter Egerton rose. At the prospect of seeing his son—Nora's son—the very memory of his disease vanished. The poor, weary, over-labored heart indeed beat loud, and with many a jerk and spasm. He heeded it not. The victory, that restored him to the sole life for which he had hitherto cared to live, was clean forgotten. Nature claimed her own—claimed it in scorn of death, and in oblivion of renown.

There sat the man, dressed with his habitual precision; the black coat, buttoned across the broad breast; his countenance, so mechanically habituated to calm self-control, still revealing little of emotion, though the sickly flush came and went on the bronzed cheek, and the eye watched the hand of the clock, and the ear hungered for a foot-tread along the corridor. At length the sound was heard—steps—many steps. He sprung to his feet—he stood on the hearth. Was the hearth to be solitary no more? Harley entered first. Egerton's eyes rested on him eagerly for a moment, and strained onward across the threshold. Leonard came next—Leonard Fairfield, whom he had seen as his opponent! He began to suspect—to conjecture—to see the mother's tender eyes in the son's manly face. Involuntarily he opened his arms; but, Leonard remaining still, let them fall with a deep sigh, and fancied himself deceived.

"Friend," said Harley, "I give to you a son proved in adversity, and who has fought his own way to fame. Leonard, in the man to whom I prayed you to sacrifice your own ambition—of whom you have spoken with such worthy praise—whose career of honor you have promoted—and whose life, unsatisfied by those honors, you will soothe with your filial love—behold the husband of Nora Avenel! Kneel to your father! O Audley, embrace your son!"

"Here—here," exclaimed Egerton, as Leonard bowed his knee—"here to my heart! Look at me with those eyes!—kindly, forgivably: they are your mother's!" His proud head sunk on his son's shoulder.

"But this is not enough," said Harley, leading Helen, and placing her by Leonard's side. "You must open your heart for more. Take into its folds my sweet ward and daughter. What is a home without the smile of woman? They have

loved each other from children. Audley, yours be the hand to join—yours be the lips that bless."

Leonard started anxiously. "Oh, sir!—oh, my father!—this generous sacrifice may not be; for he—he who has saved me for this surpassing joy—he too loves her!"

"Nay, Leonard," said Harley, smiling, "I am not so neglectful of myself. Another home woos you, Audley. He whom you long so vainly sought to reconcile to life, exchanging mournful dreams for happy duties—he, too, presents you to his bride. Love her for my sake—for your own. She it is, not I, who presides over this hallowed reunion. But for her, I should have been a blinded, vindictive, guilty, repentant man; and—" Violante's soft hand was on his lips.

"Thus," said the Parson, with mild solemnity, "man finds that the Saviour's precepts, 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath,' and 'Love one another,' are clews that conduct us through the labyrinth of human life, when the schemes of fraud and hate snap asunder, and leave us lost amid the maze."

Egerton reared his head, as if to answer; and all present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sank on the seat beside him. The left hand rested drooping upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden dying sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard near and nearer. Alas! that blissful *PRIVATE LIFE*—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it reappeared; hurried away, as the circle on the ocean, which is scarce seen ere it vanishes amid infinity. Suddenly both hands were still; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments, so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy bells were pealing triumph; mobs roaring out huzzas; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was borne on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honored, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amid promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame, Death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; lofty hopes fluttering upward; Love kneeling at its feet; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.

FINAL CHAPTER.

Scene.—THE HALL IN THE OLD TOWER OF CAPTAIN ROLAND CAXTON.

"BUT you have not done?" said Augustine Caxton.

PISISTRATUS.—"What remains to do?"

MR. CAXTON.—"What!—why, the *Final Chapter!*—the last news you can give us of those whom you have introduced to our liking or dislike."

PISISTRATUS.—"Surely it is more dramatic to close the work with a scene that completes the main design of the plot, and leave it to the prophetic imagination of all whose flattering curiosity is still not wholly satisfied, to trace the streams of each several existence, when they branch off again from the lake in which their waters converge, and by which the sibyl has confirmed and made clear the decree, that 'Conduct is Fate.'"

MR. CAXTON.—"More dramatic, I grant; but you have not written a drama. A novelist should be a comfortable, garrulous, communicative, gossiping fortune-teller; not a grim, laconical, oracular sibyl. I like a novel that adopts all the old-fashioned customs prescribed to its art by the rules of the Masters, more especially a novel which you style '*My Novel!*' *par emphasis.*'"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"A most vague and impracticable title, '*My Novel!*' It must really be changed before the work goes in due form to the public."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly the present title can not be even pronounced by many without inflicting a shock upon their nervous system. Do you think, for instance, that my friend Lady Priscilla Graves—who is a great novel reader indeed, but holds all female writers unfeminine deserters to the standard of man—could ever come out with 'Pray, sir, have you had time to look at—*My Novel?*' She would rather die first. And yet to be silent altogether on the latest acquisition to the circulating libraries, would bring on a functional derangement of her ladyship's organs of speech. Or how could pretty Miss Dulcet—all sentiment, it is true, but all bashful timidity—appall Captain Smirke from proposing, with, 'Did not you think the Parson's sermon a little too dry in '*My Novel?*' It will require a face of brass, or at least a long course of citrate of iron, before a respectable lady or unassuming young gentleman, with a proper dread of being taken for scribblers, could electrify a social circle with, 'The reviewers don't do justice to the excellent things in—*My Novel!*'"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Awful consequences, indeed, may arise from the mistakes such a title gives rise to; Counselor Digwell, for instance—a lawyer of literary tastes, but whose career at the bar was long delayed by an unjust suspicion among the attorneys that he had written a '*Philosophical Essay*'—imagine such a man excusing himself for being late at a dinner of big wigs, with, 'I could not get away from—*My Novel!*' It would be his professional ruin! I am not fond of lawyers in general, but still I would not be a

party to taking the bread out of the mouth of those with a family; and Digwell has children—the tenth an innocent baby in arms."

MR. CAXTON.—"As to Digwell in particular, and lawyers in general, they are too accustomed to circumlocution, to expose themselves to the danger your kind heart apprehends, but I allow that a shy scholar like myself, or a grave college tutor, might be a little put to the blush if he were to blurt forth inadvertently with, 'Don't waste your time over trash like—*My Novel!*' And that thought presents to us another and more pleasing view of this critical question. The title you condemn places the work under universal protection. Lives there a man or a woman, so dead to self-love as to say, 'What contemptible stuff is—*My Novel?*' Would he or she not rather be impelled by that strong impulse of an honorable and virtuous heart, which moves us to stand as well as we can with our friends, to say, 'Allow that there is really a good thing now and then in—*My Novel!*' Moreover, as a novel aspires to embrace most of the interests or the passions that agitate mankind—to generalize, as it were, the details of life that come home to us all—so, in reality, the title denotes that if it be such as the author may not unworthily call his Novel, it must also be such as the reader, whoever he be, may appropriate in part to himself—representing his own ideas—expressing his own experience—reflecting, if not in full, at least in profile, his own personal identity. Thus, when we glance at the looking-glass in another man's room, our likeness for the moment appropriates the mirror; and, according to the humor in which we are, or the state of our spirits and health, we say to ourselves, 'Bilious and yellow!—I might as well take care of my diet!' Or, 'Well, I've half a mind to propose to dear Jane; I'm not such an ill-looking dog as I thought for!' Still, whatever result from that glance at the mirror, we never doubt that 'tis our likeness we see; and each says to the phantom reflection, 'Thou art myself,' though the mere article of furniture that gives the reflection belongs to another. It is my likeness if it be his glass. And a narrative that is true to the Varieties of Life, is every Man's Novel, no matter from what shores, by what rivers, by what bays, in what pits were extracted the sands, and the silex, the pearl ash, the nitre and quicksilver, which form its materials; no matter who the craftsman who fashioned its form; no matter who the vendor that sold, or the customer who bought; still, if I but recognize some trait of myself, 'tis my likeness that makes it '*My Novel!*'"

MR. SQUILLS (puzzled, and therefore admiring)—"Subtle, sir—very subtle. Fine organ of comparison in Mr. Caxton's head, and much called into play this evening."

MR. CAXTON (benignly).—"Finally, the author, by this most admirable and much signifying title, dispenses with all necessity of preface. He need insinuate no merit—he need extenuate no faults: for by calling his work thus curtly,

'My Novel,' he doth delicately imply that it is no use wasting talk about faults or merits."

PISISTRATUS (amazed).—"How is that, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"What so clear? You imply that, though a better novel may be written by others, you do not expect to write a novel to which, taken as a novel, you would more decisively and unblushingly prefix that voucher of personal authorship and identity conveyed in the monosyllable 'My.' And if you have written your best, let it be ever so bad, what can any man of candor and integrity require more from you? Perhaps you will say that, if you had lived two thousand years ago, you might have called it *The Novel*, or the *Golden Novel*, as Lucius called his story, 'The Ass,' and Apuleius, to distinguish his own more elaborate ass from all asses preceding it, called his tale 'The Golden Ass.' But living in the present day, such a designation—implying a merit in general, not the partial and limited merit corresponding only with your individual abilities—would be presumptuous and offensive. True—I here anticipate the observation I see Squills is about to make."

SQUILLS.—"I, sir!"

MR. CAXTON.—"You would say that, as Scarron called his work of fiction 'The Comic Novel,' so Pisistratus might have called his 'The Serious Novel,' or 'The Tragic Novel.' But, Squills, that title would not have been inviting nor appropriate, and would have been exposed to comparison with Scarron, who being dead, is inimitable. Wherefore, to put the question on the irrefragable basis of mathematics—wherefore, as A B 'My Novel' is not equal to B C 'The Golden Novel,' nor to D E 'The Serious or Tragic Novel,' it follows that A B 'My Novel' is equal to 'Pisistratus Caxton,' and C P 'Pisistratus Caxton' must therefore be just equal, neither more nor less, to A B 'My Novel'—which was to be demonstrated." My father looked round triumphantly, and observing that Squills was dumbfounded, and the rest of his audience posed, he added, mildly:

"And so now, *non quiesca move*, proceed with the Final Chapter, and tell us first what became of that youthful Giles Overreach, who was himself his own Marrall?"

"Ay!" said the Captain, "what became of Randal Leslie? Did he repent and reform?"

"Nay," quoth my father, with a mournful shake of the head, "you can regulate the warm tide of wild passion—you can light into virtue the dark errors of ignorance; but where the force of the brain does but clog the free action of the heart—where you have to deal, not with ignorance misled, but intelligence corrupted—small hope of reform; for reform here will need reorganization. I have somewhere read (perhaps in Hebrew tradition) that of the two orders of fallen spirits—the Angels of Love, and the Angels of Knowledge—the first missed the stars they had lost, and wandered back through the darkness, one by one into heaven; but the last, lighted on by their own lurid splendors, said, 'Wherever we go, there is heaven!' And deeper and lower descending, lost

their shape and their nature, till, deformed and obscene, the bottomless pit closed around them."

MR. SQUILLS.—"I should not have thought, Mr. Caxton, that a book-man like you would be thus severe upon knowledge."

MR. CAXTON (in wrath).—"Severe upon knowledge! O Squills—Squills—Squills! Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, which, exposed to the sun, breeds small serpents, or at best slimy eels, not comestible, once was wine. If I say to my grandchildren, 'Don't drink that sour stuff, which the sun itself fills with reptiles,' does that prove me a foe to sound sherry? Squills, if you had but received a scholastic education, you would know the wise maxim that saith, 'All things the worst are corruptions from things originally designed as the best.' Has not freedom bred anarchy, and religion fanaticism? And if I blame Marat calling for blood, or Dominic racking a heretic, am I severe on the religion that canonized Francis de Sales, or the freedom that immortalized Thrasybulus?"

MR. SQUILLS, dreading a catalogue of all the saints in the Calendar, and an epitome of Ancient History, exclaimed eagerly—"Enough, sir—I am convinced!"

MR. CAXTON.—"Moreover, I have thought it a natural stroke of art in Pisistratus, to keep Randal Leslie, in his progress toward the rot of the intellect unwholesomely refined, free from all the salutary influences that keep ambition from settling into egotism. Neither in his slovenly home, nor from his classic tutor at his preparatory school, does he seem to have learned any truths, religious or moral, that might give sap to fresh shoots when the first rank growth was cut down by the knife; and I especially noted, as illustrative of Egerton, no less than of Randal, that though the statesman's occasional hints of advice to his *protégé* are worldly wise in their way, and suggestive of honor as befitting the creed of a gentleman, they are not such as much influence a shrewd reasoner like Randal, whom the example of the playground at Eton had not served to correct of the arid self-seeking, which looked to knowledge for no object but power. A man tempted by passions like Audley, or seduced into fraud by a cold subtle spirit like Leslie, will find poor defense in the elegant precepts, 'Remember to act as a gentleman.' Such moral embroidery adds a beautiful scarf to one's armor; but it is not the armor itself! Ten o'clock—as I live—Push on, O Pisistratus! and finish the chapter."

MRS. CAXTON (benevolently).—"Don't hurry. Begin with that odious Randal Leslie, to oblige your father; but there are others whom Blanche and I care much more to hear about."

Pisistratus, seeing there is no help for it, produces a supplementary manuscript, which proves that, whatever his doubt as to the artistic effect of a Final Chapter, he had foreseen that his audience would not be contented without one.

Randal Leslie, late at noon the day after he quitted Lansdowne Park, arrived on foot at his

father's house. He had walked all the way, and through the solitudes of the winter night; but he was not sensible of fatigue till the dismal home closed round him, with its air of hopeless ignoble poverty; and then he sunk upon the floor, feeling himself a ruin amidst the ruins. He made no disclosure of what had passed to his relations. Miserable man, there was not one to whom he could confide, or from whom he might hear the truths that connect repentance with consolation! After some weeks past in sullen and almost unbroken silence, he left as abruptly as he had appeared, and returned to London. The sudden death of a man like Egerton had even in those excited times created intense though brief sensation. The particulars of the election that had been given in detail in the provincial papers, were copied into the London journals; among those details, Randal Leslie's conduct in the Committee-room, with many an indignant comment on selfishness and ingratitude. The political world of all parties formed one of those judgments on the great man's poor dependent, which fix a stain upon the character, and place a barrier in the career of ambitious youth. The important personages who had once noticed Randal for Audley's sake, and who on their subsequent and not long deferred restoration to power, could have made his fortune, passed him in the streets without a nod. He did not venture to remind Avenel of the promise to aid him in another election for Lansmere, nor dream of filling up the vacancy which Egerton's death had created. He was too shrewd not to see that all hope of that borough was over;—he would have been hooted in the streets and pelted from the hustings. Forlorn in the vast metropolis as Leonard had once been, in his turn he loitered on the bridge, and gazed on the remorseless river. He had neither money nor connections—nothing save talents and knowledge to force his way back into the lofty world in which all had smiled on him before; and talents and knowledge, that had been exerted to injure a benefactor, made him but the more despised. But even now, Fortune, that had bestowed on the pauper heir of Rood advantages so numerous and so dazzling, out of which he had cheated himself, gave him, a chance, at least, of present independence, by which, with patient toil, he might have won, if not to the highest places, at least to a position in which he could have forced the world to listen to his explanations, and perhaps receive his excuses. The £5000 that Audley designed for him, and which, in a private memorandum, the statesman had entreated Harley to see safely rescued from the fangs of the law, were made over to Randal by Lord L'Estrange's solicitor; but this sum seemed to him so small after the loss of such gorgeous hopes, and the up-hill path seemed so slow after such short cuts to power, that Randal looked upon the unexpected bequest simply as an apology for adopting no profession. Stung to the quick by the contrast between his past and his present place in the En-

glish world, he hastened abroad.⁶ There, whether in distraction from thought, or from the curiosity of a restless intellect to explore the worth of things yet untried, Randal Leslie, who had hitherto been so dead to the ordinary amusements of youth, plunged into the society of damaged gamesters and third-rate *roués*. In this companionship his very talents gradually degenerated, and their exercise upon low intrigues and miserable projects but abased his social character, till, sinking step after step as his funds decayed, he finally vanished out of the sphere in which even prodigates still retain the habits, and cling to the *caste* of gentlemen. His father died; the neglected property of Rood devolved on Randal; but out of its scanty proceeds he had to pay the portions of his brother and sister, and his mother's jointure; the surplus left was scarcely visible in the executor's account. The hope of restoring the home and fortunes of his forefathers had long ceased. What were the ruined hall and its bleak wastes without that hope which had once dignified the wreck and the desert? He wrote from St. Petersburg, ordering the sale of the property. No one great proprietor was a candidate for the unpromising investment; it was sold in lots among small freeholders and retired traders. A builder bought the Hall for its materials. Hall, lands, and name were blotted out of the map and the history of the country.

The widow, Oliver, and Juliet removed to a provincial town in another shire. Juliet married an ensign in a marching regiment, and died of neglect after childbirth. Mrs. Leslie did not long survive her. Oliver added to his little fortune by marriage with the daughter of a retail tradesman, who had amassed a few thousand pounds. He set up a brewery, and contrived to live without debt, though a large family, and his own constitutional inertness, extracted from his business small profits and no savings. Nothing of Randal had been heard of for years after the sale of Rood, except that he had taken up his residence either in Australia or the United States; it was not known which, but presumed to be the latter. Still, Oliver had been brought up with so high a veneration of his brother's talents, that he cherished the sanguine belief that Randal would some day appear, wealthy and potent, like the uncle in a comedy; lift up the sunken family, and rear into graceful ladies and accomplished gentlemen the clumsy little boys and the vulgar little girls who now crowded round Oliver's dinner-table, with appetites altogether disproportioned to the size of the joints.

One winter day, when, from the said dinner-table wife and children had retired, and Oliver sate sipping his half-pint of bad port, and looking over unsatisfactory accounts, a thin terrier, lying on the threadbare rug by the niggard fire, sprang up and barked fiercely. Oliver lifted his dull blue eyes, and saw opposite to him, at the window, a human face. The face was pressed close to the panes, and was obscured by the haze which the breath of its lips drew forth from the frosty rime that had gathered on the glass.

Oliver, alarmed and indignant, supposing this intrusive spectator of his privacy to be some bold and lawless tramp, stepped out of the room, opened the front door, and bade the stranger go about his business; while the terrier, still more inhospitably yelped and snapped at the stranger's heels. Then a hoarse voice said, "Don't you know me, Oliver? I am your brother Randal! Call away your dog, and let me in." Oliver stared aghast—he could not believe his slow senses—he could not recognize his brother in the gaunt, grim apparition before him. But, at length, he came forward, gazed into Randal's face, and, grasping his hand in amazed silence, led him into the little parlor. Not a trace of the well-bred refinement, which had once characterized Randal's air and person, was visible. His dress bespoke the last stage of that terrible decay which is significantly called, the "shabby genteel." His mien was that of the skulking, timidous, famished vagabond. As he took off his greasy tattered hat, he exhibited, though still young in years, the signs of premature old age. His hair, once so fine and silken, was of a harsh iron gray, bald in ragged patches: his forehead and visage were plowed into furrows; intelligence was still in the aspect, but an intelligence that instinctively set you on your guard—sinister—gloomy—menacing.

Randal stopped short all questioning. He seized the small modicum of wine on the table, and drained it at a draught. "Pooh!" said he, "have you nothing that warms a man better than this?" Oliver, who felt as if under the influence of a frightful dream, went to a cupboard, and took out a bottle of brandy, three-parts full. Randal snatched at it eagerly, and put his lips to the neck of the bottle. "Ah," said he, after a short pause, "this comforts; now give me food." Oliver hastened himself to serve his brother; in fact, he felt ashamed that even the slip-shod maid-servant should see his visitor. When he returned with such provisions as he could extract from the larder, Randal was seated by the fire, spreading over the embers emaciated bony hands, like the talons of a vulture.

He devoured the cold meat set before him with terrible voracity, and nearly finished the spirits left in the bottle; but the last had no effect in dispersing his gloom. Oliver stared at him in fear—the terrier continued to utter a low, suspicious growl.

"You would know my history?" at length said Randal, bluntly. "It is short. I have tried for fortune and failed—I am without a penny and without a hope. You seem poor—I suppose you can not much help me. Let me at least stay with you for a time—I know not where else to look for bread and for shelter."

Oliver burst into tears, and cordially bade his brother welcome. Randal remained some weeks at Oliver's house, never stirring out of the doors, and not seeming to notice, though he did not scruple to use, the new habiliments which Oliver procured ready-made, and placed, without remark,

in his room. But his presence soon became intolerable to the mistress of the house, and oppressive even to its master. Randal, who had once been so abstemious that he had even regarded the most moderate use of wine as incompatible with clear judgment and vigilant observation, had contracted the habit of drinking spirits at all hours of the day; but though they sometimes intoxicated him into stupor, they never unlocked his heart, nor enlivened his sullen mood. If he observed less acutely than of old, he could still conceal just as closely. Mrs. Oliver Leslie, at first rather awed and taciturn, grew cold and repelling, then pert and sarcastic, at last undisguisedly and vulgarly rude. Randal made no retort; but his sneer was so galling that the wife flew at once to her husband and declared that either she or his brother must leave the house. Oliver tried to pacify and compromise, with partial success; and, a few days afterward, he came to Randal and said, timidly, "You see, my wife brought me nearly all I possess, and you don't condescend to make friends with her. Your residence here must be as painful to you as to me. But I wish to see you provided for; and I could offer you something—only it seems, at first glance so beneath—"

"Beneath what?" interrupted Randal, witheringly. "What I was—or what I am? Speak out!"

"To be sure you are a scholar; and I've heard you say fine things about knowledge and so forth; and you'll have plenty of books at your disposal. no doubt; and you are still young, and may rise—and—"

"Hell and torments! Be quick—say the worst or the best!" cried Randal, fiercely.

"Well, then," said poor Oliver, still trying to soften the intended proposal, "you must know that our sister's husband was nephew to Dr. Felpem, who keeps a very respectable school. He is not learned himself, and attends chiefly to arithmetic and book-keeping, and such matters—but he wants an usher to teach the classics; for some of the boys go to college. And I have written to him, just to sound—I did not mention your name till I knew if you would like it; but he will take my recommendation. Board—lodging—fifty pounds a year; in short, the place is yours if you like it."

Randal shivered from head to foot, and was long before he answered. "Well, be it so; I have come to that. Ha, ha! yes, knowledge is power!" he paused a few moments. "So the old Hall is razed to the ground, and you are a tradesman in a small country town, and my sister is dead, and I henceforth am—John Smith! You say that you did not mention my name to the school-master—still keep it concealed; forget that I once was a Leslie. Our tie of brotherhood ceases when I go from your hearth. Write, then, to your head master, who attends to arithmetic, and secure the rank of his usher in Latin and Greek for—John Smith."

Not many days afterward, the *protégé* of Audley Egerton entered on his duties as usher in one

of those large, cheap schools, which comprise a sprinkling of the sons of gentry and clergymen designed for the learned professions, with a far larger proportion of the sons of traders, intended some for the counting-house, some for the shop and the till. There, to this day, under the name of John Smith, lives Randal Leslie.

It is probably not pride alone that induces him to persist in that change of name, and makes him regard as perpetual the abandonment of the one that he took from his forefathers, and with which he had once identified his vaulting ambition; for shortly after he had quitted his brother's house, Oliver read in the weekly newspaper, to which he bounded his lore of the times in which he lived, an extract from an American journal, wherein certain mention was made of an English adventurer who, among other aliases, had assumed the name of Leslie—that extract caused Oliver to start, turn pale, look round, and thrust the paper into the fire. From that time he never attempted to violate the condition Randal had imposed on him—never sought to renew their intercourse, nor to claim a brother. Doubtless, if the adventurer thus signalized was the man Oliver suspected, whatever might be imputed to Randal's charge that could have paled a brother's cheek, it was none of the more violent crimes to which law is inexorable, but rather (in that progress made by ingratitude and duplicity, with Need and Necessity urging them on) some act of dishonesty, which may just escape from the law, to sink, without redemption, the name. However this be, there is nothing in Randal's present course of life which forebodes any deeper fall. He has known what it is to want bread, and his former restlessness subsides into cynic apathy.

He lodges in the town near the school, and thus the debasing habit of unsocial besotment is not brought under the eyes of his superior. The dram is his sole luxury—if it be suspected, it is thought to be his sole vice. He goes through the ordinary routine of tuition with average credit; his spirit of intrigue occasionally shows itself in attempts to conciliate the favor of the boys whose fathers are wealthy—who are born to higher rank than the rest; and he lays complicated schemes to be asked home for the holidays. But when the schemes succeed, and the invitation comes, he recoils and shrinks back—he does not dare to show himself on the borders of the brighter world he once hoped to sway; he fears that he may be discovered to be—a Leslie! On such days, when his task work is over, he shuts himself up in his room, locks the door, and drugs himself into insensibility.

Once he found a well-worn volume running the round of delighted school-boys—took it up, and recognized Leonard's earliest popular work, which had once seduced himself into pleasant thoughts and gentle emotions. He carried the book to his own lodgings—read it again; and when he returned it to its young owner, some of the leaves were stained with tears. Alas! perhaps but the maudlin tears of broken nerves, not of the awak-

ened soul—for the leaves smelt strongly of whisky. Yet, after that re-perusal, Randal Leslie turned suddenly to deeper studies than his habitual drudgeries required. He revived and increased his early scholarship; he chalked the outline of a work of great erudition, in which the subtlety of his intellect found field in learned and acute criticism. But he has never proceeded far in this work. After each irregular and spasmodic effort, the pen drops from his hand, and he mutters, "But to what end? I can never now raise a name. Why give reputation to—John Smith?"

Thus he drags on his life; and perhaps, when he dies, the fragments of his learned work may be discovered in the desk of the usher, and serve as hints to some crafty student, who may filch ideas and repute from the dead Leslie, as Leslie had filched them from the living Burley.

While what may be called poetical justice has thus evolved itself from the schemes in which Randal Leslie had wasted rare intellect in befogging his own fortunes, no outward signs of adversity evince the punishment of Providence on the head of the more powerful offender, Baron Levy. No fall in the Funds has shaken the sumptuous fabric, built from the ruined houses of other men. Baron Levy is still Baron Levy the *millionaire*; but I doubt if at heart he be not more acutely miserable than Randal Leslie, the usher. For Levy is a man who has admitted the fiercer passions into his philosophy of life; he has not the pale blood and torpid heart which allow the scotched adder to doze away its sense of pain. Just as old age began to creep upon the fashionable usurer, he fell in love with a young opera-dancer, whose light heels had turned the lighter heads of half the *élégans* of Paris and London. The craft of the dancer was proof against all lesser bribes than that of marriage; and Levy married her. From that moment his house, *Louis Quinze*, was more crowded than ever by the high-born dandies whose society he had long so eagerly courted. That society became his curse. The Baroness was an accomplished *coquette*; and Levy—with whom, as we have seen, jealousy was the predominant passion—was stretched on an eternal rack. His low estimate of human nature—his disbelief in the possibility of virtue—added strength to the agony of his suspicions, and provoked the very dangers he dreaded. His sole self-torturing task was that of the spy upon his own hearth. His banquets were haunted by a spectre; the attributes of his wealth were as the goad and the scourge of Nemesis. His gay cynic smile changed into a sulken scowl—his hair blanched into white—his eyes were hollow with one consuming care. Suddenly he left his costly house—left London, abjured all the society which it had been the joy of his wealth to purchase; buried himself and his wife in a remote corner of the provinces; and there he still lives. He seeks in vain to occupy his days with rural pursuits; he to whom the excitements of a metropolis, with all its corruption and its vices, were the sole sources of the turbid stream-

that he called "pleasure!" There, too, the fiend of jealousy still pursues him; he prowls round his demesnes with the haggard eye and furtive step of a thief; he guards his wife as a prisoner, for she threatens every day to escape. The life of the man who had opened the prison to so many is the life of a jailer. His wife abhors him, and does not conceal it; and still slavishly he dotes on her. Accustomed to the freest liberty—demanding applause and admiration as her rights—wholly uneducated, vulgar in mind, coarse in language, violent in temper—the beautiful Fury he has brought to his home makes that home a hell. Thus, what might seem to the superficial most enviable, is to their possessor most hateful. He dares not ask a soul to see how he spends his gold—he has shrunk into a mean and niggardly expenditure, and complains of reverse and poverty, in order to excuse himself to his wife for debarring her of the enjoyments which she anticipated from the Money-Bags she had married. A vague consciousness of retribution has awakened remorse, to add to his other stings. And the remorse coming from superstition, not religion—sent from below, not descending from above—brings with it none of the consolations of a genuine repentance. He never seeks to atone—never dreams of some redeeming good action. His riches flow around him, spreading wider and wider—out of his own reach.

The Count di Peschiera was not deceived in the calculations which had induced him to affect repentance, and establish a claim upon his kinsman. He received from the generosity of the Duke di Serrano an annuity not disproportioned to his rank, and no order from his court forbade his return to Vienna. But, in the very summer that followed his visit to Lansmere, his career came to an abrupt close. At Baden-Baden he paid court to a wealthy and accomplished Polish widow: and his fine person and terrible repute awed away all rivals save a young Frenchman, as daring as himself, and much more in love. A challenge was given and accepted. Peschiera appeared on the fatal ground, with his customary *sang-froid*, humming an opera air, and looking so diabolically gay that the Frenchman's nerves were affected in spite of his courage. And, the trigger going off before he had even taken aim, to his own ineffable astonishment, he shot the Count, through the heart, dead.

Beatrice di Negra lived for some years, after her brother's death, in strict seclusion, lodging within a convent—though she did not take the veil, as she at first proposed. In fact, the more she saw of the sisterhood, the more she found that human regrets and human passions (save in some rarely-gifted natures) find their way through the barred gates and over the lofty walls. Finally, she took up her abode in Rome, where she is esteemed for a life not only marked by strict propriety, but active benevolence. She can not be prevailed on to accept from the Duke more than a fourth of the annuity that had been bestowed on her brother; but she has few wants,

save those of charity; and when charity is really active, it can do so much with so little gold! She is not known in the gayer circles of the city; but she gathers around her a small society, composed chiefly of artists and scholars, and is never so happy as when she can aid some child of genius—more especially if his country be England.

The Squire and his wife still flourish at Hazeldean, where Captain Barnabas Higginbotham has taken up his permanent abode. The Captain is a confirmed hypochondriac, but he brightens up now and then when he hears of any illness in the family of Mr. Sharpe Currie, and is then heard to murmur, "If those seven sickly children should go off, I might still have very great—EXPECTATIONS." For the which he has been roundly scolded by the Squire, and gravely preached at by the Parson. Upon both, however, he takes his revenge in a fair and gentlemanlike way three times a week at the whist-table, the Parson no longer having the Captain as his constant partner, since a fifth now generally cuts in at the table—in the person of that old enemy and neighbor, Mr. Sticktorights. The Parson thus fighting his own battles unallied to the Captain, observes with melancholy surprise that there is a long run of luck against him, and that he does not win so much as he used to do. Fortunately that is the sole trouble—except Mrs. Dale's little tempers, to the which he is accustomed—that ever disturbs the serene tenor of the Parson's life. We must now explain how Mr. Sticktorights came to cut in at the Hazeldean whist-table. Frank has settled at the Casino with a wife who suits him exactly, and that wife was Miss Sticktorights. It was two years before Frank recovered the disappointment with which the loss of Beatrice saddened his spirits, but sobered his habits and awoke his reflection. An affection, however misplaced and ill requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man. Frank became steady and serious; and, on a visit to Hazeldean, met at a county ball Miss Sticktorights, and the two young persons were instantly attracted toward each other, perhaps by the very feud that had so long existed between their houses. The marriage settlements were nearly abandoned, at the last moment, by a discussion between the parents as to the Right of Way. But the dispute was happily appeased by Mr. Dale's suggestion, that as both properties would be united in the children of the proposed marriage, all cause for litigation would naturally cease, since no man would go to law with himself. Mr. Sticktorights and Mr. Hazeldean, however, agreed in the precaution of inserting a clause in the settlements (though all the lawyers declared that it could not be of any legal avail), by which it was declared that if, in default of heritable issue by the said marriage, the Sticktorights' estate devolved on some distant scion of the Sticktorights' family, the right of way from the wood across the waste land would still remain in the same state of delectable dispute in which it then stood. There seems, however, little chance of a lawsuit thus

providently bequeathed to the misery of distant generations—since two sons and two daughters are already playing at hide-and-seek on the terrace where Jackeymo once watered the orange trees, and in the Belvidere where Riccabocca had studied his Machiavel.

Riccabocca was long before he reconciled himself to the pomp of his principalities and his title of Duke. Jemima accommodated herself much more readily to greatness, but she retained all her native Hazeldean simplicity at heart, and is adored by the villagers around her, especially by the young of both sexes, whom she is always ready to marry and to portion;—convinced, long ere this, of the redeemable qualities of the male sex, by her reverence for the Duke, who continues to satirize women and wedlock, and deem himself—thanks to his profound experience of the one, and his philosophical endurance of the other—the only happy husband in the world. His chief amusement of late has been in educating the son with whom, according to his scientific prognostics, Jemima presented him shortly after his return to his native land. The sage began betimes with his Italian proverbs full of hard-hearted worldly wisdom, and the boy was scarce out of the hornbook before he was introduced to Machiavel. But somehow or other the simple goodness of the philosopher's actual life, with his high-wrought patrician sentiments of integrity and honor, so counteract the theoretical lessons, that the Heir of Serrano is little likely to be made more wise by the proverbs, or more wicked by the Machiavel, than those studies have practically made the progenitor, whose opinions his countrymen still shame with the title of "Alphonso the Good."

The Duke long cherished a strong curiosity to know what had become of Randal. He never traced the adventurer to his closing scene. But once (years before Randal had crept into his present shelter) in a visit of inspection to the hospital of Genos, the Duke, with his peculiar shrewdness of observation in all matters except those which concerned himself, was remarking to the officer in attendance, "that for one dull honest man, whom fortune drove to the hospital or the jail, he had found, on investigation of their antecedents, three sharp-witted knaves who had hitherto reduced themselves"—when his eye fell upon a man asleep in one of the sick wards, and recognizing the face, not then so changed as Oliver had seen it, he walked straight up and gazed upon Randal Leslie.

"An Englishman," said the official. "He was brought hither insensible, from a severe wound on the head, inflicted, as we discovered by a well-known *chevalier d'industrie*, who declared that the Englishman had outwitted and cheated him. That was not very likely, for a few crowns were all we could find on the Englishman's person, and he had been obliged to leave his lodgings for debt. He is recovering—but there is fever still."

The Duke gazed silently on the sleeper, who was tossing restlessly on his pallet, and muttering to

himself; then he placed his purse in the official's hand. "Give this to the Englishman," said he; "but conceal my name. It is true—it is true—the proverb is very true"—resumed the Duke, descending the stairs—"Più pelli di volpi che di asini vanno in Pelticciaria." (More hides of foxes than of asses find their way to the tanner's)

Dr. Morgan continues to prescribe globules for grief, and to minister infinitesimally to a mind diseased. Practicing what he prescribes, he swallows a globule of "caustic" whenever the sight of a distressed fellow-creature moves him to compassion—a constitutional tendency which, he is at last convinced, admits of no radical cure. For the rest, his range of patients has notably expanded; and under his sage care his patients unquestionably live as long—as Providence pleases. No allopathist can say more.

The death of poor John Burley found due place in the obituary of "literary men." Admirers, unknown before, came forward, and subscribed for a handsome monument to his memory in Kensall Green. They would have subscribed for the relief of his widow and children if he had left any. Writers in magazines thrived for some months on collections of his humorous sayings, anecdotes of his eccentricities, and specimens of the eloquence that had lightened through the tobacco-reek of tavern and club-room. Leonard ultimately made a selection from his scattered writings, which found place in standard libraries, though their subjects were either of too fugitive an interest, or treated in too capricious a manner, to do more than indicate the value of the ore had it been purified from its dross and subjected to the art of the mint. These specimens could not maintain their circulation as the coined money of Thought, but they were hoarded by collectors as rare curiosities. Alas, poor Burley!

The Pompleys sustained a pecuniary loss by the crash of a railway company, in which the Colonel had been induced to take several shares by one of his wife's most boasted "connections," whose estate the said railway proposed to traverse, on paying £400 an acre, in that golden age when railway companies respected the rights of property. The Colonel was no longer able, in his own country, to make both ends meet at Christmas. He is now straining hard to achieve that fest in Boulogne, and has in the process grown so red in the face, that those who meet him in his morning walk on the pier, bargaining for fish, shake their heads and say, "Old Pompley will go off in a fit of apoplexy; a great loss to our society; genteel people the Pompleys! and very highly 'connected'."

The vacancy created in the borough of Lansmere by Audley Egerton's death, was filled up by our old acquaintance Haveril Dashmore, who had unsuccessfully contested that seat on Egerton's first election. The naval officer was now an admiral, and perfectly reconciled to the constitution, with all its alloy of aristocracy.

Dick Avenel did not retire from Parliament so soon as he had anticipated. He was not able to

persuade Leonard, whose brief fever of political ambition was now quenched in the calm fountain of the Muse, to supply his place in the senate; and he felt that the house of Avenel needed one representative. He contrived, however, to devote, for the first year or two, much more of his time to his interests at Screwstown than to the affairs of his country, and succeeded in baffling the overcompetition to which he had been subjected, by taking the competitor into partnership. Having thus secured a monopoly at Screwstown, Dick, of course, returned with great ardor to his former enlightened opinions in favor of free trade. He remained some years in Parliament; and though far too shrewd to venture out of his depth as an orator, distinguished himself so much by his exposure of "humbug" on an important Committee, that he acquired a very high reputation as a man of business, and gradually became so in request among all members who moved for "Select Committees," that he rose into consequence; and Mrs. Avenel, courted for his sake, more than her own, obtained the wish of her heart, and was received as an acknowledged *habituée* into the circles of fashion. Amidst these circles, however, Dick found that his home entirely vanished; and when he came from the House of Commons, tired to death, at two in the morning, disgusted at hearing forever that Mrs. Avenel was not yet returned from some fine lady's ball, he formed a sudden resolution of cutting Parliament, Fashion, and London altogether; withdrew his capital, now very large, from his business; bought the remaining estates of Squire Thornhill; and his chief object of ambition is in endeavoring to coax or bully out of their holdings all the small freeholders round, who had subdivided among them, into poles and furlongs, the fated inheritance of Randal Leslie. An excellent justice of the peace, though more severe than your old family proprietors generally are; a spirited landlord, as to encouraging and making, at a proper percentage, all permanent improvements on the soil, but formidable to meet if the rent be not paid to the day, or the least breach of covenant be heedlessly incurred on a farm that he could let for more money; employing a great many hands in productive labor, but exacting rigorously from all the utmost degree of work at the smallest rate of wages which competition and the poor-rate permit; the young and robust in his neighborhood never stinted in work, and the aged and infirm, as lumber worn out, stowed away in the workhouse; Richard Avenel holds himself an example to the old race of landlords; and, taken altogether, is no very bad specimen of the rural civilizers whom the application of spirit and capital raise up in the new.

From the wrecks of Egerton's fortune, Harley, with the aid of his father's experience in business, could not succeed in saving, for the statesman's sole child and heir, more than a few thousand pounds; and but for the bonds and bills which, when meditating revenge, he had bought from Levy, and afterward thrown into the fire—pay-

ing dear for that detestable whistle—even this surplus would not have been forthcoming.

Harley privately paid out of his own fortune the £5000 Egerton had bequeathed to Leslie; perhaps not sorry, now that the stern duty of exposing the false wiles of the schemer was fulfilled, to afford some compensation even to the victim who had so richly deserved his fate; and pleased, though mournfully, to comply with the solemn request of the friend whose offense was forgotten in the remorseful memory of his own projects of revenge.

Leonard's birth and identity were easily proved, and no one appeared to dispute them. The balance due to him as his father's heir, together with the sum Avenel ultimately paid to him for the patent of his invention, and the dowry which Harley insisted upon bestowing on Helen, amounted to that happy competence which escapes alike the anxieties of poverty and (what to one of contemplative tastes and retired habits are often more irksome to bear) the show and responsibilities of wealth. His father's death made a deep impression upon Leonard's mind; but the discovery that he owed his birth to a statesman of so great a repute, and occupying a position in society so conspicuous, contributed not to confirm, but to still, the ambition which had for a short time diverted him from his more serene aspirations. He had no longer to win a rank which might equal Helen's. He had no longer a parent, whose affections might be best won through pride. The memories of his earlier peasant-life, and his love for retirement—in which habit confirmed the constitutional tendency—made him shrink from what a more worldly nature would have considered the enviable advantages of a name that secured the entrance into the loftiest sphere of our social world. He wanted not that name to assist his own path to a rank far more durable than that which kings can confer. And still he retained in the works he had published, and still he proposed to bestow on the works more ambitious that he had, in leisure and competence, the facilities to design with care, and complete with patience, the name he had himself invented, and linked with the memory of the low-born mother. Therefore, though there was some wonder, in drawing-rooms and clubs, at the news of Egerton's first unacknowledged marriage, and some curiosity expressed as to what the son of that marriage might do—and great men were prepared to welcome, and fine ladies to invite and bring out, the heir to the statesman's grave repute—yet wonder and curiosity soon died away; the repute soon passed out of date, and its heir was soon forgotten. Politicians who fall short of the highest renown are like actors; no applause is so vivid while they are on the stage—no oblivion so complete when the curtain falls on the last farewell.

Leonard saw a fair tomb rise above Nora's grave, and on the tomb was engraved the word of *WIFE*, which vindicated her beloved memory. He felt the warm embrace of Nora's mother, no longer ashamed to own her grandchild; and even

old John was made sensible that a secret weight of sorrow was taken from his wife's stern silent heart. Leaning on Leonard's arm, the old man gazed wistfully on Nora's tomb, and muttering—"Egerton! Egerton! 'Leonora, the first wife of the Right Honorable Audley Egerton!' Ha! I voted for him. She married the right color. Is that the date? Is it so long since she died? Well, well! I miss her sadly. But wife says we shall both now see her soon; and wife once thought we should never see her again—never; but I always knew better. Thank you, sir. I'm a poor creature, but these tears don't pain me—quite otherwise. I don't know why, but I'm very happy. Where's my old woman? She does not mind how much I talk about Nora now. Oh, there she is! Thank you, sir, humbly; but I'd rather lean on my old woman—I'm more used to it; and—wife, when shall we go to Nora?"

Leonard had brought Mrs. Fairfield to see her parents, and Mrs. Avenel welcomed her with unlooked-for kindness. The name inscribed upon Nora's tomb softened the mother's heart to her surviving daughter. As poor John had said—"She could now talk about Nora;" and in that talk, she and the child she had so long neglected, discovered how much they had in common. So when, shortly after his marriage with Helen, Leonard went abroad, Jane Fairfield remained with the old couple. After their death, which was within a day of each other, she refused, perhaps from pride, to take up her residence with Leonard, but she settled near the home which he subsequently found in England. Leonard remained abroad for some years. A quiet observer of the various manners and intellectual development of living races—a rapt and musing student of the monuments that revive the dead—his experience of mankind grew large in silence, and his perceptions of the Sublime and Beautiful brightened into tranquil art under their native skies.

On his return to England he purchased a small house amidst the most beautiful scenes of Devonshire, and there patiently commenced a work in which he designed to bequeath to his country his noblest thoughts in their fairest forms. Some men best develop their ideas by constant exercise; their thoughts spring from their brain ready-armed, and seek, like the fabled goddess, to take constant part in the wars of men. And such are, perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and lofty writers; but Leonard did not belong to this class. Sweetness and serenity were the main characteristics of his genius; and these were deepened by his profound sense of his domestic happiness. To wander alone with Helen by the banks of the murmurous river—to gaze with her on the deep still sea—to feel that his thoughts, even when most silent, were comprehended by the intuition of love, and reflected on that translucent sympathy so yearned for and so rarely found by poets—these were the Sabbaths of his soul, necessary to fit him for its labors: For the Writer has this advantage over other men, that his re-

pose is not indolence. His duties, rightly fulfilled, are discharged to earth and men in other capacities than those of action. If he is not seen among those who act, he is all the while maturing some noiseless influence, which will guide or illumine, civilize or elevate, the restless men whose noblest actions are but the obedient agencies of the thoughts of writers. Call not then the Poet, whom we place amid the Varieties of Life, the sybarite of literary ease, if, returning on summer eves, with Helen's light footstep by his musing side, he greets his sequestered home, with its trellised flowers smiling out from amid the lonely cliffs in which it was embedded;—while lovers still, though wedded long, they turn to each other, with such deep joy in their speaking eyes, grateful that the world, with its various distractions and noisy conflicts, lay so far from their actual existence—only united to them by the happy link that the writer weaves invisibly with the hearts that he moves and the souls that he inspires. No! Character and circumstance alike unfitted Leonard for the strife of the thronged literary democracy; they led toward the development of the gentler and purer portions of his nature—to the gradual suppression of the more combative and turbulent. The influence of the happy light under which his genius so silently and calmly grew, was seen in the exquisite harmony of its colors, rather than the gorgeous diversities of their glow. His contemplation, intent upon objects of peaceful beauty, and undisturbed by rude anxieties and vehement passions, suggested only kindred reproductions to the creative faculty by which it was vivified; so that the whole man was not only a poet, but, as it were, a poem—a living idyl, calling into pastoral music every reed that sighed and trembled along the stream of life. And Helen was so suited to a nature of this kind, she so guarded the ideal existence in which it breathes! All the little cares and troubles of the common practical life she appropriated so quietly to herself—the stronger of the two, as should be a poet's wife, in the necessary household virtues of prudence and forethought. Titus, if the man's genius made the home a temple, the woman's wisdom gave to the temple the security of a fortress. They have only one child—a girl; they call her Nora. She has the father's soul-lit eyes, and the mother's warm human smile. She assists Helen in the morning's noiseless domestic duties; she sits in the evening at Leonard's feet, while he reads or writes. In each light grief of childhood she steals to the mother's knee, but in each young impulse of delight, or each brighter flash of progressive reason, she springs to the father's breast. Sweet Helen, thou hast taught her this, taking to thyself the shadows even of thine infant's life, and leaving to thy partner's eyes only its rosy light!

But not here shall this picture of Helen close. Even the Ideal can only complete its purpose by connection with the Real. Even in solitude the writer must depend upon Mankind.

Leonard at last has completed the work, which

has been the joy and the labor of so many years—the work which he regards as the flower of all his spiritual being, and to which he has committed all the hopes that unite the creature of to-day with the generations of the future. The work has gone through the press, each line lingered over with the elaborate patience of the artist, loth to part with the thought he has sculptured into form while an improving touch can be imparted by the chisel. He has accepted an invitation from Norreys. In the restless excitement (strange to him since his first happy maiden effort), he has gone to London. Unrecognized in the huge metropolis, he has watched to see if the world acknowledge the new tie he has woven between its busy life and his secluded toil. And the work came out in an unpropitious hour; other things were occupying the public; the world was not at leisure to heed him, and the book did not penetrate into the great circle of readers. But a savage critic has seized on it, and mangled, distorted, deformed it, confounding together defect and beauty in one mocking ridicule; and the beauties have not yet found an exponent, nor the defects a defender; and the publisher shakes his head, points to groaning shelves, and delicately hints that the work which was to be the epitome of the sacred life within life, does not hit the taste of the day. Leonard thinks over the years that his still labor has cost him, and knows that he has exhausted the richest mines of his intellect, and that long years will elapse before he can recruit that capital of ideas which is necessary to sink new shafts and bring to light fresh ore; and the deep despondency of intellect, frustrated in its highest aims, has seized him, and all he has before done is involved in failure by the defeat of the crowning effort. Failure, and irrecoverable, seems his whole ambition as writer; his whole existence in the fair Ideal seems to have been a profitless dream, and the face of the Ideal itself is obscured. And even Norreys frankly, though kindly, intimates that the life of a metropolis is essential to the healthful intuition of a writer in the intellectual wants of his age. For every great writer supplies a want in his own generation, for some feeling to be announced, some truth to be revealed; and as this maxim is generally sound, as most great writers have lived in cities, Leonard dares not dwell on the exceptions; it is only success that justifies the attempt to be an exception to the common rule; and with the blunt manhood of his nature, which is not a poet's, Norreys sums up with "What then? One experiment has failed; fit your life to your genius, and try again." Try again! Easy counsel enough to the man of ready resource and quick combative mind; but to Leonard, how hard and how harsh! "Fit his life to his genius!"—renounce Contemplation and Nature for the jostle of Oxford Street!—would that life not scare away the genius forever? Perplexed and despondent, though still struggling for fortitude, he returns to his home, and there at his hearth awaits the Soother, and there is the voice that repeats the passages most beloved, and prophesies

so confidently of future fame; and gradually all around smiles from the smile of Helen. And the profound conviction that Heaven places human happiness beyond the reach of the world's contempt or praise, circulates through his system and restores its serene calm. And he feels that the duty of the intellect is to accomplish and perfect itself—to harmonize its sounds into music that may be heard in heaven, though it wake not an echo on the earth. If this be done, as with some men, best amid the din and the discord, be it so; if, as with him, best in silence, be it so too. And the next day he reclines with Helen by the sea-shore, gazing calmly as before on the measureless sunlit ocean; and Helen, looking into his face, sees that it is sunlit as the deep. His hand steals within her own, in the gratitude that endears beyond the power of passion and he murmurs gently, "Blessed be the woman who consolers."

The work found its way at length into fame, and the fame sent its voices loud to the poet's home. But the applause of the world had not a sound so sweet to his ear, as, when in doubt, humiliation, and sadness, the lips of his Helen had whispered, "Hope! and believe."

Side by side with this picture of Woman the Consoler, let me place the companion sketch. Harley L'Estrange, shortly after his marriage with Violante, had been induced, whether at his bride's persuasions, or to dissipate the shadow with which Egerton's death still clouded his wedded felicity, to accept a temporary mission. half-military, half-civil, to one of our colonies. On this mission he had evinced so much ability, and achieved so signal a success, that on his return to England he was raised to the peerage, while his father yet lived to rejoice that the son who would succeed to his honors had achieved the nobler dignity of honors not inherited but won. High expectations were formed of Harley's parliamentary success; but he saw that such success, to be durable, must found itself on the knowledge of wearisome details, and the study of that practical business which jarred on his tastes, though it suited his talents. Harley had been indolent for so many years—and there is so much to make indolence captivating to a man whose rank is secured, who has nothing to ask from fortune, and who finds at his home no cares from which he seeks a distraction;—so he laughed at ambition in the whim of his delightful humors, and the expectations formed from his diplomatic triumph died away. But then came one of those political crises, in which men ordinarily indifferent to politics rouse themselves to the recollection that the experiment of legislation is not made upon dead matter, but the living form of a noble country. And in both Houses of Parliament the strength of party is put forth. It was a lovely day in spring, and Harley was seated by the window of his old room at Knightsbridge—now glancing to the lively green of the budding trees—now idling with Nero, who, though in canine old age, enjoys the sun like his master

—now repeating to himself, as he turns over the leaves of his favorite Horace, some of those lines that make the shortness of life the excuse for seizing its pleasures and eluding its fatigues, which form the staple morality of the polished epicurean—and Violante (into what glorious beauty her maiden bloom has matured!) comes softly into the room, seats herself on a low stool beside him, leaning her face on her hands, and looking up at him through her dark, clear, spiritual eyes; and, as she continues to speak, gradually a change comes over Harley's aspect—gradually the brow grows thoughtful, and the lips lose their playful smile. There is no hateful assumption of the would-be "superior woman"—no formal remonstrance, no lecture, no homily which grates upon masculine pride, but the high theme and the eloquent words elevate unconsciously of themselves, and the Horace is laid aside—a Parliamentary Blue Book has been, by some marvel or other, conjured there in its stead—and Violante now moves away as softly as she entered. Harley's hand detains her.

"Not so. Share the task, or I quit it. Here is an extract I condemn you to copy. Do you think I would go through this labor if you were not to halve the success?—halve the labor as well!"

And Violante, overjoyed, kisses away the implied rebuke, and sits down to work, so demure and so proud, by his side, I do not know if Harley made much way in the Blue Book that morning; but a little time after, he spoke in the Lords, and surpassed all that the most sanguine had hoped from his talents. The sweetness of fame and the consciousness of utility once fully tasted, Harley's consummation of his proper destinies was secure. A year later, and his voice was one of the influences of England. His boyish love of glory revived; no longer vague and dreamy, but ennobled into patriotism, and strengthened into purpose. And one evening, after a signal triumph, when his father returned home with him, and Violante—who, all lovely, all brilliant though she was, never went forth in her lord's absence, to lower, among sops and flatterers, the dignity of the name she so aspired to raise—sprang to meet him. Harley's eldest son—a boy yet in the nursery—had been kept up later than usual; perhaps Violante had anticipated her husband's triumph, and wished the son to share it. The old Earl beckoned the child to him, and, laying his hand on the infant's curly locks, said, with unusual seriousness:

"My boy, you may see troubled times in England before these hairs are as gray as mine; and your stake in England's honor and peace will be great. Heed this hint from an old man who had no talents to make a noise in the world, but who yet has been of some use in his generation. Neither sounding titles, nor wide lands, nor fine abilities will give you real joy, unless you hold yourself responsible for all to your God and to your country; and when you are tempted to believe that the gifts you may inherit from

both entail no duties, or that duties are at war with true pleasure, remember how I placed you in your father's arms, and said, 'Let him be as proud of you some day, as I at this hour am of him.' "

The boy clung to his father's breast, and said, manfully, "I will try!" Harley bent his fair, smooth brow over the young earnest face, and said, softly, "Your mother speaks in you!"

Then the old Countess, who had remained silent and listening on her elbow chair, rose and kissed the Earl's hand reverently. Perhaps in that kiss there was the repentant consciousness how far the active goodness she had often secretly undervalued had exceeded, in its fruits, her own cold unproductive powers of will and mind. Then, passing on to Harley, her brow grew elate, and the pride returned to her eye.

"At last," she said, laying on his shoulder that light firm hand, from which he no longer shrank—"at last, O my noble son, you have fulfilled all the promise of your youth!"

"If so," answered Harley, "it is because I have found what I then sought in vain." He drew his arm around Violante, and added, with half-tender, half-solemn smile—"Blessed is the woman who exalts!"

So, symbolized forth in these twin and fair flowers which Eve saved for Earth out of Paradise, each with the virtue to heal or to strengthen, stored under the leaves that give sweets to the air;—here, soothing the heart when the world brings the trouble—here recruiting the soul which our sloth or our senses enervate, leave we Woman, at least, in the place Heaven assigns to her amidst the multiform "Varieties of Life."

Farewell to thee, gentle Reader; and go forth to the world, O MY NOVEL!

THE LIVING AUTHORS OF ENGLAND. *

BY SIR ARCHIBALD ALLISON.*

MACAULAY.

MACAULAY, as an essayist early began to give tokens of the vast and deserved reputation which he afterward acquired. Nature had singled him out for a great man: she had impressed the signet mark of genius on his mind. Endowed with vast powers of application and an astonishing memory, an accomplished scholar and erudite antiquarian, he had, at the same time, the brilliant genius which can apply the stores of learning to useful purposes, and the moving eloquence which can render them permanently attractive to mankind. It is hard to say whether his poetry, his speeches in Parliament, or his more brilliant essays, are the most charming; each has raised him to very great eminence, and would be sufficient to constitute the reputation of any ordinary man. That he was qualified to have taken a very high place in

* From the *History of Europe from 1815 to 1832, &c.*, by Sir ARCHIBALD ALLISON, just published by Harper and Brothers.

oratory, is proved by many of his speeches in the House of Commons, particularly those on the Reform Bill. that he was a brilliant essayist will be doubted by none who have read his reviews of *Lord Clive* and *Warren Hastings*, perhaps the most perfect compositions of the kind in the English language: that he was imbued with the very soul of poetry is sufficiently evinced by his "Battle of the Lake Regillus," and his moving "Legends of Rome." Rarely, indeed, does a single mind exhibit a combination of such remarkable and opposite qualities. But perfection was never yet given to a child of Adam, and the traces of the weakness common to all may be discerned in him in the very brilliancy of the qualities which render him so attractive. His imagination often snatches the reins from his reason; his ardor dims his equanimity. His views, always ingenuous, generally eloquently supported, are not uniformly just; his powers as a rhetorician sometimes make him forget his duties as a judge; he is too often splendid rather than impartial. The reader will never fail to be interested by his narrative; but he is not equally certain to be instructed: the impression left, however brilliant, is often fallacious; and the fascinating volume is often closed with regret that the first pleader at the bar of posterity has not yet been raised to the bench. Genius the most transcendent, eloquence the most captivating, graphic power the most brilliant, shine forth in all his pages, united to learning the most extensive, and research the most unweared. It is this combination of the imaginative with the laborious qualities, of the flights of fancy with the solidity of information, which renders his works so remarkable, and in that respect unrivaled in modern literature. If their calmness of judgment and impartiality of statement were equal to their profusion of learning and brilliancy of style, they would be without a parallel in modern historical literature. His mind is not merely poetical but systematic, and where not influenced by the zeal of a partisan, no one can exhibit more of the wisdom of a statesman, or the far-seeing glance of a philosopher. Unfortunately, however the ardor of his mind has sometimes disturbed its equanimity; his learning is greater than his impartiality, his power of description than his equity of judgment. He has given, so far as he has yet gone, the most brilliant and fascinating, but not the most trustworthy or impartial history in the English language. It is not by the allegations of any thing which is erroneous or can be disproved by authentic evidence, so much as by keeping out of view what is equally true but adverse to the side which he has espoused, that this is done. He is more a brilliant barrister than an upright judge. Instances of this disposition appear in many parts of his writings. His style, always condensed and pregnant, is sometimes labored; his ideas often succeed each other too rapidly; the mind of the reader can scarcely keep pace with the rapidity of thought in the writer. Filled to repletion with a succession of striking

thoughts and brilliant images, the student of his History sometimes sighs for the repose, even the tedium, of ordinary narrative. The immortal episodes of Livy owe much of their charm to the simplicity of the narrative with which they are environed; the fascination of Scottish scenery is heightened by the long tracts of dusky moor which separate its sequestered glens and glassy lakes.

JAMES.

If Mr. James's works have not all equal merit, and frequent repetition of images and scenes is to be found in them, they are entirely exempt from many of the blemishes which disfigure some of those of his contemporaries which, in the outset, have acquired greater popularity. There is a constant appeal in his brilliant pages not only to the pure and generous, but to the elevated and noble sentiments; he is imbued with the very soul of chivalry, and all his stories turn on the final triumph of those who are influenced by such feelings over such as are swayed by selfish or base desire. He possesses great pictorial powers, and a remarkable facility of turning his graphic pen at will to the delineation of the most distant and opposite scenes, manners, and social customs. His best novels—*Attila*, *Philip Augustus*, *Mary of Burgundy*, and the *Robbers*—must ever hold a very high place in English literature. In his works may be discerned the varied capabilities of the HISTORICAL ROMANCE of which Sir Walter Scott was the great founder, and which has so immensely augmented both the interest and utility of works of imagination, by at once extending the sphere of their scenes and rendering them the vehicles of information as well as amusement. Not a word or a thought which can give pain to the purest heart ever escaped from his pen; and the mind wearied with the cares, and grieved at the selfishness of the world, reverts with pleasure to his varied compositions, which carry it back, as it were, to former days, and portray, perhaps in too brilliant colors, the ideas and manners of the olden time. But, with these great and varied merits, he can not be placed in the first rank of romance writers; he wants the chief qualities requisite for its attainment. He has no dramatic powers: his dialogue is seldom brilliant, often tedious, and totally deficient in the brevity and antithesis which is the very soul of conversational success. His mind is pictorial more than reflecting, his descriptions rather of external objects than internal feelings. It is in the last, however, that the greatest charm of romance is to be found: it is not so much by describing physical nature as by reopening the fountains of tenderness, which once have gushed forth in every bosom, that the wand of the intellectual magician, like that of Moses, refreshes the soul, wearied amidst the wilderness of life, and carries it back, perhaps only for a few minutes, to the brightest moments on which memory can dwell.

BULWER.

If the romances of Mr. James are deficient in the delineation of the secret feelings that dwell

in the recesses of the heart, the same can not be said of the next great novelist whose genius has adorned English literature. In the highest qualities required in this branch of composition, Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON stands pre-eminent, and entitled to a place beside Scott himself, at the very head of the prose writers of works of imagination in our country. Born of a noble family, the inheritor of ancestral halls of uncommon splendor and interest, he has received from his Norman forefathers the qualities which rendered them noble. No man was ever more thoroughly imbued with the elevated thoughts, the chivalrous feelings, which are the true mark of patrician blood; and which, however they may be admired by others, never perhaps exist in such purity as in those who, like the Arab steeds of high descent, can trace their pedigree back through a long series of ancestors. In delineating the passion of love, and unfolding its secret feelings, as well in his own as the opposite sex, he is unrivaled in English literature; Madame de Staél herself has not portrayed it with greater truth or beauty. In that respect he is greatly superior to Scott, who cared little for sentiment, and when he did paint the tender feelings, did so from their external symptoms, and from the observation of others only. Bulwer would seem to have drawn his pictures from a much truer and wider source—his own experience. He describes so powerfully and so well because he has felt so deeply. There is no portrait so faithful as that which is drawn by a great master of himself. *Ricci* is one of the most perfect historical romances—*Godolphin* and *Ernest Maltravers* among the most interesting and charming novels in the English language. Nor is he only remarkable as a novel-writer—he is at the same time a successful poet and dramatist. He has inhaled the kindred spirit of Schiller in the translation of his ballads. His *Timon* is by far the most brilliant satire, his plays the most popular dramatic compositions, of the age in which he lives.

If some of his other works are not of equal merit, it is only the usual fate of genius to be more happy in some conceptions than in others. In all, the marks of deep reflection and profound thought are to be seen, as well as great observation of, and power in delineating character. A more serious defect is to be found in the occasional choice of his subject, and the charms with which his magic pencil has sometimes environed vice. The greatest admirer of his genius can not but feel surprised that he should have chosen as the heroine of one of his novels a woman who commits three murders, including that of her own husband and son; or regret that one so capable of charming the world by pictures of romance in its most elevated form, should ever have exerted his powers on the description of low life, or characters and scenes of the most shocking depravity. It is true he never makes licentiousness in the end successful, and the last impression in his works, as well as innumerable exquisite reflections, are all on the side of virtue;

but in intermediate stages it appears often so attractive that no final catastrophe can counteract the previous impression. Every one knows that this is no more than what occurs in real life; but that is just the reason why additional force should not be given to it by the chawms of imagination. It is true painting requires contrast, and the mixture of light and shade is requisite to bring out the forms and illustrate the beauty of nature; but the painter of the mind, not less than material objects, would do well to recollect the rule of Titian, that the greater part of every picture should be in mezzotinto, and a small portion only in deep shade.

DISRAELI.

Disraeli, long known as a brilliant satirist and romance-writer, before he was elevated to the lead of the House of Commons, is an author different from either Mr. James or Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, but with merits of a very high description. He is not feudal and pictorial, like the first—nor profound and tender, like the last; he is more political and discursive than either. He has great powers of description, an admirable talent for dialogue, and remarkable force, as well as truth, in the delineation of character. His novels are constructed, so far as the story goes, on the true dramatic principles, and the interest sustained with true dramatic effect. His mind is essentially of a reflecting character; his novels are, in a great degree, pictures of public men or parties in political life. He has many strong opinions—perhaps some singular prepossessions—and his imaginative works are, in a great degree, the vehicle for their transmission. To any one who studies them with attention, it will not appear surprising that he should be even more eminent in public life than in the realms of imagination; that the brilliant author of *Contarini* should be the dreaded debater in the House of Commons—of *Vivian Grey*, the able and lucid Chancellor of the Exchequer. His career affords a striking example of the truth of Dr. Johnson's observation, that what is usually called particular genius, is nothing but strong natural parts accidentally turned into one direction; and that when nature has conferred powers of the highest description, chance or supreme direction alone determines what course their possessor is to follow.

DICKENS.

The strong turn which romance and novel-writing, in the first half of the nineteenth century, took to the delineation of high life, with its charms, its vices, and its follies, naturally led to a reaction, and a school arose, the leaders of which, discarding all attempts at patrician painting, aimed at the representation of the manners, customs, ideas, and habits of middle and low life. The field thus opened was immense, and great abilities were early turned to its cultivation. At the very head of this school, both in point of time and talents, must be placed Mr. DICKENS, whose works early rose into great, it may be said, unexampled celebrity. That they possess very high merits, is obvious from this circum-

stance. No one ever commands, even for a time, the suffrages of the multitude without the possession, in some respects at least, of remarkable powers. Nor is it difficult to see what, in Mr. Dickens' case, these powers are. To extraordinary talents for the delineation of the manners and ideas of middle life, and a thorough acquaintance with them in all their stages below the highest, he unites a feeling and sensitive heart, a warm interest in social happiness and improvement, and most remarkable powers for the pathetic. To this must be added, that he is free from the principal defects of the writers who have preceded him in the same line, and which have now banished their works from our drawing-rooms. Though treating of the same subjects and grades in society, he has none of the indelicacy of our older novelists. We see in him the talent of Fielding, without his indecency—the humor of Smollett, without his grossness. These brilliant qualities, joined to the novelty and extent of the field on which he entered, early secured for him a vast circulation and wide-spread reputation. It was founded on more than the merit, great as it was, of the author—selfish feelings in the readers combined with genius in the writer in working out his success. The great and the affluent rejoiced in secret at beholding the manners of the middle class so graphically drawn. To them it was a new world: it had the charm of foreign traveling. They said in their inmost hearts, "How different they are from us!" The middle class were equally charmed with the portrait; every one recognized in it the picture of his neighbor—none of himself.

SAMUEL WARREN.

Mr. Warren has taken a lasting place among the imaginative writers of this period of English history. He possesses, in a remarkable manner, the tenderness of heart and vividness of feeling, as well as powers of description, which are essential to the delineation of the pathetic, and which, when existing in the degree in which he enjoys them, fill his pages with scenes which can never be forgotten. His *Diary of a Physician* and *Ten Thousand a Year* are a proof of this; they are, and chiefly for this reason, among the most popular works of imagination that this age has produced. Mr. Warren, like so many other romance-writers of the age, has often filled his canvas with pictures of middle and humble life to an extent which those whose taste is fixed on the elevating and the lofty will not altogether approve. But that is the fault of the age rather than the man. It is amply redeemed, even in the eyes of those who regard it as a blemish, by the gleams of genius which shine through the dark clouds of melancholy with which his conceptions are so often invested—by the exquisite pathetic scenes with which they abound—and the pure and ennobling objects to which his compositions, even when painting ordinary life, are uniformly directed.

CARLYLE.

Carlyle is the object of impassioned admira-

tion, not only to a large class of readers, but to many whose taste and acquirements entitle their opinions to the very highest respect. Nature has impressed upon his mind the signet-mark of genius. A sure test of it is, that there is perhaps no writer of the age who has made so many original and profound remarks, or ones which strike you so much when transplanted into the comparatively commonplace pages of ordinary writers. But it is to his detached and isolated thoughts that this high praise chiefly applies; as a whole, his ideas are not calculated to command equal respect, at least with the generality of men. He is essentially a "Hero-worshiper," and the defects as well as the merits of that disposition are strongly marked in his writings. He has made strenuous efforts to glorify several doubtful, and write down several celebrated characters recorded in history; and that is always a perilous attempt;—for the voice of ages arising from the general opinion and experience of men is, in the ordinary case, founded in truth; and the author who attempts to gainsay it, runs the risk, when "he meant to commit murder, of only committing suicide." Mr. Carlyle has great powers in the delineation of the terrible and the pathetic; numerous instances of both in his history of the French Revolution, will immediately recur to the recollection of every reader. But his style, founded upon an unbounded admiration and undue imitation of the German idiom, appears often harsh and discordant to the reader; and this peculiarity will probably prevent his writings from ever acquiring the popularity of standard works with the great body of English readers.

CHALMERS.

Chalmers, though his name is attached to no work commensurate to the great fame he enjoyed during his life, has made a vast impression on the minds of his countrymen, and deservedly earned a high place in the bright assembly of Scottish Worthies. He was gifted with very great natural powers, which had been scattered rather than condensed by the style of education then generally given in his country. He was not very learned; his information was various rather than extensive on any one subject; and we shall look in vain in his writings for those stores of erudition, which, when brought forth by genius, and arranged by philosophy, form the only true foundation for lasting fame in the mental or social concerns of men. But Chalmers, notwithstanding, was a great man. Within the limits which nature or education had prescribed to him, he did great things. The fervor of his mind, the brilliancy of his genius, overcame every obstacle, supplied every deficiency, at least for the purposes of present gratification to his audience or his readers. His oratorical powers were very great—greater, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. No one so entirely thrilled the hearts of his audience, or swept away every mind in one irresistible burst of common emotion. His judgment, however, was not so strong as his fancy; his opinions are not to be so implicitly relied on as his genius is to be admired. If his writings,

however, often do not materially inform the understanding, or safely regulate the judgment, they never fail to charm the imagination, and move the feelings by the fervent piety, benevolent spirit, and enlarged understanding which they evince, and the brilliant eloquence in which they are always couched.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—INTERLOPERS.

NOW do these two gentlemen not very neat about the cuffs and buttons, who attended the last Coroner's Inquest at the Sol's Arms, reappear in the precincts with surprising swiftness (being, in fact, breathlessly fetched by the active and intelligent beadle), and institute perquisitions through the court, and dive into the Sol's parlor, and write with ravenous little pens on tissue-paper. Now do they note down, in the watches of the night, how the neighborhood of Chancery Lane was yesterday, at about midnight, thrown into a state of the most intense agitation and excitement by the following alarming and horrible discovery. Now do they set forth how it will doubtless be remembered, that some time back a painful sensation was created in the public mind, by a case of mysterious death from opium occurring in the first floor of the house occupied as a rag, bottle, and general marine store-shop, by an eccentric individual of intertemperate habits, far advanced in life, named Krook; and how, by a remarkable coincidence, Krook was examined at the inquest, which, it may be recollectcd, was held on that occasion at the Sol's Arms, a well-conducted tavern, immediately adjoining the premises in question, on the west side, and licensed to a highly respectable landlord, Mr. James George Bogsby. Now do they show (in as many words as possible), how during some hours of yesterday evening a very peculiar smell was observed by the inhabitants of the court, in which the tragical occurrence which forms the subject of that present account transpired; and which odor was at one time so powerful, that Mr. Swills, a comic vocalist, professionally engaged by Mr. J. G. Bogsby, has himself stated to our reporter that he mentioned to Miss M. Melvilleton, a lady of some pretensions to musical ability, likewise engaged by Mr. J. G. Bogsby to sing at a series of concerts called Harmonic Assemblies or Meetings, which it would appear are held at the Sol's Arms, under Mr. Bogsby's direction, pursuant to the Act of George the Second, that he (Mr. Swills) found his voice seriously affected by the impure state of the atmosphere; his jocose expression, at the time, being, "that he was like an empty post-office, for he hadn't a single note in him." How this account of Mr. Swills is entirely corroborated by two intelligent married females residing in the same court, and known respectively by the names of Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins; both of whom observed the festid effluvia, and regarded them as being emitted from the pre-

mises in the occupation of Krook, the unfortunate deceased. All this and a great deal more, the two gentlemen, who have formed an amicable partnership in the melancholy catastrophe, write down on the spot; and the boy population of the court (out of bed in a moment) swarm up the shutters of the Sol's Arm's parlor, to behold the tops of their heads while they are about it.

The whole court, adult as well as boy, is sleepless for that night, and can do nothing but wrap up its many heads, and talk of the ill-fated house, and look at it. Miss Flite has been bravely rescued from her chamber, as if it were in flames, and accommodated with a bed at the Sol's Arms. The Sol neither turns off its gas nor shuts its door, all night; for any kind of public excitement makes good for the Sol, and causes the court to stand in need of comfort. The house has not done so much in the stomachic article of cloves, or in brandy and water warm, since the Inquest. The moment the potboy heard what had happened, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves tight to his shoulders, and said, "There'll be a run upon us!" In the first outery, Young Piper dashed off for the fire-engines; and returned in triumph at a jolting gallop, perched up aloft on the Phoenix, and holding on to that fabulous creature with all his might, in the midst of helmets and torches. One helmet remains behind, after careful investigation of all chinks and crannies; and slowly paces up and down before the house, in company with one of the two policemen who have been likewise left in charge thereof. To this trio, every body in the court, possessed of sixpence, has an insatiate desire to exhibit hospitality in a liquid form.

Mr. Weevle and his friend Mr. Guppy are within the bar at the Sol, and are worth any thing to the Sol that the bar contains, if they will only stay there. "This is not a time," says Mr. Bogsby, "to haggle about money," though he looks something sharply after it, over the counter; "give your orders, you two gentlemen, and you're welcome to whatever you put a name to."

Thus entreated, the two gentlemen (Mr. Weevle especially) put names to so many things, that in course of time they find it difficult to put a name to any thing quite distinctly; though they still relate, to all new-comers, some version of the night they have had of it, and of what they said, and what they thought, and what they saw. Meanwhile, one or other of the policemen often fits about the door, and, pushing it open a little way at the full length of his arm, looks in from outer gloom. Not that he has any suspicions, but that he may as well know what they are up to in there.

Thus, night pursues its leaden course; finding the court still out of bed through the unwonted hours, still treating and being treated, still conducting itself similarly to a court that has had a little money left it unexpectedly. Thus, night at length with slow-retreating steps departs, and the lamp-lighter going his rounds, like an executioner to a despotic king, strikes off the little

* Continued from the January Number.

heads of fire that have aspired to lessen the darkness. Thus, the day cometh, whether or no.

And the day may discern, even with its dim London eye, that the court has been up all night. Over and above the faces that have fallen drowsily on tables, and the heels that lie prone on hard floors instead of beds, the brick and mortar physiognomy of the very court itself looks worn and jaded. And now the neighborhood waking up, and beginning to hear of what has happened, comes streaming in, half-dressed, to ask questions; and the two policemen and the helmet (who are far less impressive externally than the court) have enough to do to keep the door.

"Good gracious, gentlemen!" says Mr. Snagsby, coming up. "What's this I hear?"

"Why, it's true," returns one of the policemen. "That's what it is. Now move on here, come!"

"Why, good gracious, gentlemen," says Mr. Snagsby, somewhat promptly backed away, "I was at this door last night betwixt ten and eleven o'clock, in conversation with the young man who lodges here."

"Indeed?" returns the policeman. "You will find the young man next door, then. Now move on here, some of you."

"No hurt, I hope?" says Mr. Snagsby.

"Hurt? No. What's to hurt him?"

Mr. Snagsby, wholly unable to answer this, or any other question, in his troubled mind, repairs to the Sol's Arms, and finds Mr. Weeble languishing over tea and toast; with a considerable expression on him of exhausted excitement, and exhausted tobacco-smoke.

"And Mr. Guppy likewise!" quoth Mr. Snagsby. "Dear, dear, dear! What a Fate there seems in all this! And my lit—"

Mr. Snagsby's power of speech deserts him in the formation of the words "my little woman." For, to see that injured female walk into the Sol's Arms at that hour of the morning and stand before the beer-engine, with her eyes fixed upon him like an accusing spirit, strikes him dumb.

"My dear," says Mr. Snagsby, when his tongue is loosened, "will you take any thing? A little—not to put too fine a point upon it—drop of shrub?"

"No," says Mrs. Snagsby.

"My love, you know these two gentlemen?"

"Yes!" says Mrs. Snagsby; and in a rigid manner acknowledges their presence, still fixing Mr. Snagsby with her eye.

The devoted Mr. Snagsby can not bear this treatment. He takes Mrs. Snagsby by the hand, and leads her aside to an adjacent cask.

"My little woman, why do you look at me in that way? Pray, don't do it."

"I can't help my looks," says Mrs. Snagsby, "and if I could I wouldn't."

Mr. Snagsby, with his cough of meekness, rejoins—"Wouldn't you really, my dear?" and meditates. Then coughs his cough of trouble, and says, "This is a dreadful mystery, my love!" still fearfully disconcerted by Mrs. Snagsby's eye.

"It is," returns Mrs. Snagsby, shaking her head, "a dreadful mystery."

"My little woman," urges Mr. Snagsby, in a piteous manner, "don't, for goodness sake, speak to me with that bitter expression, and look at me in that searching way! I beg and entreat of you not to do it. Good Lord, you don't suppose that I would go spontaneously combusting any person, my dear?"

"I can't say," returns Mrs. Snagsby.

On a hasty review of his unfortunate position, Mr. Snagsby "can't say," either. He is not prepared positively to deny that he may have had something to do with it. He has had something—he don't know what—to do with so much in this connection that is mysterious, that it is possible he may even be implicated, without knowing it, in the present transaction. He faintly wipes his forehead with his handkerchief, and gasps.

"My life," says the unhappy stationer, "would you have any objections to mention why, being in general so delicately circumspect in your conduct, you come into a Wine Vaults before breakfast?"

"Why do you come here?" inquires Mrs. Snagsby.

"My dear, merely to know the rights of the fatal accident which has happened to the venerable party who has been—combusted." Mr. Snagsby has made a pause to suppress a groan. "I should then have related them to you. my love, over your French roll."

"I dare say you would! You relate every thing to me, Mr. Snagsby."

"Every—my lit—"

"I should be glad," says Mrs. Snagsby, after contemplating his increased confusion with a severe and scornful smile, "if you would come home with me; I think you may be safer there, Mr. Snagsby, than any where else."

"My love, I don't know but what I may be, I am sure. I am ready to go."

Mr. Snagsby casts his eyes forlornly round the bar, gives Messrs. Weeble and Guppy good-morning, assures them of the satisfaction with which he sees them uninjured, and accompanies Mrs. Snagsby from the Sol's Arms. Before night, his doubt whether he may not be responsible for some inconceivable part in the catastrophe which is the talk of the whole neighborhood, is almost resolved into certainty by Mrs. Snagsby's pertinacity in that fixed gaze. His mental sufferings are so great, that he entertains wandering ideas of delivering himself up to justice, and requiring to be cleared, if innocent, and punished with the utmost rigor of the law, if guilty.

Mr. Weeble and Mr. Guppy, having taken their breakfast, step into Lincoln's Inn to take a little walk about the square, and clear as many of the dark cobwebs out of their brains as a little walk may.

"There can be no more favorable time than the present, Tony," says Mr. Guppy, after they have broodingly made out the four sides of the square, "for a word or two between us, upon a

point on which we must, with very little delay, come to an understanding."

"Now, I tell you what, William G.!" returns the other, eying his companion with a bloodshot eye. "If it's a point of conspiracy, you needn't take the trouble to mention it. I have had enough of that, and I ain't going to have any more. We shall have *you* taking fire next, or blowing up with a bang."

This supposititious phenomenon is so very disagreeable to Mr. Guppy that his voice quakes, as he says in a moral way, "Tony, I should have thought that what we went through last night, would have been a lesson to you never to be personal any more as long as you lived." To which Mr. Weevle returns, "William, I should have thought it would have been a lesson to *you* never to conspire any more as long as you lived." To which Mr. Guppy says, "Who's conspiring?" To which Mr. Jobling replies, "Why, *you* are!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "No, I am not." To which Mr. Jobling retorts again, "Yes, you are!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "Who says so?" To which Mr. Jobling retorts, "I say so!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "Oh, indeed?" To which Mr. Jobling retorts, "Yes, indeed!" And both being now in a heated state, they walk on silently for a while, to cool down again.

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, then, "if you heard your friend out, instead of flying at him, you wouldn't fall into mistakes. But your temper is hasty, and you are not considerate. Possessing in yourself, Tony, all that is calculated to charm the eye—"

"Oh! Blow the eye!" cries Mr. Weevle, cutting him short. "Say what you have got to say. Get on with your barrow!"

Finding his friend in this morose and material condition, Mr. Guppy only expresses the finer feelings of his soul through the zone of injury in which he recommends:

"Tony, when I say there is a point on which we must come to an understanding pretty soon, I say so quite apart from any kind of conspiring, however innocent. You know it is professionally arranged beforehand, in all cases that are tried, what facts the witnesses are to prove. Is it, or is it not, desirable that we should know what facts we are to prove, on the inquiry into the death of this unfortunate old Mo—gentleman?" (Mr. Guppy was going to say, Mogul, but thinks gentleman better suited to the circumstances).

"What facts? *The* facts."

"Exactly. The facts bearing on that inquiry. Those are—" Mr. Guppy tells them off on his fingers—"what we knew of his habits; when you saw him last; what his condition was then; the discovery that we made, and how we made it."

"Yes," says Mr. Weevle. "Those are about the facts."

"We made the discovery, in consequence of his having, in his eccentric way, an appointment with you for twelve o'clock at night, when you were to explain some writing to him, as you had

often done before, on account of his not being able to read. I, spending the evening with you, was called down—and so forth. The inquiry being only into the circumstances touching the death of the deceased, it's not necessary to go beyond these facts, I suppose you'll agree?"

"No!" returns Mr. Weevle. "I suppose not."

"And this is not a conspiracy, perhaps?" says the injur'd Guppy.

"No," returns his friend; "if it's nothing worse than this, I withdraw the observation."

"Now, Tony," says Mr. Guppy, taking his arm again, and walking him slowly on, "I should like to know, in a friendly way, whether you have yet thought over the many advantages of your continuing to live at that place?"

"What do you mean?" says Tony, stopping.

"Whether you have yet thought over the many advantages of your continuing to live at that place?" repeats Mr. Guppy, walking him on again.

"At what place? *That* place?" pointing in the direction of the rag and bottle shop.

Mr. Guppy nods.

"Why, I wouldn't pass another night there, for any consideration that you could offer me," says Mr. Weevle, haggardly staring.

"Do you mean it though, Tony?"

"Mean it! Do I look as if I meant it? I feel as if I do; I know that," says Mr. Weevle, with a very genuine shudder.

"Then the possibility, or probability—for such it must be considered—of your never being disturbed in possession of those effects, lately belonging to a lone old man who seemed to have no relation in the world; and the certainty of your being able to find out what he really had got stored up there; don't weigh with you at all against last night, Tony, if I understand you?" says Mr. Guppy, biting his thumb with the appetite of vexation.

"Certainly not. Talk in that cool way of a fellow's living there?" cries Mr. Weevle, indignantly. "Go and live there yourself."

"O! I, Tony!" says Mr. Guppy, soothing him. "I have never lived there, and couldn't get a lodging there now; whereas you have got one."

"You are welcome to it," rejoins his friend, "and—ugh!—you may make yourself at home in it."

"Then you really and truly at this point," says Mr. Guppy, "give up the whole thing, if I understand you, Tony?"

"You never," returns Tony, with a most convincing steadfastness, "said a truer word in all your life. I do!"

While they are so conversing, a hackney-coach drives into the square, on the box of which vehicle a very tall hat makes itself manifest to the public. Inside the coach, and consequently not so manifest to the multitude, though sufficiently so to the two friends, for the coach stops almost at their feet, are the venerable Mr. Smallweed and Mrs. Smallweed, accompanied by their

grand-daughter Judy. An air of haste and excitement pervades the party; and as the tall hat (surmounting Mr. Smallweed the younger) alights, Mr. Smallweed the elder pokes his head out of window, and bawls to Mr. Guppy, "How de do, sir! How de do!"

"What do Chick and his family want here at this time of the morning, I wonder!" says Mr. Guppy, nodding to his familiar.

"My dear sir," cries Grandfather Smallweed, "would you do me a favor? Would you and your friend be so very obligeing as to carry me into the public-house in the court, while Bart and his sister bring their grandmother along? Would you do an old man that good turn, sir?"

Mr. Guppy looks at his friend, repeating, inquiringly, "the public-house in the court?" And they prepare to bear the venerable burden to the Sol's Arms.

"There's your fare!" says the Patriarch to the coachman with a fierce grin, and shaking his incapable fist at him. "Ask me for a penny more, and I'll have my lawful revenge upon you. My dear young men, be easy with me, if you please. Allow me to catch you round the neck. I won't squeeze you tighter than I can help. O Lord! O dear me! O my bones!"

It is well that the Sol is not far off, for Mr. Weevle presents an apoplectic appearance before half the distance is accomplished. With no worse aggravation of his symptoms, however, than the utterance of divers croaking sounds, expressive of obstructed respiration, he fulfills his share of the portage, and the benevolent old gentleman is deposited by his own desire in the parlor of the Sol's Arms.

"O Lord!" gasps Mr. Smallweed, looking about him, breathless, from an arm-chair. "O dear me! O my bones and back! O my aches and pains! Sit down, you dancing, prancing, shambling, scrambling poll parrot! Sit down!"

This little apostrophe to Mrs. Smallweed is occasioned by a propensity on the part of that unlucky old lady, whenever she finds herself on her feet, to amble about, and "set" to inanimate objects, accompanying herself with a chattering noise, as in a witch dance. A nervous affection has probably as much to do with these demonstrations, as any imbecile intention in the poor old woman; but on the present occasion they are so particularly lively in connection with a Windsor arm-chair, fellow to that in which Mr. Smallweed is seated, that she only quite desists when her grandchildren have held her down in it: her lord in the mean while bestowing upon her, with great volubility, the endearing epithet of "a pig-headed Jackdaw," repeated a surprising number of times.

"My dear sir," Grandfather Smallweed then proceeds, addressing Mr. Guppy, "there has been a calamity here. Have you heard of it, either of you?"

"Heard of it, sir! Why, we discovered it."

"You discovered it. You two discovered it! Bart, they discovered it!"

They two discoverers stare at the Smallweeds, who return the compliment.

"My dear friends," whines Grandfather Smallweed putting out both his hands, "I owe you a thousand thanks for discharging the melancholy office of discovering the ashes of Mrs. Smallweed's brother."

"Eh?" says Mr. Guppy.

"Mrs. Smallweed's brother, my dear friend—her only relation. We were not on terms, which is to be deplored now, but he never *would* be on terms. He was not fond of us. He was eccentric—he was very eccentric. Unless he has left a will (which is not at all likely) I shall take out letters of administration. I have come down to look after the property; it must be sealed up, it must be protected. I have come down," repeats Grandfather Smallweed, hooking the air toward him with all his ten fingers at once, "to look after the property."

"I think, Small," says the disconsolate Mr. Guppy, "you might have mentioned that the old man was your uncle."

"You two were so close about him that I thought you would like me to be the same," returns that old bird, with a secretly glistening eye. "Besides, I wasn't proud of him."

"Besides which, it was nothing to you, you know, whether he was or not," says Judy. Also with a secretly glistening eye.

"He never saw me in his life, to know me," observes Small; "I don't know why I should introduce him, I am sure!"

"No, he never communicated with us—which is to be deplored," the old gentleman strikes in; "but I have come to look after the property—to look over the papers, and to look after the property. We shall make good our title. It is in the hands of my solicitor. Mr. Tulkington, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, over the way there, is so good as to act as my solicitor; and grass don't grow under *his* feet, I can tell ye. Krook was Mrs. Smallweed's only brother; she had no relation but Krook, and Krook had no relation but Mrs. Smallweed. I am speaking of your brother, you brimstone black-beetle, that was seventy-six years of age."

Mrs. Smallweed instantly begins to shake her head, and pipe up, "Seventy-six pound seven and sevenpence! Seventy-six thousand bags of money! Seventy-six hundred thousand million of parcels of bank notes!"

"Will somebody give me a quart pot?" exclaims her exasperated husband, looking helplessly about him, and finding no missile within his reach. "Will somebody oblige me with a spittoon? Will somebody hand me any thing hard and bruising to pelt at her? You hag, you cat, you dog, you brimstone barker!" Here Mr. Smallweed, wrought up to the highest pitch by his own eloquence, actually throws Judy at her grandmother in default of any thing else, butting that young virgin at the old lady with such force as he can muster, and then dropping into his chair in a heap.

"Shake me up, somebody, if you'll be so good," says the voice from within the faintly struggling bundle into which he has collapsed. "I have come to look after the property. Shake me up; and call in the police on duty at the next house, to be explained to about the property. My solicitor will be here presently to protect the property. Transportation or the gallows for any body who shall touch the property!" As his dutiful grandchildren set him up, panting, and put him through the usual restorative process of shaking and punching, he still repeats like an echo, "the—the property! The property!—property!"

Mr. Weevle and Mr. Guppy look at each other; the former as having relinquished the whole affair; the latter with a discomfited countenance, as having entertained some lingering expectations yet. But there is nothing to be done in opposition to the Smallweed interest. Mr. Tulkinghorn's clerk comes down from his official pew in the chambers, to mention to the police that Mr. Tulkinghorn is answerable for its being all correct about the next of kin, and that the papers and effects will be formally taken possession of in due time and course. Mr. Smallweed is at once permitted so far to assert his supremacy as to be carried on a visit of sentiment into the next house, and up-stairs into Miss Flite's deserted room, where he looks like a hideous bird of prey newly added to her aviary.

The arrival of this unexpected heir soon taking wind in the court, still makes good for the Sol, and keeps the court upon its mettle. Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins think it hard upon the young man if there really is no will, and consider that a handsome present ought to be made him out of the estate. Young Piper and Young Perkins, as members of that restless juvenile circle which is the terror of the foot-passengers in Chancery Lane, crumble into ashes behind the pump and under the archway, all day long; where wild yells and hootings take place over their remains. Little Swillie and Miss M. Melvilleson enter into affable conversation with their patrons, feeling that these unusual occurrences level the barriers between professionals and non-professionals. Mr. Bogsby puts up "The popular song of KING DEATH! with chorus by the whole strength of the company," as the great Harmonic feature of the week; and announces in the bill that "J. G. B. is induced to do so at a considerable extra expense, in consequence of a wish which has been very generally expressed at the bar by a large body of respectable individuals and in homage to a late melancholy event which has aroused so much sensation." There is one point connected with the deceased, upon which the court is particularly anxious; namely, that the fiction of a full-sized coffin should be preserved, though there is so little to put in it. Upon the undertaker's stating in the course of the day, that he has received orders to construct "a six-footer," the general solicitude is much relieved, and it is considered that Mr. Smallweed's conduct does him great honor.

Out of the court, and a long way out of it, there is considerable excitement too; for men of science and philosophy come to look, and carriages set down doctors at the corner who arrive with the same intent, and there is more learned talk about inflammable gases and phosphuretted hydrogen than the court has ever imagined. Some of these authorities (of course the wisest) hold with indignation that the deceased had no business to die in the alleged manner; and being reminded by other authorities of a certain inquiry into the evidence for such deaths, reprinted in the sixth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*; and also of a book not quite unknown, on English Medical Jurisprudence; and likewise of the Italian case of the Countess Cornelia Baudi, as set forth in detail by one Bianchini, prebendary of Verona, who wrote a scholarly work or so, and was occasionally heard of in his time as having gleams of reason in him; and also of the testimony of Messrs. Foderé and Mere, two pestilent Frenchmen who would investigate the subject; and further, of the corroborative testimony of Monsieur Le Cat, a rather celebrated French surgeon once upon a time, who had the unpoliteness to live in a house where such a case occurred, and even to write an account of it;—still they regard the late Mr. Krook's obstinacy, in going out of the world by any such by-way, as wholly "unjustifiable and personally offensive. The less the court understands of all this, the more the court likes it; and the greater enjoyment it has in the stock in trade of the Sol's Arms." Then, there comes the artist of a picture newspaper, with a foreground and figures ready drawn for any thing, from a wreck on the Cornish coast to a review in Hyde Park, or a meeting at Manchester—and in Mrs. Perkins's own room, memorable evermore, he then and there throws in upon the block, Mr. Krook's house, as large as life; in fact, considerably larger, making a very Temple of it. Similarly, being permitted to look in at the door of the fatal chamber, he depicts that apartment as three quarters of a mile long, by fifty yards high; at which the court is particularly charmed. All this time, the two gentlemen before mentioned pop in and out of every house, and assist at the philosophical disquisitions—go every where, and listen to every body—and yet are always diving into the Sol's parlor, and writing with the ravenous little pens on the tissue-paper.

At last come the coroner and his inquiry, like as before, except that the coroner cherishes this case as being out of the common way, and tells the gentlemen of the Jury, in his private capacity, that "that would seem to be an unlucky house next door, gentlemen, a destined house; but so we sometimes find it, and these are mysteries we can't account for!" After which the six-footer comes into action, and is much admired.

In all these proceedings Mr. Guppy has so slight a part, except when he gives his evidence, that he is moved on like a private individual, and can only haunt the secret house on the outside; where he has the mortification of seeing Mr.

Smallweed padlocking the door, and of bitterly knowing himself to be shut out. But before these proceedings draw to a close, that is to say, on the night next after the catastrophe, Mr. Guppy has a thing to say that must be said to Lady Dedlock.

For which reason, with a sinking heart, and with that hang-dog sense of guilt upon him which dread and watching, enfolded in the Sol's Arms, have produced, the young man of the name of Guppy presents himself at the town mansion at about seven o'clock in the evening, and requests to see her ladyship. Mercury replies that she is going out to dinner: don't he see the carriage at the door? Yes, he does see the carriage at the door; but he wants to see my lady too.

Mercury is disposed, as he will presently declare to a fellow-gentleman in waiting, "to pitch into the young man;" but his instructions are positive. Therefore he sulkily supposes that the young man must come up into the library. There he leaves the young man in a large room, not over-light, while he makes report of him.

Mr. Guppy looks into the shade in all directions, discovering every where a certain charred and

whitened little heap of coal or wood. Presently he hears a rustling. Is it—? No, it's no ghost; but fair flesh and blood, most brilliantly dressed. "I have to beg your ladyship's pardon," Mr. Guppy stammers, very downcast. "This is an inconvenient time—"

"I told you, you could come at any time." She takes a chair, looking straight at him as on the last occasion.

"Thank your ladyship. Your ladyship is very affable."

"You can sit down." There is not much affability in her tone.

"I don't know, your ladyship, that it's worth while my sitting down and detaining you, for I—I have not got the letters that I mentioned when I had the honor of waiting on your ladyship."

"Have you come merely to say so?"

"Merely to say so, your ladyship." Mr. Guppy, besides being depressed, disappointed, and uneasy, is put at a further disadvantage by the splendor and beauty of her appearance. She knows it influence perfectly; has studied it too well to miss a grain of its effect on any one. As she



THE OLD MAN OF THE NAME OF TULKINGHORN.

looks at him so steadily and coldly, he not only feels conscious that he has no guide, in the least perception of what is really the complexion of her thoughts; but also that he is being every moment, as it were, removed further and further from her.

She will not speak, it is plain. So he must.

"In short, your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, like a meanly penitent thief, "the person I was to have had the letters of, has come to a sudden end, and—" He stops. Lady Dedlock calmly finishes the sentence.

"And the letters are destroyed with the person?"

Mr. Guppy would say no, if he could—as he is unable to hide.

"I believe so, your ladyship."

If he could see the least sparkle of relief in her face now? No, he could see no such thing, even if that brave outside did not utterly put him away, and he were not looking beyond it and about it.

He falters an awkward excuse or two for his failure.

• "Is this all you have to say?" inquires Lady Dedlock, having heard him out—or as nearly out as he can stumble.

Mr. Guppy thinks that's all.

"You had better be sure that you wish to say nothing more to me; this being the last time you will have the opportunity."

Mr. Guppy is quite sure. And indeed he has no such wish at present, by any means.

"That is enough. I will dispense with excuses. Good-evening to you!" and she rings for Mercury to show the young man of the name of Guppy out.

But in that house, in that same moment, there happens to be an old man of the name of Tulkinghorn. And that old man, coming with his quiet footstep to the library, has his hand at that moment on the handle of the door—comes in—and comes face to face with the young man as he is leaving the room.

One glance between the old man and the lady; and for an instant the blind that is always down flies up. Suspicion, eager and sharp, looks out. Another instant; close again.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Dedlock. I beg your pardon a thousand times. It is so very unusual to find you here at this hour. I supposed the room was empty. I beg your pardon!"

"Stay!" She negligently calls him back. "Remain here, I beg. I am going out to dinner. I have nothing more to say to this young man!"

The disconcerted young man bows, as he goes out, and cringingly hopes that Mr. Tulkinghorn of the Fields is well.

"Ay, ay?" says the lawyer, looking at him from under his bent brows; though he has no need to look again—not he. "From Kenge and Carboy's, surely?"

"Kenge and Carboy's, Mr. Tulkinghorn. Name of Guppy, sir."

"To be sure. Why, thank you, Mr. Guppy, I am very well."

"Happy to hear it, sir. You can't be too well, sir, for the credit of the profession."

"Thank you, Mr. Guppy!"

Mr. Guppy sneaks away. Mr. Tulkinghorn, such a foil in his old-fashioned rusty black to Lady Dedlock's brightness, hands her down the staircase to her carriage. He returns rubbing his chin, and rubs it a good deal in the course of the evening.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A TURN OF THE SCREW.

"Now, what," says Mr. George, "may this be? Is it blank cartridge, or ball? A flash in the pan, or a shot?"

An open letter is the subject of the trooper's speculations, and it seems to perplex him mightily. He looks at it at arm's length, brings it close to him, holds it in his right hand, holds it in his left hand, reads it with his head on this side, with his head on that side, contracts his eyebrows, elevates them; still, can not satisfy himself. He smooths it out upon the table with his heavy palm, and thoughtfully walking up and down the gallery, makes a halt before it every now and then, to come upon it with a fresh eye. Even that won't do. "Is it," Mr. George still muses, "blank cartridge or ball?"

Phil Squod, with the aid of a brush and paint-pot, is employed in the distance whitening the targets; softly whistling, in quick march time, and in drum-and-fife manner, that he must and he will go back again to the girl he left behind him,

"Phil!" The trooper beckons as he calls him.

Phil approaches in his usual way; sidling off at first as if he were going any where else, and then bearing down upon his commander like a bayonet-charge. Certain splashes of white show in high relief upon his dirty face, and he scrapes his one elbow with the handle of his brush.

"Attention, Phil! Listen to this."

"Steady, commander, steady."

"Sir. Allow me to remind you (though there is no legal necessity for my doing so, as you are aware) that the bill at two months' date, drawn on yourself by Mr. Mathew Bagnet, and by you accepted, for the sum of ninety-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence, will become due to-morrow, when you will please be prepared to take up the same on presentation. Yours, JOSHUA SMALLWEED.—What do you make of that, Phil?"

"Mischief, guv'ner."

"Why?"

"I think," replies Phil, after pensively tracing out a cross-winkle in his forehead with the brush-handle, "that mischeevious consequences is always meant when money's asked for."

"Lookeye, Phil," says the trooper, sitting on the table. "First and last, I have paid, I may say, half as much again as this principal, in interest and one thing and another."

Phil intimates, by sidling back a pace or two, with a very unaccountable wrench of his wry face, that he does not regard the transaction as being made more promising by this incident.

"And lookye further, Phil," says the trooper, staying his premature conclusions with a wave of his hand. "There has always been an understanding that this bill was to be what they call Renewed. And it has been renewed, no end of times. What do you say now?"

"I say that I think the times is come to an end at last."

"You do? Humph! I am much of the same mind myself."

"Joshua Smallweed is him that was brought here in a chair?"

"The same."

"Guv'ner," says Phil, with exceeding gravity, "he's a leech in his dispositions, he's a screw and a wice in his actions, a snake in his twistings, and a lobster in his claws."

Having thus expressively uttered his sentiments, Mr. Squod, after waiting a little to ascertain if any further remark be expected of him, gets back, by his usual series of movements, to the target he has in hand; and vigorously signifies, through his former musical medium, that he must and he will return to that ideal young lady. George having folded the letter walks in that direction.

"There is a way, commander," says Phil, looking cunningly at him, "of settling this."

"Paying the money, I suppose? I wish I could."

Phil shakes his head. "No, guv'ner, no; not so bad as that. There is a way," says Phil, with a highly artistic turn of his brush—"what, I'm a-doing at present."

"Whitewashing?"

Phil nods.

"A pretty way that would be! Do you know what would become of the Bagnets in that case? Do you know they would be ruined to pay off my old scores? You're a moral character," says the trooper, eying him in his large way with no small indignation, "upon my life you are, Phil!"

Phil, on one knee at the target, is in course of protesting earnestly, though not without many allegorical scoops of his brush, and smoothings of the white surface round the rim with his thumb, that he had forgotten the Bagnet responsibility, and would not so much as injure a hair of the head of any member of that worthy family, when steps are audible in the long passage without, and a cheerful voice is heard to wonder whether George is at home. Phil, with a look at his master, hobbles up, saying, "Here's the guv'ner, Mrs. Bagnet! Here he is!" and the old girl herself, accompanied by Mr. Bagnet, appears.

The old girl never appears in walking trim, in any season of the year, without a gray cloth cloak, coarse and much worn but very clean, which is, undoubtedly, the identical garment rendered so interesting to Mr. Bagnet by having made its way home to Europe from another quarter of the globe, in company with Mrs. Bagnet and an umbrella. The latter faithful appendage is also invariably a part of the old girl's presence

out of doors. It is of no color known in this life, and has a corrugated wooden crook for a handle, with a metallic object let into its prow or beak, resembling a little model of a fan-light over a street door, or one of the oval glasses out of a pair of spectacles: which ornamental object has not that tenacious capacity of sticking to its pest that might be desired in an article long associated with the British army. The old girl's umbrella is of a flabby habit of waist, and seems to be in need of stays—an appearance that is possibly referable to its having served, through a series of years, at home as a cupboard, and on journeys as a carpet bag. She never puts it up, having the greatest reliance on her well-proved cloak with its capacious hood; but generally uses the instrument as a wand with which to point out joints of meat or bunches of greens in marketing, or to arrest the attention of tradesmen by a friendly poke. Without her market-basket, which is a sort of wicker well with two flapping lids, she never stirs abroad. Attended by these her trusty companions, therefore, her honest sunburnt face looking cheerily out of a rough straw bonnet, Mrs. Bagnet now arrives, fresh-colored and bright, in George's Shooting Gallery.

"Well, George, old fellow," says she, "and how do you do, this sunny morning?"

Giving him a friendly shake of the hand, Mrs. Bagnet draws a long breath after her walk, and sits down to enjoy a rest. Having a faculty, matured on the tops of baggage-wagons, and in other such positions, of resting easily any where, she perches on a rough bench, unties her bonnet-strings, pushes back her bonnet, crosses her arms, and looks perfectly comfortable.

Mr. Bagnet, in the mean time, has shaken hands with his old comrade, and with Phil: on whom Mrs. Bagnet likewise bestows a good-humored nod and smile.

"Now, George," says Mrs. Bagnet, briskly, "here we are, Lignum and myself;" she often speaks of her husband by this appellation, on account, as it is supposed, of Lignum Vitæ having been his old regimental nickname when they first became acquainted, in compliment to the extreme hardness and toughness of his physiognomy; "just looked in, we have, to make it all correct as usual about that security. Give him the new bill to sign, George, and he'll sign it like a man."

"I was coming to you this morning," observes the trooper, reluctantly.

"Yes, we thought you'd come to us this morning, but we turned out early, and left Woolwich, the best of boys, to mind his sisters, and came to you instead—as you see! For Lignum, he's tied so close now, and gets so little exercise, that a walk does him good. But what's the matter, George?" asks Mrs. Bagnet, stopping in her cheerful talk. "You don't look yourself."

"I am not quite myself," returns the trooper; "I have been a little put out, Mrs. Bagnet."

"Her quick bright eye catches the truth directly. "George!" holding up her forefinger. "Don't tell me there's any thing wrong about

that security of Lignum's! Don't do it, George, on account of the children!"

The trooper looks at her with a troubled visage.

"George," says Mrs. Bagnet, using both her arms for emphasis, and occasionally bringing down her open hands upon her knees. "If you have allowed any thing to come to that security of Lignum's, and if you have let him in for it, and if you have put us in danger of being sold up—and I see sold up in your face, George, as plain as print—you have done a shameful action, and have deceived us cruelly. I tell you, cruelly, George. There!"

Mr. Bagnet, otherwise as immovable as a pump or a lamp-post, puts his large right hand on the top of his bald head, as if to defend it from a shower-bath, and looks with great uneasiness at Mrs. Bagnet.

"George!" says that old girl. "I wonder at you! George, I am ashamed of you! George, I couldn't have believed you would have done it! I always knew you to be a rolling stone that gathered no moss; but I never thought you would have taken away what little moss there was for Bagnet and the children to lie upon. You know what a hard-working, steady-going chap he is. You know what Quebec and Malta and Woolwich are—and I never did think you would, or could, have had the heart to serve us so. O George!" Mrs. Bagnet gathers up her cloak to wipe her eyes on, in a very genuine manner, "How could you do it?"

Mrs. Bagnet ceasing, Mr. Bagnet removes his hand from his head as if the shower-bath were over, and looks disconsolately at Mr. George, who has turned quite white, and looks distressfully at the gray cloak and straw bonnet.

"Mat," says the trooper, in subdued voice, addressing him, but still, looking at his wife; "I am sorry you take it so much to heart, because I do hope it's not so bad as that comes to. I certainly have, this morning, received this letter," which he reads aloud; "but I hope it may be set right yet. As to a rolling stone, why, what you say is true. I am a rolling stone; and I never rolled in any body's way, I fully believe, that I rolled the least good to. But it's impossible for an old vagabond comrade to like your wife and family better than I like 'em, Mat, and I trust you'll look upon me as forgivingly as you can. Don't think I've kept any thing from you. I haven't had the letter more than a quarter of an hour."

"Old girl!" murmurs Mr. Bagnet, after a short silence, "will you tell him my opinion?"

"Oh! Why didn't he marry," Mrs. Bagnet answers, half laughing and half crying, "Joe Pouch's widder in North America? Then he wouldn't have got himself into these troubles."

"The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "puts it correct—why didn't you?"

"Well, she has a better husband by this time, I hope," returns the trooper. "Any how, here I stand, this present day, *not* married to Joe Pouch's widder. What shall I do? You see all I have

got about me. It's not mine; it's yours. Give the word, and I'll sell off every morsel. If I could have hoped it would have brought in nearly the sum wanted, I'd have sold all long ago. Don't believe that I'll leave you or yours in the dorch, Mat. I'd sell myself first. I only wish," says the trooper, giving himself a disparaging blow in the chest, "that I knew of any one who'd buy such a second-hand piece of old stores."

"Old girl," murmurs Mr. Bagnet, "give him another bit of my mind."

"George," says the old girl, "you are not so much to be blamed, on full consideration, except for ever taking this business without the means."

"And that was like me!" observes the penitent trooper, shaking his head. "Like, me, I know."

"Silence! The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "is correct—in her way of giving my opinions hear me out!"

"That was when you never ought to have asked for the security, George, and when you never ought to have got it, all things considered. But what's done can't be undone.. You are always an honorable and straight-forward fellow, as far as lays in your power, though a little flighty. On the other hand, you can't but admit but what it's natural in us to be anxious, wit hsuch a thing hanging over our heads. So forget and forgive all round, George. Come! Forget and forgive all round!"

Mrs. Bagnet giving him one of her honest hands, and giving her husband the other, Mr. George gives each of them one of his, and holds them while he speaks.

"I do assure you both, there's nothing I wouldn't do to discharge this obligation. But whatever I have been able to scrape together, has gone every two months in keeping it up. We have lived plainly enough here, Phil and I. But the Gallery don't quite do what was expected of it, and it's not—in short, it's not the Mint. It was wrong in me to take it? Well, so it was. But I was in a manner drawn into that step, and I thought it might steady me, and set me up, and you'll try to overlook my having such expectations, and upon my soul, I am very much obliged to you, and very much ashamed of myself." With these concluding words, Mr. George gives a shake to each of the hands he holds, and, relinquishing them, backs a pace or two, in a broad-chested upright attitude, as if he had made a final confession, and were immediately going to be shot with all military honors.

"George, hear me out!" says Mr. Bagnet, glancing at his wife. "Old girl, go on!"

Mr. Bagnet, being in this singular manner heard out, has merely to observe that the letter must be attended to without any delay; that it is advisable that George and he should immediately wait on Mr. Smallweed in person; and that the primary object is to save and hold harmless Mr. Bagnet, who had none of the money. Mr. George entirely assenting, puts on his hat, and prepares to march with Mr. Bagnet to the enemy's camp.

"Don't you mind a woman's hasty word, George," says Mrs. Bagnet, patting him on the shoulder. "I trust my old Lignum to you, and I am sure you'll bring him through it."

The trooper returns, that this is kindly said, and that he *will* bring Lignum through it somehow. Upon which Mrs. Bagnet, with her cloak, basket, and umbrella, goes home, bright-eyed again, to the rest of her family; and the comrades sally forth on the hopeful errand of mollifying Mr. Smallweed.

Whether there are two people in England less likely to come satisfactorily out of any negotiation with Mr. Smallweed than Mr. George and Mr. Matthew Bagnet, may be very reasonably questioned. Also, notwithstanding their martial appearance, broad square shoulders, and heavy tread, whether there are, within the same limits, two more simple and unaccustomed children, in all the Smallweedy affairs of life. As they proceed with great gravity through the streets toward the region of Mount Pleasant, Mr. Bagnet, observing his companion to be thoughtful, considers it a friendly part to refer to Mrs. Bagnet's late sally.

"George, you know the old girl—she's as sweet and as mild as milk. But touch her on the children—or myself—and she's off like gunpowder."

"It does her credit, Mat."

"George," says Mr. Bagnet, looking straight before him, "the old girl—can't do any thing—that don't do her credit. More or less. I never say so. Discipline must be maintained."

"She's worth her weight in gold," returns the trooper.

"In gold?" says Mr. Bagnet. "I'll tell you what. The old old girl's weight—is twelve stone six. Would I take that weight—in any metal—for the old girl? No. Why not? Because the old girl's metal is far more precious than the preciousest metal. And she's *all* metal."

"You are right, Mat!"

"When she took me—and accepted of the ring—she listed under me and the children—heart and head; for life. She's that earnest," says Mr. Bagnet, "and that true to her colors—that, touch us with a finger—and she turns out—and stands to her arms. If the old girl fires wide—once in a way—at the call of duty—look over it, George. For she's loyal!"

"Why, bless her, Mat!" returns the trooper, "I think the higher of her for it!"

"You are right!" says Mr. Bagnet, with the warmest enthusiasm, though without relaxing the rigidity of a single muscle. "Think as high of the old girl—as the rock of Gibraltar—and still you'll be thinking low—of such merits. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

These encomiums bring them to Mount Pleasant, and to Grandfather Smallweed's house. The door is opened by the perennial Judy, who, having surveyed them from top to toe with no particular favor, but indeed with a malignant sneer,

leaves them standing there, while she consults the oracle as to their admission. The oracle may be inferred to give consent, from the circumstance of her returning with the words on her honey lips "that they can come in if they want to it." Thus privileged, they come in, and find Mr. Smallweed with his feet in the drawer of his chair, as if it were a paper footbath, and Mrs. Smallweed obscured with the cushion like a bird that is not to sing.

"My dear friend," says Grandfather Smallweed, with those two lean, affectionate arms of his stretched forth. "How do? How do? Who is our friend, my dear friend?"

"Why this," returns George, not able to be very conciliatory at first, "is Matthew Bagnet, who has obliged me in that matters of ours, you know."

"Oh! Mr. Bagnet? Surely!" The old man looks at him under his hand. "Hope you're well, Mr. Bagnet? Fine man, Mr. George!—Military air, sir!"

No chairs being offered, Mr. George brings one forward for Bagnet, and one for himself. They sit down; Mr. Bagnet, as if he had no power of bending himself, except at the hips, for that purpose.

"Judy," says Mr. Smallweed, "bring the pipe."

"Why, I don't know," Mr. George interposes, "that the young woman need give herself that trouble, for, to tell you the truth, I am not inclined to smoke it to-day."

"Ain't you?" returns the old man. "Judy, bring the pipe."

"The fact is, Mr. Smallweed," proceeds George, "that I find myself in rather an unpleasant state of mind. It appears to me, sir, that your friend in the City has been playing tricks."

"O dear, no!" says Grandfather Smallweed. "He never does that!"

"Don't he? Well, I am glad to hear it, because I thought it might be *his* doing. This, you know, I am speaking of. This letter."

Grandfather Smallweed smiles, in a very ugly way, in recognition of the letter.

"What does it mean?" asks Mr. George.

"Judy," says the old man, "have you got the pipe? Give it to me. Did you say what does it mean, my good friend?"

"Ay! Now, come, come, you know, Mr. Smallweed," urges the trooper, constraining himself to speak as smoothly and confidentially as he can, holding the open letter in one hand, and resting the broad knuckles of the other on his thigh; "a good lot of money has passed between us, and we are face to face at the present moment, and are both well aware of the understanding there has always been. I am prepared to do the usual thing which I have done regularly, and to keep this matter going. I never got a letter like this from you before, and I have been a little put about by it this morning; because here's my friend, Matthew Bagnet, who, you know, had none of the money—"

"I don't know it, you know," says the old man, quietly.

"Why, con-found you—it, I mean—I tell you so; don't I?"

"Oh, yes, you tell me so," returns Grandfather Smallweed. "But I don't know it."

"Well!" says the trooper, swallowing his fire. "I know it."

Mr. Smallweed replies with excellent temper, "Ah! that's quite another thing!" And adds, "but it don't matter. Mr. Bagnet's situation is all one, whether or no."

The unfortunate George makes a great effort to arrange the affair comfortably, and to propitiate Mr. Smallweed by taking him upon his own terms.

"That's just what I mean. As you say, Mr. Smallweed, here's Matthew Bagnet liable to be fixed whether or no. Now, you see, that makes his good lady very uneasy in her mind, and me, too; for, whereas I'm a harum-scarum sort of a good-for-naught, that more kicks than halfpence come natural to, why he's a steady family man, don't you see? Now, Mr. Smallweed," says the trooper, gaining confidence as he proceeds in this soldierly mode of doing business; "although you and I are good friends enough in a certain sort of a way, I am well aware that I can't ask you to let my friend Bagnet off entirely."

"O dear, you are too modest. You can ask me any thing, Mr. George." (There is an Osgreish kind of jocularity in Grandfather Smallweed to-day.)

"And you can refuse, you mean, eh? Or not you so much, perhaps, as your friend in the City? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoes Grandfather Smallweed. In such a very hard manner, and with eyes so particularly green, that Mr. Bagnet's natural gravity is much deepened by the contemplation of that venerable man.

"Come!" says the sanguine George, "I am glad to find we can be pleasant, because I want to arrange this pleasantly. Here's my friend Bagnet, and here am I. We'll settle the matter on the spot, if you please, Mr. Smallweed, in the usual way. And you'll ease my friend Bagnet's mind, and his family's mind, a good deal, if you'll just mention to him what our understanding is."

Here some shrill spectre cries out in a mocking manner, "O good gracious! O!"—unless, indeed, it be the sportive Judy, who is found to be silent when the startled visitors look round, but whose chin has received a recent toss, expressive of derision and contempt. Mr. Bagnet's gravity becomes yet more profound.

"But I think you asked me, Mr. George," old Smallweed, who all this time has had the pipe in his hand, is the speaker now; "I think you asked me, what did the letter mean?"

"Why, yes, I did," returns the trooper, in his off-hand way: "but I don't care to know particularly, if it's all correct and pleasant."

"Mr. Smallweed, purposefully balking himself in

an aim at the trooper's head, throws the pipe on the ground, and breaks it to pieces.

"That's what it means, my dear friend. I'll smash you. I'll crumble you. I'll powder you. Go to the devil!"

The two friends rise and look at one another. Mr. Bagnet's gravity now has attained its profoundest point.

"Go to the devil!" repeats the old man. "I'll have no more of your pipe-smokings and swaggerings. What? You're an independent dragoon, too! Go to my lawyer (you remember where; you have been there before), and show your independence now, will you? Come, my dear friend, there's a chance for you. Open the street door, Judy; put these blusterers out! Call in help if they don't go. Put 'em out!"

He vociferates this so loudly, that Mr. Bagnet, laying his hands on the shoulders of his comrade, before the latter can recover from his amazement, gets him on the outside of the street door, which is instantly slammed by the triumphant Judy. Utterly confounded, Mr. George awhile stands looking at the knocker. Mr. Bagnet, in a perfect abyss of gravity, walks up and down before the little parlor-window, like a sentry, and looks in every time he passes; apparently revolving something in his mind.

"Come, Mat!" says Mr. George, when he has recovered himself, "we must try the lawyer. Now, what do you think of this rascal?"

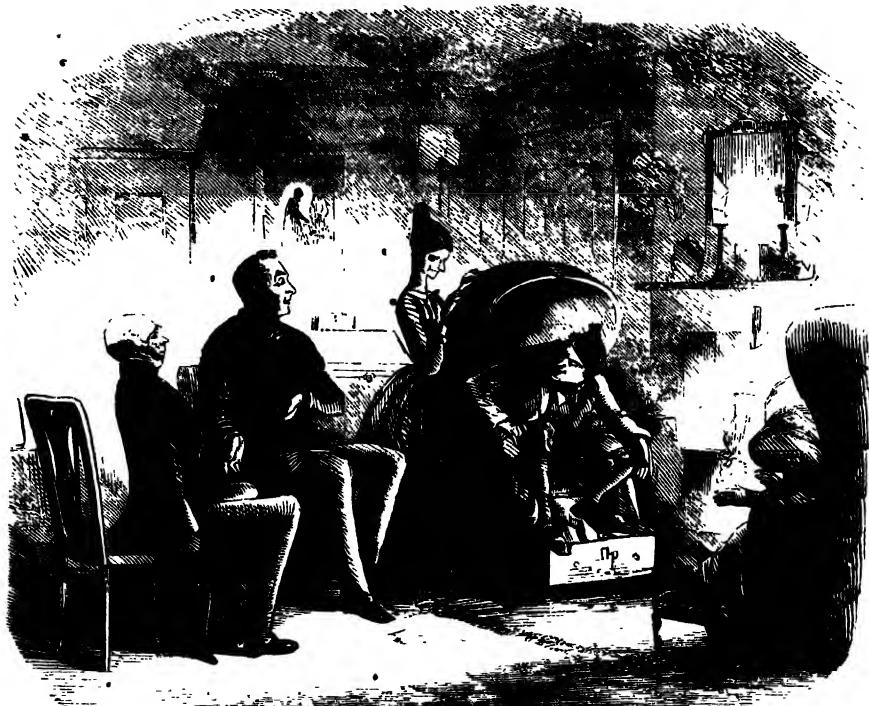
Mr. Bagnet, stopping to take a farewell look into the parlor, replies, with one shake of his head directed at the interior, "If my old girl had been here—I'd have told him!" Having so discharged himself of the subject of his cogitations, he falls into step, and marches off with the trooper, shoulder to shoulder.

When they present themselves in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Tulkinghorn is engaged, and not to be seen. He is not at all willing to see them; for when they have waited a full hour, and the clerk, on his bell being rung, takes the opportunity of mentioning as much, as he brings forth no more encouraging message than that Mr. Tulkinghorn has nothing to say to them, and they had better not wait. They do wait, however, with the perseverance of military tactics; and at last the bell rings again, and the client in possession comes out of Mr. Tulkinghorn's room.

The client is a handsome old lady; no other than Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper at Chesney Wold. She comes out of the sanctuary with a fair old-fashioned courtesy, and softly shuts the door. She is treated with some distinction there; for the clerk steps out of his pew to show her through the outer office, and to let her out. The old lady is thanking him for his attention, when she observes the comrades in waiting.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think those gentlemen are military?"

The clerk referring the question to them with his eye, and Mr. George not turning round from the almanac over the fire-place, Mr. Bagnet



MR. SMALLWEED BREAKS THE PIPE OF PEACE.

takes upon himself to reply, "Yes, ma'am. Formerly."

"I thought so. I was sure of it. My heart warms, gentlemen, at the sight of you. It always does at the sight of such. God bless you, gentlemen! You'll excuse an old woman; but I had a son once who went for a soldier. A fine handsome youth he was, and good in his bold way, though some people did disparage him to his poor mother. I ask your pardon for troubling you, sir. God bless you, gentlemen!"

"Same to you, ma'am!" returns Mr. Bagnet, with right good-will.

There is something very touching in the earnestness of the old lady's voice, and in the tremble that goes through her quaint old figure. But Mr. George is so occupied with the almanac over the fire-place (calculating the coming month by it perhaps), that he does not look round until she has gone away, and the door is closed upon her.

"George," Mr. Bagnet gruffly whispers, when he does turn from the almanac at last. "Don't be cast down! 'Why, soldiers, why—should we be melancholy, boys?' Cheer up, my hearty!"

The clerk having now again gone in to say that they are still there, and Mr. Tulkington being heard to return with some irascibility, free."

"Let 'em come in then!" they pass into the great room with the painted ceiling, and find him standing before the fire.

"Now, you men, what do you want? Sergeant, I told you the last time I saw you that I don't desire your company here."

Sergeant replies—dashed within the last few minutes as to his usual manner of speech, and even as to his usual carriage—that he has received this letter, has been to Mr. Smallweed about it, and has been referred there.

"I have nothing to say to you," rejoins Mr. Tulkington. "If you get into debt, you must pay your debts, or take the consequences. You have no occasion to come here to learn that, I suppose?"

Sergeant is sorry to say that he is not prepared with the money.

"Very well! Then the other man—this man, if this is he—must pay it for you."

Sergeant is sorry to add that the other man is not prepared with the money either.

"Very well! Then you must pay it between you, or you must both be sued for it, and both suffer. You have had the money and must refund it. You are not to pocket other people's pounds, shillings, and pence, and escape scot-free."

BLEAK HOUSE.

The lawyer sits down in his easy chair and stirs the fire. Mr. George hopes he will have the goodness to—

"I tell you, Sergeant, I have nothing to say to you. I don't like your associates, and don't want you here. This matter is not at all in my course of practice, and is not in my office. Mr. Smallweed is good enough to offer those affairs to me, but they are not in my way. You must go to Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn."

"I must make an apology to you, sir," says Mr. George, "for pressing myself upon you with so little encouragement—which is almost as unpleasant to me as it can be you; but would you let me say a private word to you?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn rises with his hands in his pockets, and walks into one of the window recesses. "Now! I have no time to waste." In the midst of his perfect assumption of indifference, he directs a sharp look at the trooper; taking care to stand with his own back to the light, and to have the other with his face toward it.

"Well, sir," says Mr. George, "this man with me is the other party implicated in this unfortunate affair—nominally, only nominally—and my sole object is to prevent his getting into trouble on my account. He is a most respectable man with a wife and family; formerly in the Royal Artillery—"

"My friend, I don't care a pinch of snuff for the whole Royal Artillery establishment—officers, men, tumbrils, wagons, horses, guns, and ammunition."

"'Tis likely, sir. But I care a good deal for Bagnet and his wife and family being injured on my account. And if I could bring them through this matter, I should have no help for it but to give up, without any other consideration, what you wanted of me the other day."

"Have you got it here?"

"I have got it here, sir."

"Sergeant," the lawyer proceeds in his dry, passionless manner, far more hopeless in the dealing with, than any amount of vehemence, "make up your mind while I speak to you, for this is final. After I have finished speaking I have closed the subject, and I won't re-open it. Understand that. You can leave here, for a few days, what you say you have brought here, if you choose; you can take it away at once, if you choose. In case you choose to leave it here, I can do this for you—I can replace this matter on its old footing, and I can go so far besides as to give you a written undertaking that this man Bagnet shall never be troubled in any way until you have been proceeded against to the utmost—that your means shall be exhausted before the creditor looks to his. This is in fact all but freeing him. Have you decided?"

The trooper puts his hand into his breast, and answers with a long breath, "I must do it, sir."

So Mr. Tulkinghorn, putting on his spectacles, sits down and writes the undertaking; which he slowly reads and explains to Bagnet, who has all this time been staring at the ceiling, and who

puts his hand on his bald head again, under this new verbal shower-bath, and seems exceedingly in need of the old girl through whom to express his sentiments. The trooper then takes from his breast-pocket a folded paper, which he lays with an unwilling hand at the lawyer's elbow. "'Tis only a letter of instructions, sir. The last I ever had from him."

Look at a millstone, Mr. George, for some change in its expression, and you will find it quite as soon as in the face of Mr. Tulkinghorn when he opens and reads the letter! He re-folds it and lays it in his desk, with a countenance as imperceptible as Death.

Nor has he any thing more to say or do, but to nod once in the same frigid and discourteous manner, and to say briefly, "You can go. Show these men out, there!" Being shown out, they repair to Mr. Bagnet's residence to dine.

Boiled beef and greens constitute the day's variety on the former repast of boiled pork and greens; and Mrs. Bagnet serves out the meal in the same way, and seasons it with the best of temper: being that rare sort of old girl that she receives Good to her arms without a hint that it might be Better; and catches light from any little spot of darkness near her. The spot on this occasion is the darkened brow of Mr. George; he is unusually thoughtful and depressed. At first Mrs. Bagnet trusts to the combined endearments of Quebec and Malta to restore him; but finding those young ladies sensible that their existing Bluffy is not the Bluffy of their usual frolicsome acquaintance, she winks off the light infancy, and leaves him to deploy at leisure on the open ground of the domestic hearth.

But he does not. He remains in close order, clouded and depressed. During the lengthy cleaning up and patterning process, when he and Mr. Bagnet are supplied with their pipes, he is no better than he was at dinner. He forgets to smoke, looks at the fire and ponders, lets his pipe out, fills the breast of Mr. Bagnet with perturbation and dismay, by showing that he has no enjoyment of tobacco.

Therefore when Mrs. Bagnet at last appears, rosy from the invigorating pail, and sits down to her work, Mr. Bagnet growls "Old girl!" and winks monitions to her to find out what's the matter.

"Why, George!" says Mrs. Bagnet, quietly threading her needle. "How low you are!"

"Am I? Not good company? Well, I am afraid I am not."

"He ain't at all like Bluffy, mother!" cries little Malta.

"Because he ain't well, I think, mother!" adds Quebec.

"Sure that's a bad sign not to be like Bluffy, too!" returns the trooper, kissing the young damsels. "But it's true," with a sigh—"true, I am afraid. These little ones are always right!"

"George," says Mrs. Bagnet, working busily, "if I thought you cross enough to think of any thing that a shrill old soldier's wife—who could

have bitten her tongue off afterward, and ought to have done it almost—said this morning, I don't know what I shouldn't say to you now."

"My kind soul of a darling," returns the trooper. "Not a morsel of it."

"Because really and truly, George, what I said and meant to say was, that I trusted Ligⁿnum to you, and was sure you'd bring him through it. And you have brought him through it, noble!"

"Thank'ee, my dear," says George. "I am glad of your good opinion."

In giving Mrs. Bagnet's hand, with her work in it, a friendly shake—for she took her seat beside him—the trooper's attention is attracted to her face. After looking at it for a little while as she plies her needle, he looks to young Woolwich, sitting on his stool in the corner, and beckons that fellow to him.

"See there, my boy," says George, very gently smoothing the mother's hair with his hand, "there's a good loving forehead for you! All bright with love of you, my boy. A little touched by the sun and the weather through following your father about, and taking care of you, but as fresh and wholesome as a ripe apple on a tree."

Mr. Bagnet's face expresses, so far as in its wooden material lies, the highest approbation and acquiescence.

"The time will come, my boy," pursues the trooper, "when this hair of your mother's will be gray, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles—and a fine old lady she'll be then. Take care, while you are young that you can think in those days, 'I never whitened a hair of her dear head, I never marked a sorrowful line in her face!' For of all the many things that you can think of when you are a man, you had better have *that* by you, Woolwich!"

Mr. George concludes by rising from his chair, seating the boy beside his mother in it, and saying, with something of a hurry about him, that he'll smoke his pipe in the street a bit.

CHAPTER XXXV.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

I LAY ill through several weeks, and the usual tenor of my life became like an old remembrance. But this was not the effect of time so much as of the change in all my habits, made by the helplessness and inaction of a sick room. Before I had been confined to it many days, every thing else seemed to have retired into a remote distance, where there was little or no separation between the various stages of my life which had been really divided by years. In falling ill, I seemed to have crossed a dark ocean, and to have left all my experiences mingled together by the great distance, on the healthy shore.

My housekeeping duties, though at first it caused me great anxiety to think that they were unperformed, were soon as far off as the oldest of the old duties at Greenleaf, or the summer afternoons when I went home from school with my portfolio under my arm, and my childish

shadow at my side, to my godmother's house. I had never known before how short life really was, and into how small a space the mind could put it.

While I was very ill, the way in which these divisions of time were lost, and became confused with one another, distressed my mind exceedingly. At once a child, an elder girl, and the little woman I had been so happy as: I was not only oppressed by cares and difficulties adapted to each station, but by the great perplexity of endlessly trying to reconcile them. I suppose that few who have not been in such a condition can quite understand what I mean, or what painful unrest arose from this source.

For the same reason I am almost afraid to hint at that time in my disorder; it seemed one long night, but I believe there were both nights and days in it—when I labored up colossal staircases, contriving to reach the top, and ever turned, as I have seen a worm in a garden path by some obstruction, and laboring again. I knew perfectly at intervals, and I think vaguely at most times, that I was in my bed, and talked with Charley, and felt her touch, and knew her very well; yet I would find myself complaining "more of these never-ending stairs, Charley—more and more—piled up to the sky, I think!" and laboring on again.

Dare I hint at that worse time when, strung together somewhere in great black space, there was a flaming necklace or ring, or starry circle of, some kind, of which I was one of the beads! And when my only prayer was to be taken off from the rest, and when it was such inexplicable agony and misery to be a part of the dreadful thing?

Perhaps the less I say of these sick experiences, the less tedious and the more intelligible I shall be. I do not recall them to make others unhappy, or because I am now the least unhappy in remembering them. It may be that if we knew more of such strange afflictions we might be better able to alleviate their intensity.

The repose that succeeded, the long delicious sleep, the blissful rest, when in my weakness I was too calm to have any care for myself, and could have heard (or so I think now) that I was dying with no other emotion than with a pitying love for those I left behind—this state can be perhaps more widely understood. I was in this state when I first shrunk from the light as it twinkled on me once more, and I knew with a boundless joy for which no words are raptures enough, that I should see again.

I had heard my Ada crying at the door, day and night; I had heard her calling to me that I was cruel and did not love her; I had heard her praying and imploring to be let in to nurse and comfort me, and to leave my bedside no more; but I had only said, when I could speak, "Never. my sweet girl, never!" and I had over and over again reminded Charley that she was to keep my darling from the room, whether I lived or died. Charley had been true to me in that time of need,

and with her little hand and her great heart had kept the door fast.

But now, my sight strengthening and the glorious light coming every day more fully and brightly on me, I could read the letters that my dear wrote to me every morning and evening, and could put them to my lips and lay my cheek upon them with no fear of hurting her. I could see my little maid, so tender and so careful, going about the two rooms setting every thing in order and speaking cheerfully to Ada from the open window again. I could understand the stillness in the house and the thoughtfulness it expressed on the part of all those who had always been so good to me. I could weep in the exquisite felicity of my heart, and be as happy in my weakness as ever I had been in my strength.

By-and-by, my strength began to be restored. Instead of lying with so strange a calmness watching what was done for me, as if it were done for some one else whom I was greatly sorry for, I helped it a little, and so on to a little more and much more, until I became useful to myself, and interested, and attached to life again.

How well I remember the pleasant afternoon when I was raised in bed with pillows for the first time, to enjoy a great tea-drinking with Charley! The little creature—sent into the world surely to minister to the weak and sick—was so happy, and so busy, and stopped so often in her preparations to lay her head upon my bosom and fondle me and cry, with joyful tears, she was so glad, she was so glad! that I was obliged to say, “Charley, if you go on in this way, I must lie down again, my darling, for I am weaker than I thought I was!” So Charley became as quiet as a mouse, and took her bright face here and there, across and across the two rooms, out of the shade into the divine sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shade, while I watched her peacefully. When all her preparations were concluded and the pretty tea-board with its little delicacies to tempt me, and its white cloth, and its flowers, and every thing so lovingly and beautifully arranged for me by Ada down-stairs, was ready on the little table at the bed-side, I felt sure I was steady enough to say something to Charley that was not new to my thoughts.

First I complimented Charley on the room; and indeed, it was so fresh and airy, so spotless and neat, that I could scarce believe I had been lying there so long. This delighted Charley, and her face was brighter than before.

“ Yet, Charley,” said I, looking round, “ I miss something, surely, that I am accustomed to!”

Poor little Charley looked round too, and pretended to shake her head, as if there was nothing absent.

“ Are the pictures all as they used to be?” I asked her.

“ Every one of them, miss,” said Charley.

“ And the furniture, Charley?”

“ Except where I have moved it about to make more room, miss.”

“ And yet,” said I, “ I miss some familiar ob-

ject. Ah, I know what it is, Charley! It’s the looking-glass.”

Charley got up from the table, making as if she had forgotten something, and went into the next room; and I heard her sob there.

I had thought of this very often. I was now certain of it. I could thank God that it was not a shock to me now. I called Charley back, and when she came—at first pretending to smile, but as she drew nearer to me, looking grieved—I took her in my arms, and said, “ It matters very little, Charley. I hope I can do without my old face very well.”

I was frequently so far advanced as to be able to sit up in a great chair, and even giddily to walk into the adjoining room, leaning on Charley. The mirror was gone from its usual place in that room too; but what I had to bear was none the harder to bear for that.

My Guardian had throughout been earnest to visit me, and there was now no good reason why I should deny myself that happiness. He came one morning, and when he first came in could only hold me in his embrace, and say, “ My dear, dear girl!” I had long known—who could know better!—what a deep fountain of affection and generosity his heart was; and was it not worth any trivial suffering and change to fill such a place in it? “ Oh, yes!” I thought. “ He has seen me, and he loves me better than he did; he has seen me, and is even kinder to me than he was before; and what have I to mourn for!”

He sat down by me on the sofa, supporting me with his arm. For a little while he sat with his hand over his face, but when he removed it, fell into his usual manner. There never can have been, there never can be, a pleasanter manner.

“ My little woman,” said he, “ what a sad time this has been. Such an inflexible little woman, too, through all I!”

“ Only for the best, Guardian,” said I.

“ For the best?” he repeated, tenderly. “ Of course, for the best. Every thing she does is for the best, and of the best. But here have Ada and I been perfectly forlorn and miserable; here has your friend Caddy been coming and going late and early; here has every one about the house been utterly lost and dejected; here has even poor Rick been writing—to me, too—in his anxiety for you!”

I had read of Caddy in Ada’s letters, but not of Richard. I told him so.

“ Why, no, my dear,” he replied. “ I have thought it better not to mention it to her.”

“ And you speak of his writing to you,” said I, repeating his emphasis. “ As if it were not natural for him to do so, Guardian; as if he could write to a better friend!”

“ He thinks he could, my love,” returned my Guardian, “ and to many a better. The truth is, he writes to me under a sort of protest, while unable to write to you with any hope of an answer—wrote coldly, haughtily, distantly, resentfully. Well, dearest little woman, we must look forbearingly on it. He is not to blame. Jarndyce and

Jarndyce has warped him out of himself, and perverted me in his eyes. I have known it do as bad deeds, and worse, many and many a time. If two angels could be concerned in it, I believe it would change their nature."

"It has not changed yours, Guardian."

"Oh, yes, it has, my dear," he said, laughingly. "It has made the south wind easterly, I don't know how often. Rick mistrusts and suspects me—goes to lawyers, and is taught to mistrust and suspect me. Hears I have conflicting interests; claims clashing against his, and what not. Whereas, Heaven knows, that if I could get out of the mountaine of Wiglomeration on' which my unfortunate name has been so long bestowed (which I can't), or could level them by the extinction of my own original right (which I can't, either, and no human power ever can, anyhow, I believe; to such a pass have we got), I would do it this hour. I would rather restore to poor Rick his proper nature, than be endowed with all the money that dead suitors, broken, heart and soul, upon the wheel of Chancery, have left unclaimed with the Accountant-General, and that's money enough, my dear, to be cast into a pyramid in memory of Chancery's transcendent wickedness."

"Is it possible, Guardian," I asked, amazed, "that Richard can be suspicious of you?"

"Ah, my love, my love," he said, "it is in the subtle poison of such abuses to breed such diseases. His blood is infected, and objects lose their natural aspects in his sight. It is not his fault."

"But it is a terrible misfortune, Guardian."

"It is a terrible misfortune, little woman, to be ever drawn within the influences of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. I know none greater. By little and little he has been induced to trust in that rotten reed, and it communicates some portion of its rottenness to every thing around him. But again, I say, with all my soul, we must be patient with poor Rick, and not blame him. What a troop of fine fresh hearts like his have I seen in my time turned by the same means!"

I could not help expressing something of my wonder and regret that his benevolent, disinterested intentions had prospered so little.

"We must not say so, Dame Durden," he cheerfully replied; "Ada is the happier, I hope; and that is much. I did think that I and both these young creatures might be friends, and not distrustful foes, and we might so far counteract the suit and prove too strong for it. But it was too much to expect. Jarndyce and Jarndyce was the curtain of Rick's cradle."

"But, Guardian, may we not hope that a little experience will teach him what a false and wretched thing it is?"

"We will hope so, my Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and it may not teach him, so too late. In any case we must not be hard on him. There are not many grown and matured men living while we speak—good men, too, who, if they were thrown into this same court as suitors,

would not be vitally changed and depreciated within three years—within two—within one. How can we stand amazed at poor Rick? A young man so unfortunate," here he fell into a lower tone, as if he were thinking aloud, "can not at first believe (who could?) that Chancery is what it is. He looks to it, flushed and fitfully, to do something with his interests, and bring them to some settlement. It procrastinates, disappoints, tries, tortures him, and wears out his sanguine hopes and patience, thread by thread; but he still looks to it, and hankers after it, and finds his whole world treacherous and hollow. Well, well, well! Enough of this, my dear!"

He had supported me, as at first, all this time; and his tenderness was so precious to me that I leaned my head upon his shoulder and loved him as if he had been my father. I resolved in my own mind in this little pause, by some means, to see Richard when I grew strong, and try to set him right.

"There are better subjects than these," said my Guardian, "for such a joyful time as the time of our dear girl's recovery. And I had a commission to broach one of them as soon as I should begin to talk. When shall Ada come to see you, my love?"

I had been thinking of that, too. A little in connection with the absent mirrors, but not much; for I knew my loving girl would be changed by no change in my looks.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "as I have shut her out so long—though, indeed, indeed, she is like the light to me—"

"I know it well, Dame Durden, well."

He was so good, his touch expressed such endearing compassion and affection, and the tone of his voice carried such comfort into my heart, that I stopped for a little while, quite unable to go on. "Yes, yes, you are tired," said he. "Rest a little."

"As I have kept Ada out so long," I began afresh after a short while, "I think I should like to have my own way a little longer, Guardian. It would be best to be away from here before I see her. If Charley and I were to go to some country lodging as soon as I can move, and if I had a week there, in which to grow stronger and to be revived by the sweet air, and to look forward to the happiness of having Ada with me again, I think it would be better for us."

I hope it was not a poor thing in me to wish to be a little more used to my altered self before I met the eyes of the dear girl I longed so ardently to see; but it is the truth. I did. He understood me, I was sure, but I was not afraid of that. If it were a poor thing, I knew he would pass it over.

"Our spoilt little woman," said my Guardian, "shall have her own way even in her inflexibility though at the price, I know, of tears down stairs. And see here! Here is Boythorn, heart of chivalry, breathing such precious vows as never were breathed on paper before, that if you don't go and occupy his whole house, he having already turned out of it expressly for that purpose, by

Heaven and by earth he'll pull it down and not leave one brick standing on another!"

And my Guardian put a letter in my hand; without any ordinary beginning such as "My dear Jarndyce," but rushing at once into the words, "I swear if Miss Summerson do not come down and take possession of my house, which I vacate for her this day at one o'clock, P.M.," and then with the utmost seriousness, and in the most emphatic terms, going on to make the extraordinary declaration he had quoted. We did not appreciate the writer the less for laughing heartily over it; and we settled that I should write him a letter of thanks on the morrow, and accept his offer. It was a most agreeable one to me, for of all the places I could have thought of, I should have liked to go to none so well as Chesney Wold.

"Now, little housewife," said my Guardian, looking at his watch, "I was strictly timed before I came up-stairs, for you must not be tired too soon; and my time has waned away to the last minute. I have one other petition. Little Miss Flite, hearing a rumor that you were ill, made nothing of walking down here—twenty miles, poor soul, in a pair of dancing shoes—to inquire. It was Heaven's mercy we were at home, or she would have walked back again."

The old conspiracy to make me happy? Every body seemed to be in it!

"Now, pet," said my Guardian, "if it would not be irksome to you to admit the harmless little creature one afternoon before you save Boythorn's otherwise devoted house from demolition, I believe you would make her prouder and better pleased with herself than I—though my eminent name is Jarndyce—could do in a lifetime."

I have no doubt he knew there would be something in the simple image of the poor afflicted creature that would fall gently on my mind with a good influence. I felt it as he spoke to me. I could not tell him heartily enough how ready I was to receive her. I had always pitied her; never so much as now. I had always been glad of my little power to soothe her under her calamity; but never, never half so glad before.

We arranged a time for Miss Flite to come out by the coach, and share my early dinner. When my Guardian left me, I turned my face away upon my couch, and prayed to be forgiven if I, surrounded by such blessings, had magnified to myself the little trial that I had to undergo. The childish prayer of that old birthday, when I had aspired to be industrious, contented, and true-hearted, and to do some good to some one, and win some love to myself if I could, came back into my mind with a reproachful sense of all the happiness I had since enjoyed, and all the affectionate hearts that had been turned toward me. If I were weak now, what had I profited by these mercies? I repeated the old childish prayer in its old childish words, and found that its old peace had not departed from it.

My Guardian now came every day. In a week or so more, I could walk about our rooms, and

hold long talks with Ada from behind the window-curtain. Yet I never saw her, for I had not as yet the courage to look at the dear face, though I could have done so easily without her seeing me.

On the appointed day Miss Flite arrived. The poor little creature ran into my room quite forgetful of her usual dignity, and crying from her very heart of hearts, "My dear Fitz Jarndyce!" fell upon my neck and kissed me twenty times.

"Dear me!" said she, putting her hand into her reticule, "I have nothing here but documents, my dear Fitz Jarndyce; I must borrow a pocket-handkerchief."

Charley gave her one, and the good creature certainly made use of it, for she held it to her eyes with both hands, and sat so shedding tears for the next ten minutes.

"With pleasure, my dear Fitz Jarndyce," she was careful to explain. "Not the least pain. Pleasure to see you well again. Pleasure at having the honor of being admitted to see you. I am so much fonder of you, my love, than of the Chancellor. Though I *do* attend court regularly. By-the-by, my dear, mentioning pocket-handkerchiefs—"

Miss Flite here looked at Charley, who had been to meet her at the place where the coach stopped. Charley glanced at me, and looked unwilling to pursue the suggestion.

"Ve-ry right!" said Miss Flite, "ve-ry correct. Truly? Highly indiscreet of me to mention it; but my dear Miss Fitz Jarndyce, I am afraid I am at times (between ourselves, you wouldn't think it) a little—rambling you knew," said Miss Flite, touching her forehead. "Nothing more."

"What were you going to tell me?" said I, smiling, for I saw she wanted to go on. "You have roused my curiosity, and now you must gratify it."

Miss Flite looked to Charley for advice in this important crisis, who said, "If you please, ma'am; you had better tell then," and therein gratified Miss Flite beyond measure.

"So sagacious, our young friend!" said she, in her mysterious way. "Diminutive. But ve-ry sagacious! Well, my dear, it's a pretty anecdote. Nothing more. Still I think it charming. Who should follow us down the road from the coach, my dear, but a poor person in a very ungenteel bonnet—"

"Jenny, if you please, miss," said Charley.

"Just so!" Miss Flite acquiesced with the greatest assvity. "Jenny. Ye-es! And what does she tell our young friend, but that there has been a lady with a veil inquiring at her cottage after my dear Fitz Jarndyce's health, and taking a handkerchief away with her as a little keepsake, merely because it was my amiable Fitz Jarndyce's. Now, you know, so very prepossessing in the lady with the veil!"

"If you please, miss," said Charley, to whom I looked in some astonishment, "Jenny says that when her baby died, you left a handkerchief there, and that she put it away and kept it with the

baby's little things. I think, if you please, partly because it was yours, miss, and partly because it had covered the baby."

"Diminutive," whispered Miss Flite, making a variety of motions about her own forehead to express intellect in Charley. "But exceedingly sagacious! And so clear! My love, she's clearer than any counsel I ever heard!"

"Yes, Charley," I returned. "I remember it. Well?"

"Well, miss," said Charley, "and that's the handkerchief the lady took. And Jenny wants you to know that she wouldn't have made away with it herself for a heap of money, but that the lady took it, and left some money instead. Jenny don't know her at all, if you please, miss."

"Why, who can she be?" said I.

"My love," Miss Flite suggested, advancing her lips to my ear, with her most mysterious look, "in my opinion—don't mention this to our diminutive friend—she's the Lord Chancellor's wife. He's married, you know. And I understand she leads him a terrible life. Throws his lordship's paper into the fire, my dear, if he won't pay the jeweler!"

I did not think very much about this lady then, for I had an impression that it might be Caddy. Besides, my attention was diverted by my visitor, who was cold after her ride, and looked hungry; and who, our dinner being brought in, required some little assistance in arraying herself with great satisfaction in a pitiable old scarf and a much-worn and often-mended pair of gloves, which she had brought down in a paper parcel. I had to preside, too, over the entertainment, consisting of a dish of fish, a roast fowl, a sweet-bread, vegetables, pudding, and Madeira; and it was so pleasant to see how she enjoyed it, and with what state and ceremony she did honor to it, that I was soon thinking of nothing else.

When we had finished, and had our little dessert before us, embellished by the hands of my dear, who would yield the superintendence of every thing prepared for me to no one—Miss Flite was so very "chatty and happy, that I thought I would lead her to her own history, as she was always pleased to talk about herself. I began by saying, "You have attended on the Lord Chancellor many years, Miss Flite?"

"O many, many, many years, my dear. But I expect a judgment shortly."

There was an anxiety even in her hopefulness, that made me doubtful if I had done right in approaching the subject. I thought I would say no more about it.

"My father expected a judgment," said Miss Flite. "My brother. My sister. They all expected a judgment. The same that I expect."

"They are all—"

"Ye-es, dead of course, my dear," said she.

As I saw she would go on, I thought it best to try to be serviceable to her by meeting the theme, rather than avoiding it.

"Would it not be wiser," said I, "to expect this judgment no more?"

"Why, my dear," she answered promptly, "of course it would!"

"And to attend the court no more?"

"Equally, of course," said she. "Very wear-ing to be always in expectation of what never comes, my dear Fitz Jarndyce! Wearing, I as-sure you, to the bone!"

She slightly showed me her arm, and it was fearfully thin indeed.

"But, my dear," she went on, in her mysteri-ous way, "there's a dreadful attraction in the place. Hush! Don't mention it to our diminutive friend, when she comes in. Or it may fright-en her. With good reason. There's a cruel at-traction in the place. You can't leave it. And you must expect."

I tried to assure her that this was not so. She heard me patiently and smilingly, but was ready with her own answer.

"Ay, ay, ay! You think so, because I am a little rambling. Ve-ry absurd, to be a little ram-bling, is it not? Ve-ry confusing, too. To the head. I find it so. But, my dear, I have been there many years, and I have noticed. It's the Mace and Seal upon the table."

"What could they do, did she think?" I mildly asked her.

"Draw," returned Miss Flite. "Draw people on, my dear. Draw peace out of them. Sense out of them. Good looks out of them. Good qualities out of them. I have felt them drawing my rest away in the night. Cold and glittering devils!"

She touched me several times upon the arm, and nodded good-humoredly, as if she were anxious I should understand that I had no cause to fear her, though she spoke so gloomily, and confided these awful secrets to me.

"Let me see," said she. "I'll tell you my own case. Before they ever drew me—before I had ever seen them—what was it I used to do? tambourine playing? No. Tambour work. I and my sister worked at tambour work. Our father and our brother had a builder's business. We all lived together. Ve-ry respectfully, my dear! First, our father was drawn—slowly. Home was drawn with him. In a few years, he was a fierce, sour, angry bankrupt, without a kind word or a kind look for any one. He had been so different, Fitz Jarndyce. He was drawn to a debtor's prison. There he died. Then our brother was swiftly drawn to drunkenness and rags. And death. Then my sister was drawn. Hush! Never ask to what! Then I was ill, and in misery, and heard, as I had often heard before, that this was all the work of Chancery. When I got better, I went to look at the Monster, and then I found out how it was, and I was drawn to stay there."

Having got over her own short narrative, in the delivery of which she had spoken in a low, strained voice, as if the shock were fresh upon her, she gradually resumed her usual air of amiable importance.

"You don't quite credit me, my dear! Well, well! You will, some day. I am a little ram-

bling. But I have noticed. I have seen many new faces come, unsuspicious, within the influence of the Mace and Seal in these many years. As my father's came there. As my brother's. As my sister's. As my own. I hear conversation Kenge and the rest of them say to the new faces, 'Here's little Miss Flite. O, you are new here; and you must come and be presented to little Miss Flite!' Ve-ry good. Proud I am sure to have the honor! And we all laugh. But Fitz Jarndyce knows what will happen; I know, far better than they do, when the attraction has begun. I know the signs, my dear. I saw them begin in Gridley. And I saw them end. Fitz Jarndyce, my love," speaking low again. "I saw them beginning in our friend the Ward in Jarndyce. Let some one hold him back. Or he'll be drawn to ruin."

She looked at me in silence for some moments, with her face gradually softening into a smile. Seeming to fear that she had been too gloomy, and seeming also to lose the connection in her mind, she said, politely, as she sipped her glass of wine, "Yes, my dear, as I was saying, I expect a judgment shortly. Then I shall release my birds, you know, and confer estates."

I was very much impressed by her allusion to Richard, and by the sad meaning, so sadly illustrated in her poor pinched form, that made its way through all her incoherence. But happily for her, she was quite complacent again now, and beamed with nods and smiles.

"But, my dear," she said, gayly, reaching another hand to put it upon mine. "You have not congratulated me on my physician. Positively not once, yet!"

I was obliged to confess that I did not quite know what she meant.

"My physician, Mr. Woodcourt, my dear, who was so exceedingly attentive to me. Though his services were rendered quite gratuitously, I assure you! Until the Day of Judgment—I mean the judgment that will dissolve the spell upon me of the Mace and Seal."

"Mr. Woodcourt is so far away, now," said I, "that I thought the time for such congratulations was past, Miss Flite."

"But, my child," she returned, "is it possible that you don't know what has happened?"

"No," said I.

"Not what every body has been talking of, my beloved Fitz Jarndyce?"

"No," said I. "You forget how long I have been here."

"True! my dear, for the moment—true. I blame myself. But my memory has been drawn out of me, with every thing else, by what I mentioned. Ve-ry strong influence, is it not? Well my dear, there has been a terrible shipwreck over in those East-Indian seas."

"Mr. Woodcourt shipwrecked!"

"Don't be agitated, my dear. He is safe. An awful scene. Death in all shapes. Hundreds of dead and dying. Fire, storm, and darkness. Numbers of the drowning thrown upon a rock.

There, and through it all, my dear physician was a hero. Calm and brave through every thing. Saved many lives; never complained in hunger and thirst, wrapped naked people in his spare clothes, took the lead, showed them what to do, governed them, tended the sick, buried the dead and brought the poor survivors safely off at last! My dear, the poor emaciated creatures all but worshipped him. They fell down at his feet when they got to the land and blessed him. The whole country rings with it. Stay! where's my bag of documents? I have got it there, and you shall read it.—You shall read it!"

And I did read all the noble history; though very slowly, and imperfectly then, for my eyes were so dimmed that I could not see the words, and I cried so much that I was many times obliged to lay down the long account she had cut out of the newspaper. I felt so triumphant ever to have known the man who had done such generous and gallant deeds, I felt such glowing exultation in his renown, I so admired and loved what he had done that I envied the storm-worn people who had fallen down at his feet and blessed him as their preserver. I could myself have kneeled down then, so far away, and blessed him, in my rapture, that he should be so truly good and brave. I felt that no one—mother, sister, wife—could honor him more than I. I did, indeed!

My poor little visitor made me a present of the account, and when, as the evening began to close in, she rose to take her leave, lest she should miss the coach by which she was to return, she was still full of the shipwreck, which I had not yet sufficiently composed myself to understand in all its details.

"My dear," said she, as she carefully folded up her scarf and gloves, "my brave physician ought to have a title bestowed upon him. And no doubt he will. You are of that opinion?"

That he will deserve one, yes. That he would ever have one, no.

"Why not, Fitz Jarndyce?" she asked, rather sharply.

I said it was not the custom in England to confer titles on men distinguished by peaceful services, however good and great; unless occasionally, when they were distinguished by the accumulation of some very large amount of money.

"Why, good gracious," said Miss Flite, "how can you say that? Surely you know, my dear, that all the greatest ornaments of England, in knowledge, imagination, active humanity, and improvement of every kind, are among its nobility; look round you, my dear, and consider. You must be rambling a little now, I think, if you don't know that this is the great reason why titles will always last in the land."

I am afraid she believed what she said; for there were moments when she was very mad indeed.

And now I must part with a little secret I have thus far tried to keep. I had thought, sometimes, that Mr. Woodcourt loved me, and

that if he had been richer, he would perhaps have told me that he loved me, before he went away. I had thought, sometimes, that if he had done so, I should have been glad of it. But how much better it was now, that this had never happened! What should I have suffered, if I had had to write to him, and tell him that the poor chace he had known as mine was quite gone from me, and that I freely released him from his bondage to one whom he had never seen!

O it was so much better as it was! With a great pang mercifully spared me, I could take back to my heart my childish prayer to be all he had so brightly shown himself; and there was nothing to be undone: no chain for me to break, or for him to drag; and I could go, please God, my lonely way along the path of duty, and he could go his nobler way upon its broader road; and though we were apart upon the journey I might aspire to meet him unselfishly, innocently, better far than he had thought me when I found some favor in his eyes, at the journey's end.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

HE was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle by the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really— But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honor to be surprised at any thing that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I am supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in any thing. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that

Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretense of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintances are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold—I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and three-pence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I look into the old-established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with any body. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take

him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard-street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard-street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, “Sir, your little son has dropped his glove.” I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling-head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavored to comfort him for what I fear he will consider bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to

say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

• It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill, from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana, a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me, with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart toward the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, “You fool!”

“Uncle,” I returned, “I didn't expect you to

be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

" You didn't expect!" said he; " when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

" These are hard words, uncle!"

" Hard words! Feathers, to peilt such an idiot as you with," said he. " Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favored, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face toward me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

" Look at the sniveling milksop!" said my uncle. " Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezebels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

" On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. " On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle, and the cold, slate-colored, miserable day looked in upon us.

" Now, Mr. Michael," said he, " before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

" As you will, sir," I returned; " but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, " You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very

well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

" Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother, " You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and you, your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

" My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now, be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

" God help me, Christiana!" said I. " You speak the truth."

" Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, " let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother; without considering that what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith: sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I can not bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labor with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—

now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarreled; nor did he afterward gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honor.

Matters between us, took this turn:—On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael!" said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful to the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me—"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to humor it—"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I don't expect you to humor it. I want to correct it."

"And I, too," said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honorably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership thrived well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire, as he slowly rubbed his hands), not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—O, how delightful!—to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining, and consoling, is the

priceless blessing of my house ; from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I can not bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once at the Theatre, when I was there with little Frank ; and the child said, wondering, " Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand ? "

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

" And the Castle is—" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

" Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, " is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air ! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

THE CHILD'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting any thing, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child " What do you do here ? " And the child said, " I am always at play. Come and play with me ! "

So he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds, and saw so many butterflies, that every thing was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all ; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds ; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was ; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world,

and the most astonishing picture-books : all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons : and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting any thing, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy " What do you do here ? " And the boy said, " I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning ; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter ; they were active afoot, and active on horseback ; at cricket, and all games at ball ; the prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of ; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he had lost the child ; and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing any thing, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man " What do you do here ? " And the young man said, " I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well ! He was teased sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny ; and they quarreled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel ; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny !

But the traveler lost them one day, as he had

lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing any thing, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India;" and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can;" and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveler looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveler, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow, and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said,

"I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and the tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveler and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood: so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveler lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man "What do you do here?" And the old man said, with a calm smile, "I am always reuring. Come and remember with me!"

So, the traveler sat down by the side of that old man, face to face, with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveler must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because that is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

WHEN I first took my seat as a clerk in our Bank, the state of the country was far less safe than it is now. The roads were not only unconscious of Macadam, and fatal in many places to wheels and springs, but dangerous to a still more alarming degree from the outrages and robberies to which travelers were exposed. Men's minds were unsettled by the incidents of the war on which we had just entered; commerce was interrupted, credit was at an end, and distress began to be discovered among whole classes of the population who had hitherto lived in comfort. However harshly the law was administered, it seemed to have no terrors for the evil-doer, and, indeed, the undiscerning cruelty of the Statute-book defeated its own object, by punishing all crimes alike. But, a time of pecuniary pressure is not a bad season for a bank. The house flourished, though the country was in great straits; and the enormous profits at that time realized by bankers—which enabled them to purchase large estates and outshine the old territorial aristocracy—made the profession as unpopular among the higher classes as it had already become among the unreasoning masses. By them, a banker was looked upon as a sort of licensed

forger, who created enormous sums of money by merely signing square pieces of flimsy paper; and I am persuaded the robbery of a bank would have been considered by many people quite as meritorious an action as the dispersal of a band of coiners. These, however, were not the sentiments of us bankers' clerks. We felt that we belonged to a mighty corporation, on whose good-will depended the prosperity of half the farms in the county. We considered ourselves the executive government, and carried on the business of the office with a pride and dignity that would have fitted us for Secretaries of State. We used even to walk the streets with a braggadocio air, as if our pockets were loaded with gold; and if two of us hired a gig for a country excursion, we pretended to look under the driving-seat as if to see to the safety of inconceivable amounts of money: ostentatiously examining our pistols, to show that we were determined to defend our treasure or die. Not seldom these precautions were required in reality; for, when a pressure for gold occurred among our customers, two of the most courageous of the clerks were despatched with the required amount, in strong leather bags deposited under the seat of the gig, which bags they were to guard at the risk of their lives. Whether from the bodily strength I was gifted with, or from some idea that as I was not given to boasting, I might really possess the necessary amount of boldness, I do not know, but I was often selected as one of the guards to a valuable cargo of this description; and as if to show an impartiality between the most silent and the most talkative of their servants, the partners united with me in this service the most blustering, boastful, good-hearted and loud-voiced young gentleman I have ever known. You have most of you heard of the famous electioneering orator, Tom Ruddle—who stood at every vacancy for county and borough, and passed his whole life between the elections in canvassing for himself or friends. Tom Ruddle was my fellow clerk at the time I speak of, and generally the companion of my drives in charge of treasure.

"What would you do," I said to Tom, "in case we are attacked?"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom, with whom that was a favorite way of beginning almost every sentence, "Tell ye what! I'll shoot 'em through the head."

"Then you expect there will be more than one?"

"I should think so," said Tom; "if there was only one, I'd jump out of the gig and give him a precious licking. Tell ye what! I would be a proper punishment for his impertinence."

"And if half-a-dozen should try it?"

"Shoot 'em all!"

Never was there such a determined custodian as the gallant Tom Ruddle.

One cold December evening we were suddenly sent off, in charge of three bags of coin, to be delivered into customers' hands within ten or twelve miles of the town. The clear frosty sky was exhilarating, our courage was excited by the speed

of the motion, the dignity of our responsible office, and a pair of horse-pistols which lay across the apron.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom, taking up one of the pistols and (as I afterward found) full-cocking it, "I should rather like to meet a few robbers. I would serve them as I did those three disbanded soldiers."

"How was that?"

"Oh! it's as well," said Tom, pretending to grow very serious, "to say nothing about these unfortunate accidents. Blood is a frightful thing on the conscience, and a bullet through a fellow's head is a disagreeable sight; but—tell ye what!—I'd do it again. Fellows who risk their lives must take their chance, my boy."

And here Tom put the other pistol on full-cock, and looked audaciously on both sides of the road, as if daring the lurking murderers to come forth and receive the reward of their crimes. As to the story of the soldiers, and the fearful insinuations of a bloody deed executed on one or all, it was a prodigious rhodomontade—for Tom was such a tender-hearted individual, that if he had shot a kitten, it would have made him unhappy for a week. But, to hear him talk, you would have taken him for a civic Richard the Third—one who had "neither pity, love, nor fear." His whiskers also were very ferocious, and suggestive of battle, murder, and ruin. So, he went on playing with his pistol, and giving himself out for an unpitying executioner of vengeance on the guilty, until we reached the small town where one of our customers resided, and it was necessary for one of us to carry one of the bags to its destination. Tom undertook this task. At the village at which the remaining parcels were to be delivered was only a mile further on, he determined to walk across the fields, and join me after he had executed his commission. He looked carefully at the priming of his pistol, stuck it ostentatiously in the outside breast-pocket of his great-coat; and, with stately steps, marched off with the heavy money-bag in his hand. I put the whip to the horse, and trotted merrily forward, thinking nothing whatever of robbery or danger, in spite of the monitory conversation of Tom Ruddle.

Our first customer resided at the outskirts of the village—a farmer who required a considerable amount in gold. I pulled up at the narrow dark entrance of the lane that led up to his house, and as my absence couldn't be for more than a few minutes, I left the gig, and proceeded up the lane with my golden treasure. I delivered it into the hands of its owner; and, manfully resisting all his hospitable invitations, I took my leave, and walked rapidly toward the gig. As I drew near, I perceived in the clear starlight a man mounted on the step, and groping under the seat. I ran forward, and the man, alarmed by my approach, rapidly raised himself from his stooping position, and, presenting a pistol, fired it so close to my eyes that the flash blinded me for a moment; the action was so sudden, and my surprise so great, that for a short time too I was bewil-

tered, and scarcely knew whether I was alive or dead.

The old horse never started at the report, and I rested my hand on the rim of the wheel, while I endeavored to recover my scattered thoughts. The first thing I ascertained was that the man had disappeared. I then hurriedly examined under the seat; and, to my intense relief, perceived the remaining money-bag still in its place. There was a slit in it, however, near the top, as if made by a knife—the robber probably resolving merely to possess himself of the coin, without the dangerous accompaniment of the leathern sack, by which he might have been traced.

"Tell ye what!" said a voice close beside me, as I concluded my scrutiny; "I don't like practical jokes like that—firing off pistols to frighten folks. You'll alarm the whole village."

"Tom," I said, "now's the time to show your courage. A man has robbed the gig—or tried to do it—and has fired at me within a yard of my face."

Tom grew perceptibly pale at this information. "Was there only one?"

"Only one."

"Then the accomplices are near. What's to be done? Shall we rouse farmer Malins, and get his men to help?"

"Not for the world," I said: "I would rather face a dozen shots than have my carelessness known at the Bank. It would ruin me for life. Let us count the money in this bag, quietly deliver it if it be correct, and then follow the robber's course."

It was only a hundred guinea bag, that one, but the counting was nervous work. We found three guineas wanting. We were luckily able to supply them from our own pockets (having just received our quarter's salaries), and I left Tom there, delivered the bag at its destination, very near at hand, without a word of the robbery, and went back to him.

"Now, which way did he go?" said Tom, resuming a little of his former air, and clutching his pistol like the chief of a chorus of banditti in a melodrama.

I told him I had been so confused that I had not observed which way he had retreated. Tom was an old hand at poaching—though he was a clergyman's son, and ought to have set a better example.

"I have heard a hare stir at a hundred yards," he said, and laid his ear close to the frosty ground. "If he's within a quarter of a mile, I shall hear him move." I lay also down on the ground. There was silence for a long time. We heard nothing but our breathing and the breathing of the horse.

"Hush!" said Tom at last. "He has come out of hiding. I hear a man's step far away to the left; bring your pistol, and let us follow." I took the pistol and found the flint down on the pan. The man had fired at me with my own weapon, and no wonder he had fired so suddenly; for Tom now acknowledged to his belief that he had forgotten to uncock it.

"Never mind," said Tom, "I'll blow his brains out with mine, and you can split his skull with the butt end of yours. Tell ye what! It's of no use to spare those malefactors. I'll fire, the moment I see him."

"Not till I tell you whether it is the robber or not."

"Should you know him, do you think?"

"In the flash of the powder I saw a pair of haggard and amazed eyes which I shall never forget."

"On, then!" said Tom; "we'll have a three hundred pound reward, and see the rascal hanged besides."

"We set off, slowly and noiselessly, in the direction Tom had pointed out. Occasionally he applied his ear to the ground, and always muttering, "We have him! we have him!" proceeded in the same careful manner as before. Suddenly Tom said, "He's doubling. He has been leading us on the wrong scent all this time; he has turned toward the village."

"Then our plan," I said, "should be to get there before him. If we intercept him in that way, he can't escape; and I feel sure I could identify him if I saw him by candle-light."

"Tell ye what!—that's the plan," replied my companion. "We'll watch at the entrance of the village, and arrest him the moment he comes in."

We crept through an opening of the hedge, and got once more in the straight lane that led to the village. It was now very late, and the cold was so intense that it kept every person within-doors; for, we heard no sound in the whole hamlet, except, high up in the clear air, the ticking of the church clock, and the loud jangle of the quarters that seemed like peals of artillery in the excited state of our minds and senses. Close to the church—which appeared to guard the entrance of the village, with its low buttressed walls, and its watch-tower of a steeple—there was a wretched ruined-looking cottage, which projected so far into the lane that the space between it and the church was not more than eight or nine feet. It struck us both at the same moment that if we could effect a lodgment here, it was impossible for the man to slip into the village without our observation.

After listening for a while at the windows and doors of the building, we concluded it was uninhabited; gently pushing open the door, we climbed a narrow stone staircase, and were making for a gable end window which we had observed from the road, and which commanded the whole approach to the village, when we heard a voice say in a whisper, as we attained the garret we were in search of, "Is that you, William?"

We stopped for a minute or two and the speaker's expectation was disappointed. We now placed ourselves at the window, and listened for the slightest sound. We remained there, listening, for a long time. Several quarters had died off into "the eternal melodies," far up in the church tower, and we were just beginning

to despair of seeing the object of our search, when Tom nudged me noiselessly with his elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered very softly, "there's a footstep round the corner. See! There's a man under the hedge looking up at the next window. There—he moves! We must be after him. Hallo! Stop—he crosses the lane. He's coming into this very house!"

I certainly did see a figure silently steal across the road and disappear under the doorway of the building we were in. But, we had no light; and we knew nothing of the arrangement of the rooms. Another quarter thrown off from the old church clock, warned us that the night was rapidly passing away. We had almost resolved to retrace our steps if possible, and get back to where we had left our unfortunate horse, when I was again nudged by my friend's elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered. "Something's going on;" and he pointed to a feeble glimmer on the rafters of the roof above us.

The light proceeded from the next room, which had not been built up above the height of the ceiling joists, so that the roof was common to both chambers—the adjoining one, and that in which we were—the partition-wall being only seven or eight feet high. We could have heard any thing that was said, but we listened in vain for the slightest sound. The light, however, continued to burn; we saw it flickering across the top of the habitation, and dimly playing far up among the dark thatch of the roof.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom. "If we could get up, on these old joists, we could see into the next room. Hold my pistol till I get up and—tell ye what!—then I can shoot 'em easy."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom!" I said, "be careful. Let me see whether it is the man."

"Come up, then," said Tom, who now bestrode one of the main beams and gave me a hand to aid my ascent. We were both on the level of the dividing wall, and, by placing our heads a little forward, could see every portion of the neighboring room. A miserable room it was. There was a small round table, there were a couple of old chairs; but utter wretchedness was the characteristic of the cheerless and fireless apartment.

There was a person, apparently regardless of the cold, seated at the table and reading a book. The little taper which had been lighted without any noise, was only sufficient to throw its illumination on the features and figure of the reader, and on the table at which she sat. They were wasted and pallid features—but she was young, and very pretty; or the mystery and strangeness of the incident threw such an interest around her, that I thought so. Her dress was very scanty, and a shawl, wrapped closely round her shoulders, perhaps displayed, rather than concealed the deficiency of her clothing in other respects. Suddenly we saw at the farther end of the room a figure emerge from the darkness; Tom grasped his pistol more firmly, and put the cock back, preventing it from making any noise with his thumb. The man stood in the door-

way, as if uncertain whether to enter or not. He looked for a long time at the woman, who still continued her reading; and then silently advanced. She heard his step, and lifted up her head, and looked in his face without saying a word. Such a face, so pale, so agitated, I never in my life saw.

"We shall go to-morrow," he said; "I have got some money as I expected." And with these words he laid three golden guineas on the table before her. Still, she said nothing—but watched his countenance with her lips apart.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom; "that's the money. Is that the man?"

"I don't know yet, till I see his eyes." In the mean time, the conversation went on below.

"I borrowed these pieces from a friend," continued the man, as if in answer to the look she bent on him; "a friend, I tell you. I might have had more, but I would take only three. They are enough to carry us to Liverpool, and, once there, we are sure of a passage to the West. Once in the West, the world is before us. I can work, Mary. We are young—a poor man has no chance here, but we can go to America with fresh hopes—"

"And a good conscience!" said the woman, in a whisper like Lady Macbeth.

The man was silent. At last he seemed to grow angry at the steadiness of her gaze. "Why do you look at me in that manner? I tell you we shall start to-morrow."

"And the money?" said the woman.

"I will send it back to my friend from whom I borrowed it, out of my first earnings. I took only three, in case it should incommod him to lend me more."

"I must see that friend myself," said Mary, "before I touch the money."

"Tell ye what! Is it the man?" again asked Tom.

"Hush!" I said; "let us listen."

"I recognized a friend of mine in one of the clerks in the Melfield Bank. I give you my word I got the coins from him."

"Tell ye what! He confesses," said Tom; "let us spring on him by surprise—an ugly ruffian as ever I saw!"

"And with that sum," he continued, "see what we can do. It will relieve us from our distress, which has come upon us—Mary, you know I speak the truth in this—from no other fault of mine than too much confidence in a treacherous friend. I can't see you starve. I can't see the baby reduced from our comfortable keeping to lie on straw at the end of a barn like this. I can't do it—I won't!" he went on, getting more impassioned in his words. "At whatever cost, I will give you a chance of comfort and independence."

"And peace of mind?" replied Mary. "Oh, William, I must tell you what terrible fears have been in my heart, all this dreary night, during your absence; I have read, and prayed, and turned for comfort to Heaven. Oh, William, give the money back to your friend—I say no—

thing about the loan—take it back; I can't look at it! Let us starve—let us die, if it must be so—but take that money away."

Tom Ruddle gently put down the cock of his pistol, and ran the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Let us trust, William," the woman went on, "and deliverance will be found. The weather is very cold," she added. "There seems no visible hope; but I can not altogether despair at this time of the year. This barn is not more humble than the manger at Bethlehem, which I have been reading about all night."

At this moment, a great clang of bells pealed from the old church tower; it was so near that it shook the rafters on which we sat, and filled all the room with the sharp ringing sound. "Hark!" cried the man, startled, "What's that?" "It is Christmas morning," said the woman. "Ah, William, William, what a different spirit we should welcome it with; in what a different spirit we have welcomed it, many and many a happy time!"

He listened for a moment or two to the bells. Then he sank on his knees, and put his head on her lap; and there was perfect silence except the Christmas music. "Tell ye what!" said Tom. "I remember we always sang a hymn at this hour, in my father's house. Let us be off—I wouldn't disturb these people for a thousand guineas."

Some little noise was made by our preparations to descend. The man looked up, while the woman still continued absorbed in prayer. My head was just on the level of the wall. Our eyes met. They were the same that had flashed so wildly when the pistol was fired from the gig. We continued our descent. The man rose quietly from his knees, and put his finger to his lip. When we got down-stairs, he was waiting for us at the door. "Not before her," he said. "I would spare her the sight, if I could. I am guilty of the robbery, but I wouldn't have ~~happened~~ you, sir. The pistol went off the moment I put my hand upon it. For God's sake, tell her of it gently, when you have taken me away!"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom Ruddle—whose belligerent feelings had entirely disappeared—"the pistol was my mistake, and it's all a mistake together. Come to my friend and me, at the Bank, the day after to-morrow, and—tell ye what! the sharp wind brings water to my eyes—we'll manage to lend you some more."

So the bells still rang clear in the midnight air; and our drive home through the frosty lanes, was the pleasantest drive we ever had in our lives.

THE DEAF PLAYMATE'S STORY.

I DON'T know how you have all managed, or what you have been telling. I have been thinking all this time, what I could tell that was interesting; and I don't know any thing very particular that has happened to me, except all about Charley Felkin, and why he has asked me to go and stay there. I will tell you that story, if you like.

You know Charley is a year younger than I am, and I had been at Dr. Owen's a year when he came. He was to be in my room; and he did not know any thing about school; and he was younger, and uncomfortable at first; and altogether he fell to my share; and so we saw a great deal of each other. He soon cheered up, and could stand his ground; and we were great friends. He soon got to like play, and left off moping; and we used to talk a great deal in wet weather, and out on long walks. Our best talks, though, were after we were gone to bed. I was not deaf then; and we used to have such talks about home, and ghosts, and all sorts of things; and nobody ever overheard us that we know of, but once; and then we got nothing worse than a tremendous rap at the door, and the doctor bidding us go to sleep directly.

Well, we went on just so for a good while, till I began to have the ear-ache. At first, Charley was very kind to me. I remember his asking me once to lean my head on his shoulder, and his keeping my head warm till the pain got better; and he sat quite still the whole time. But perhaps he got tired; or—I don't know—perhaps I grew cross. I used to try not; but sometimes the pain was so bad, and lasted so long, that I used to wish I was dead; and I dare say I might be cross enough then, or dismal, which boys like worse. Charley used to seem not to believe there was any thing the matter with me. I used to climb up the apple-tree, and get on the wall, and pretend to be asleep, to get out of their way; and then the boys used to come running that way, and say, "Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall!" and one day when I heard Charley say it, I said, "Oh, Charley!" and he said, "Well, why do you go dumping there?" and he pretended that I made a great fuss about nothing. I know he did not really think so, but wanted to get rid of it all. I know it, because he was so kind always, and so merry when I got well again, and went to play with the rest. And then I was pleased, and thought I must have been cross, to have thought the things I had; and so we never explained. If we had, it might have saved a great deal that happened afterward. I am sure I wish we had.

When Charley came, he was a good deal behind me—being a year younger, and never having been to school. I used to think I could keep ahead of all but three boys in my class; and I used to try hard to keep ahead of them. But, after a time I began to go down. I used to learn my lessons as hard as ever; still, somehow the boys were quicker in answering, and half-a-dozen of them used to get my place, before I knew what it was all about. Dr. Owen saw me, one day, near the bottom of the class; and he said he never saw me there before; and the usher said I was stupid; and the doctor said, then I must be idle. And the boys said so, too, and gave me nicknames about it; I even thought so myself, too, and I was very miserable. Charley got into our class before I got out of it; and indeed I never did get out of it. I believe his

father and mother used to hold me up to him—for he might easily speak well of me while he was fond of me. At least, he seemed bent upon getting above me in class. I did try hard against that; and he saw it, and tried his utmost. I could not like him much then. I dare say I was very ill-tempered, and that put him out. After I had tried till I was sick to learn my lesson perfect, and then to answer questions, Charley would get the better of me; and then he would triumph over me. I did not like to fight him, because he could not have stood up against me: and besides it was all true—he did beat me at lessons. So we used to go to bed without speaking. We had quite left off telling stories at night, some time before. One morning, Charley said, when we got up, that I was the most sulky fellow he ever saw. I had been afraid, lately, that I was growing rather sulky, but I did not know of any particular reason that he had for saying so just then (though he had a reason, as I found out afterward). So I told him what I thought—that he had grown very unkind, and that I would not bear with it if he did not behave as he used to do. He said that whenever he tried to do so, I sulked. I did not know, then, what reason he had to say that, nor what this was all about. The thing was, he had felt uncomfortable the night before about something in his behavior to me, and he had whispered to me to ask me to forgive him. It was quite dark, and I never heard him: he asked me to turn and speak to him; but I never stirred, of course; and no wonder he supposed I was sulking. But all this is very disagreeable; and so I will go on to other things.

Mrs. Owen was in the orchard one day, and she chanced to look over the hedge, and she saw me lying on my face on the ground. I used often to be so then, for I was stupid at play, where there was any calling out, and the boys used to make game of me. Mrs. Owen told the Doctor, and the Doctor said there must be something wrong, and he should be better satisfied if Mr. Pratt, the surgeon, saw me. Mr. Pratt found out that I was deaf, though he could not tell what was the matter with my ears. He would have put on blisters, and I don't know what else; but the Doctor said it was so near the holidays, I had better wait till I had got home. There was an end to taking places, however. The Doctor told them all that it was clear now why I had seemed to go back so much; and that he reproached himself and wondered at every body—that the reason had not been found out before. The top of the class was nearest to the usher, or the Doctor, when he heard us; and I was to stand there always, and not take places with the rest. After that, I heard the usher very well, and got on again. And after that, the boys, and particularly Charley, were kinder again; and if I had been good-tempered, I dare say all would have gone right. But, somehow, every thing seemed to go wrong and be uncomfortable wherever I might be, and I was always longing to be somewhere else. I was longing now for

the holidays. I dare say every boy was longing for the holidays; but I was particularly, because every thing at home was so bright, and distinct, and cheerful, compared with school, that half-year. Every body seemed to have got to speak thick and low; most of the birds seemed to have gone away; and this made me long more to see my turtle-doves, which Peggy had promised to take care of for me. Even the church-bell seemed as if it was muffled; and when the organ played, there were great gaps in the music, which was so spoiled that I used to think I had rather there had been no music at all. But all this is disagreeable, too; so I will go on about Charley.

His father and mother asked me to go home with him to stay for a week; and father said I might; so I went—and I never was so uncomfortable in my life. I did not hear what they said to each other, unless I was quite in the middle of them, and I knew I looked stupid when they were all laughing, and I did not know what it was about. I was sure that Charley's sisters were quizzing me—Kate particularly. I felt always as if every body was looking at me; and I know they talked about me sometimes. I know it, because I heard something that Mrs. Felkin said one day, when there was a noise in the street, and she spoke loud without knowing it. I heard her say, "He never told us the poor child was deaf." I don't know why, but I could not bear this. And, after that, some of them were always telling me things in a loud voice, so that every body turned and looked at me; and then I made a mistake sometimes about what they told me; and one mistake was so ridiculous that I saw Kate turn her back to laugh, and she laughed for ever so long after. Altogether, I could not bear it, and so I ran away. It was all very silly of me, and I know I was very ill-tempered, and I know how Mr. and Mrs. Felkin must have found themselves mistaken about me, as a friend for Charley; but I did not see any use in staying longer, just to be pitied and laughed at, without doing any good to any body; so I ran away at the end of three days. I did so long to come home; for I never had any doubt that every thing would be comfortable at home. I knew where the coach passed—a mile and a half from Mr. Felkin's—very early in the morning, and I got out of the study-window and ran. Nobody was up, though, and I need not have been afraid. I had to ask the gardener for the key of the back gate, and he threw it to me from his window. When I was outside, I called to him to bid him ask Charley to send my things after me to my father's house. By the road-side, there was a pond, under a high hedge, and with some dark trees bending over it. It just came into my head to drown myself there, and I should be out of every body's way, and all this trouble would be at an end. But, ah! when I saw our church-steeple, I was happy! When I saw our own gate, I thought I should go on to be happy.

But I did not. It was all over directly. I could not hear what my mother whispered when

she kissed me ; and all their voices were confused, and every thing else seemed to have grown still and dull. I might have known all that; but somehow I did not expect it. I had been vexed that the Felkins called me deaf; and now I was hurt at the way in which my brothers and sisters used to find fault with me for not hearing things. Ned said once, "None are so deaf as those that won't hear;" and my mother told me every day that it was inattention; that if I were not so absent I should hear as much as any body else. I don't think I was absent. I know I used to long and to try to hear till I could not help crying; and then I ran and bolted myself into my own room. I think I must have been half-crazy then, judging by what I did to my turtle-doves. Peggy had taken very good care of them; and they soon knew me again, and used to perch on my head and my shoulder, as if I had never been away. But their cooing was not the least like what it used to be. I could not hear it at all, unless I put my head against the cage. I could hear some other birds very well; so I fancied it must, somehow, be the fault of the doves that they would not coo to me. One day I took one of them out of the cage, and coaxed her at first, and tried every way; and at last I squeezed her throat a little. I suppose I got desperate because she would not coo as I wanted; and I killed her—broke her neck. You all remember about that—how I was punished, and so on: but nobody knew how miserable I was. I will not say any more about that: and I would not have mentioned it but for what it led to.

The first thing that it led to, was, that the whole family were, in a way, afraid of me. The girls used to slink away from me; and never let me play with the baby—as if I should strangle that! I used to pretend not to care for being punished; and I know I behaved horribly. One thing was—a very disagreeable thing—that I found father and mother did not know every thing. Till now, I had always thought they did: but, now, they did not know me at all; and that was no great wonder, behaving as I did then. But they used to advise things that were impossible. They used to desire me to ask always what every body said: but we used to pass, every Sunday, the tombstone of old Miss Chapman; and I remembered how it used to be when any body saw her coming in at the gate. They used to cry out "O dear, here comes Miss Chapman! what shall we do?" She will stay till dinner-time, and we shall not get back our voices for a week. Well, don't tell her all she asks for. She is never satisfied. Really it is a most dreadful bore," and so on, till she was at the room door. This was because she would know every thing that every body said. I could not bear to be like her; and I could not bear now to think how we all used to complain of her. It was only from a sort of feeling then that I did not do what my father and mother told me, and that I was sure they did not understand about it: but now, I see why, and so do they. One can't tell what is worth repeat-

ing and what is not. If one never asks, somebody always tells what it is best to tell; but if one is always asking and teasing, people must get as tired of one as we were of poor Miss Chapman.

So, I had to get on all alone. I used to read in a corner great part of the day; and I used to walk by myself—long walks over the common, while the others used to go together to the meadows, or through the lanes. My father commanded me to go with the rest; and then I used to get another ramble by myself. There was a pond on the common, so far like that one in the lane, I spoke of, that it put me in mind of what I mentioned. I used to sit and look into the pond and throw stones in. I began to fancy, now, that I should be happier when I got back to school again. It was very silly when I had once been so disappointed about home; but, I suppose every body is always hoping for something or other—and I did not know what else to hope. But I keep getting into disagreeable things and forgetting Charley.

One night, when the elder ones were just thinking of going to bed, I came down in my night-clothes, walking in my sleep with my eyes wide open. The stone hall, so cold to my bare feet awoke me; but yet I could not have been quite awake, for I went into the kitchen instead of up to bed again, and I remember very little about that night. They say I stared at the candles the whole time; but I remember Dr. Robinson being there. I seldom slept well then. I was always dreaming and starting—dreaming of all sorts of music, and of hearing the wind, and people talking; and then of all sorts of trouble from not being able to hear any body; and it always ended with a quarrel with Charley, and my knocking him down. But my mother knew nothing of this, and she was as frightened that night as if I had been crazy. The Doctor advised them to send me to school again for one half-year, and see how I got on after some experiments had been tried with my ears. But I want to get on about Charley.

Charley arrived at school two hours after me. He seemed not to like to shake hands, and he walked away directly. I saw he did not mean to be friends; and I supposed he felt his father's house insulted by my running away. But I did not know all the reason he had—neither then, nor for some time after. When we became friends again, I found that Kate had seen how hurt I was at her laughing at me, and that she was so sorry that she went up to my room-door several times, and knocked, and begged that I would forgive her; or that I would open my door, and speak to her at least. She knocked so loud that she never doubted my hearing her; but I never did, and the next thing was that I ran away. Of course Charley could not forgive this; he was my great enemy now. In school he beat me, of course; every body might do that: but I had a chance in things that were not done in class—such as the Latin essay for a prize, for instance. Charley was bent upon getting that

prise, and he thought he should, because, though he was younger than I, he was a good deal before me in school. However, I got the prize; and some of the boys said it was a shame. They thought it was through favor, because I had grown ^{more} stupid. They said so, and Charley said so; and he provoked me all he could—more on Kate's account than his own, though, as he told me afterward. One day, he insulted me so in the play-ground, that I knocked him down. There was no reason why I should not now; for he had grown very much, and was as strong as I had ever been, while I was nothing like so strong as I had been, or as I am now. The moment he was up, he flew at me in the greatest rage that ever you saw. I was the same: and we were hurt enough, I can tell you—both of us—so much, that Mrs. Owen came to see us in our own rooms (for we had not the same room this half-year). We did not want to tell her any thing, or to seem to make a party. But she somehow found out that I felt very lonely, and was very unhappy. I am sure it was her doing that the dear, considerate, wise Doctor was so kind to me when I went into the school again—being very kind to Charley, too. He asked me one afternoon to go for a drive with him in his gig. The reason he gave was, that his business took him near the place where my father and he used to go to school together; but I believe it was more that we might have a long talk, all by ourselves.

We talked a good deal about some of the fine old heroes, and then about some of the martyrs; and he said, what to be sure is true, that it is an advantage for any one to know clearly, from beginning to end, what his heroism is to be about, that he may arm himself with courage and patience, and be secure against surprises. I began thinking of myself; but I did not suppose he did, till it came out by degrees. He thought that deafness and blindness were harder to bear than almost any thing. He called them calamities. I can't tell you all he said; he never meant that I should: but he told me the very worst; and he said that he did it on purpose. He told me what a hopeless case he believed mine to be, and what it would cut me off from; but he said that nothing of the sort could cut a person off from being a hero, and here was the way wide open for me: not for the fame of it, but for the thing itself. I wondered that I had never thought of all that before; but I don't think I shall ever forget it.

Well! When we came back there was Charley loitering about—looking for us, clearly. He asked me whether we should be friends. I was very willing, of course: and it was still an hour to supper; so we went and sat on the wall under the apple-tree, and talked over every thing. There, we found how much we had both been ~~mistaken~~, and that we did not really hate one another at all. Ever since that, I have liked him better than ever I did before, and that is saying a great deal. He never triumphs over me now; and he tells me fifty things a day that he

never used to think of. He says I used to look as if I did not like to be spoken to; but that I have chipped up wonderfully. And I know that he has given up his credit and his pleasure many a time, to help me, and to stay by me. He will not have that trouble at school again, as I am not going back; but I know how it will be at Charley's home, this time. I know it, by his saying that Kate will never laugh at me again. I believe she might, for that matter. At least, I think I could stand most people's laughing, now. Father and mother, and every body, know that the whole thing is quite altered now, and that Charley and I shall never quarrel again. I shall not run away from that house again—nor from any other house. It is so much better to look things in the face! How you all nod and agree with me!

INSTINCT IN A HYENA.

DURING the mission with which I was charged in 1848 to Algeria, some of the natives gave me a young hyena, which soon became attached to me, after the manner of a faithful and gentle dog. This creature became the inseparable companion of my rambles. With an instinct aided by her uncommonly acute sense of smell, she served me as a guide, and with her I felt certain of never going astray, to whatever distance I might penetrate, either into a forest or a mountain ravine, or among those immense sandy plains which so much resemble the sea. As soon as I wished to return—or even before it, if she herself felt weary—the hyena, with dilated nostrils, snuffed the soil; and after few moments spent in careful investigation, she used to walk rapidly on before me. Never did she deviate from the track by which we had come, as I constantly perceived by the mark which my foot had made in stopping to pluck some rare herb, or the evidence of where my hand had broken a branch from some stunted shrub. From time to time she used to stop, and seat herself on her haunches like a dog, fawning for a caress, and after having obtained it, she would trot on again. If any noise were heard in the midst of the profound silence of the desert, she used to erect her ears, and make inquiry with her quick scent and hearing. If the result produced nothing alarming, she would gayly pursue her route. If an Arab appeared, she bristled up her long mane, took refuge between my legs, and remained there until she saw him pass on, after exchanging with me the salutation which every native bestows on the traveler whom he meets on the way.

One morning, enticed onward by the strange phantasmagoria of a mirage, in the sandy plain near Thebessa, I found myself at length in the midst of a desert. I could see nothing on every side but sand, heaped up like waves, and over which the burning heat of the atmosphere formed that sort of undulating reflection which produces the illusions of the mirage. Fatigue at length overcame me: suddenly I fell on the ground without strength, my head burning, and ready

to perish with thirst. The panting hyena came up to me, and smelt to me with apparent disquietude. Suddenly she darted off so abruptly, and with such rapidity, that I thought she had left me to my fate. I tried to rise and follow her, but I could not. Ten minutes passed, and I saw my faithful pet returning. She rushed toward me, and began to lick my hands with her cool tongue, while her lips were dripping with fresh water. I observed that her track through the sand was marked by drops of moisture.

The certainty of finding water restored my strength. I arose, and managed to follow the hyena, who walked on slowly in advance, turning her head from time to time toward me. Ere long I reached a hole scooped out of the sand; its bottom was moist, but contained no water. I tried to dig it deeper, but my hands, scorched by the sand, reached no water. Meantime the hyena wandered about scenting the ground. Suddenly she began to work with her paws, and made a small hole, which speedily became filled with water. Although somewhat brackish, it seemed to me delicious; I drank of it freely, bathed my hands and face, and then proceeded homeward, following my faithful guide.

Such was the extreme acuteness of this creature's sense of smell, that at the distance of five or six leagues from the house which I inhabited at Philippeville, she used to discover the existence of the carcass of a dead animal. Then the natural instinct of the wild beast awoke, and would not be restrained. She used to manage to elude my vigilance, dart off with marvelous rapidity, and ere long return, gorged with flesh and half dead from fatigue. It was in one of these gastronomic excursions that I lost her. A panther, who had committed great ravages in the district, attacked and wounded her so severely, that she died in a few hours after her return home.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

IT was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of the commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place.

We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"*Vino! vino!*" was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for any thing but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I, to a poor, half-starved, and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak; "*Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!*" said I.

"*Vino no tengo!*" he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleetest; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I supposed the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I; "*give me vino!*"

"*Nada, nada tengo!*" he repeated.

I had already drawn my bayonet. I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, "*Vino!*"

"*Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!*"—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin I should have believed him.

"*Lying rascal!*" said I, "*so you won't give me the liquor!* Then the dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child; and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done, "*Monster! are you satisfied?*"

I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my

knees beside the infant, and I tried to stanch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw, and he accepted my anguish; and we joined in our efforts to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late!

The little boy had fastened his small, clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands would give the gasping father a short, vain ray of hope.

You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement—must have

learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears! The father's agony will follow me to the grave!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE only proceedings of Congress, during the month, of special interest, have been the debates upon the foreign policy of the country: and these are unimportant, except as indicating the views of individual members. Hon. W. R. KING, President of the Senate and Vice-President elect, has resigned his seat, in consequence of ill health, and on the 20th of December, Senator Atchison of Missouri, was elected in his place. On the 23d, Senator Mason of Virginia offered a resolution, calling on the President for copies of the correspondence between England, France, and the United States, upon the proposition to form a Tripartite Convention guaranteeing Cuba to Spain. He advocated its adoption at some length, and was followed by Senator Cass, who took occasion to speak of the general foreign relations of the country. He regretted that our government had not protested, by a solemn public act, against the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, and declared that we should ere long come up to this participation in the public law of the world, and also fully adopt the policy that no European nation shall hereafter colonize any part of this continent. With regard to Cuba, he declared his opposition to all schemes of violence and invasion, but expressed his cordial sympathy with any effort its people might make to secure their independence, and his belief that the possession of Cuba by the United States as a point of military defense, was a matter of high importance to this country. Senator Underwood of Kentucky replied to Mr. Cass, urging the necessity of confining our efforts to the proper development of our own resources, and opposing all projects of annexation and extension. The resolution was debated subsequently, and, finally, adopted. The correspondence called for was sent to the Senate, on the 5th of January.

The Earl of Malmesbury, on behalf of the English government, in a note, dated April 8, 1852, transmitted to Mr. Crampton the draft of a Convention to which the French government had assented, and to which he was instructed to ask the assent of the United States. It contained a clause in which the high contracting parties severally and collectively "disclaimed now and forever hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba," and bound themselves "to discountenance all such attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever." In a letter, dated Dec. 1, 1852, Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, replied to the proposition of the representatives of England and France. In that paper he stated, that the President fully concurred with his predecessors, who had repeatedly declared that the United States could not see with indifference the Island of Cuba fall into the hands of any other European government than Spain—not, however, because we should be dissatisfied with any natural increase of power and territory on the part of France or England. France, England, and the United States have all very greatly increased their domains within the last twenty years, by natural causes, without any disturbance of the international relations of the principal states, and with a very great increase of their commercial intercourse. But the case would be different in reference to the transfer of Cuba from Spain to any other European power. That is not solely or mainly, as it is regarded by both France and England, a European question: on the contrary, it is an American question, and to be decided as such. The President declines the proposed Convention, therefore, because: 1. If concluded, it would certainly be rejected by the Senate, and that would leave the condition of Cuba in a worse state than it is at present. 2. In the next place, the convention would be of no use

unless it were lasting; and it was at least doubtful whether it were within the competence of either government to bind its action for all coming time upon such a subject. 3. There was, moreover, a very strong aversion on the part of the United States to political alliances with European powers. 4. The contract, if entered into, would be very unequal in substance. France and England, by entering into it, would "disable themselves from obtaining possession of an island remote from their own governments, in another hemisphere, and one which, by no ordinary or peaceful course of things, could ever belong to either of them." The United States, on the other hand, would, "by the proposed Convention, disable themselves from making an acquisition which might take place without any disturbance of existing foreign relations and in the natural order of things. The Island of Cuba lies at our doors—it commands the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five of our States—it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American Continent, and with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world—it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California, by the Isthmus route. If an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish Crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a Convention like this to France and England, these powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume." Territorially and commercially Cuba, in our hands, would be a very valuable possession—under certain contingencies, indeed it might be almost essential to our safety. Still the President has thrown the whole force of his power against the attacks made upon the island, and has even patiently submitted to the injuries inflicted upon the United States by the arbitrary conduct of the Cuban authorities, rather than permit any suspicion to be cast upon his intentions in this respect. This conduct of the Captain-General, however, is among the many incidents which point decisively to the expediency of some change in the relations of Cuba. Mr. Everett sketches the comparative history of Europe and America for the purpose of showing the steady and natural march of events by which the dominion of the United States has been so greatly extended, and of proving that its consequences have been in the highest degree beneficial to both continents. He expresses the belief that it can not be for the interest of Spain to cling to a possession which it costs her so much to retain, and which is of so little advantage to her, and says, there can be no doubt that were it peacefully transferred to the United States, a prosperous commerce between Cuba and Spain, resulting from ancient associations and common language, and tastes, would be far more productive than the best contrived system of colonial taxation. Such, notoriously, has been the result to Great Britain, of the establishment of the independence of the United States. These considerations render it impossible to believe that such a Convention, if concluded, could arrest the laws of American growth and progress. In the judgment of the President, it would be as easy to throw a dam from Cape Florida to Cuba, in the hope of stopping the flow of the Gulf stream, as to attempt, by a compact like this, to fix the fortune of Cuba forever. 5. And a closing reason against the acceptance of the proposition is found in the fact that it would strike a deathblow to the conservative policy hitherto pursued in this

country toward Cuba. "No Administration of this Government, however strong in the public confidence in other respects, could stand a day under the odium of having stipulated with the great powers of Europe, that in no future time, under no change of circumstances, by no amicable arrangement with Spain, by no act of lawful war, should that calamity unfortunately occur, by no consent of the inhabitants of the islands, should they, like the possessions of Spain on the American Continent, succeed in rendering themselves independent—in fine, that by no overruling necessity of self-preservation, should the United States ever make the acquisition of Cuba." Mr. Everett's letter has been received by Congress and the country as a very able exposition of the American sentiment in regard to Cuba. No further debates upon the subject have been held in the Senate. In the House of Representatives, on the 3d of January, Mr. Venable spoke upon it, strenuously opposing all attempts at invading Cuba, and expressing the opinion that further accessions of territory to the United States are not desirable. Several other members participated in the discussion.—On the 3d of January, Senator Cass presented a petition from a Baptist Society in Maryland, asking the interposition of the American government to secure liberty of religious worship to American citizens in Europe; and took occasion to express himself very warmly in behalf of the prayer of the petitioners.

The New York Legislature met on the 4th of January. The Assembly was organized by the election of W. S. Ludlow, of Suffolk County, Speaker, and John S. Nafew, Clerk. The message of Governor Seymour sets forth the condition of State affairs at length. Out of 2906 insane persons in the State, only 1106 were within Asylums provided for their care. There were 1783 convicts in State prisons. There are 2027 miles of railroad in the State. The finances of the State are represented as being in an unsatisfactory condition—the annual expenditures exceeding the income by nearly \$200,000. In regard to the completion of the State Canals the Governor recommends the appropriation of one million of dollars annually for six years to this object—which he thinks will be sufficient to bring the enlarged canal into use. About half a million will be required every year, for this purpose, beyond the amount of surplus tolls. This may be raised by direct taxation, by a loan, or by amending the Constitution; but the Governor makes no specific recommendations as to the mode. The report of the Superintendent of Common Schools states the number of schools in the State at 11,587, which have been kept at a cost of \$1,771,895, exclusive of \$477,918 expended for school houses.

MEXICO.

Our accounts from Mexico continue to exhibit the same lamentable confusion in public affairs, which we recorded in our last Number. In the course of the month, the revolution had extended itself into several of the northern States, a *pronunciamiento* at Tampico, having proved successful; and Vittoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, falling into the hands of the insurgents. In no part of the Republic has a contest occurred between the government and revolutionary troops. The former have been too weak, numerically, to venture the hazards of battle. Each day, by the constant desertions which marked it, has added to this disinclination; and the success of the insurgents in capturing specie conductas, has only served to intimidate the government officers still more seriously. General Valdez, the fed-

eral general-in-chief, had accordingly assumed a defensive attitude, fortifying his camp near Orizaba. General Uranga, the revolutionary leader, with forces steadily augmenting, was hailed on all sides with extreme enthusiasm. His military chest, at the latest advices, was said to be amply supplied; his men in the highest spirits; and the declarations in favor of the movement pouring in upon him from all directions. We are not reliably informed as to the rumored presence of General Santa Anna at the head-quarters of the revolution.

In the mean time, the Government of Mexico has realized no aid whatever from the session of the National Congress. An appropriation of \$600,000 to meet current expenses has been made, but the inability of the legislature to indicate the fund from which the appropriation is to be derived, leaves the treasury as helpless as before. It is apprehended that the government will have to abdicate through sheer inability to meet the expenses of civil affairs; and that the revolution will be permitted to have undisputed way to power. In the mean time, struggles are not intermitted for the invention of means of relief. The cabinet undergoes almost weekly changes. Señor Yanez, who vainly endeavored to "take arms against the sea of troubles," has been obliged to yield, and resign the portfolio of foreign affairs. The President having tendered the post to Señors Olazábel and Bar, is still unsuccessful in his pursuit of a ministry. The Tehuantepec question, the only one which Congress could safely postpone, is the only one it chooses to discuss. On the 10th of December, by a vote of 46 to 40, it was decided to concede the route to the combination known as the Guadalajara Company. It was supposed that this fact precipitated the retirement of Señor Yanez, and once more ranged the Government in direct hostility with the Chamber of Deputies, and that a cabinet would be sought, whose adhesion to the proposition of Mons. Bellangé would better suit the predilections of the President. Judge Conkling, the new American Minister, arrived at the city of Mexico in the midst of these nuances, and was cordially received.

The reported triumph of Count Raousset de Boulbon, in the State of Sonora, referred to in our last Number, proves to have been any thing else. After using every means to procure a negotiation favorable to his objects, which he explicitly defined to be peaceful colonization, and submission to Mexican authority, the French company advanced toward Guyamas, early in November. At Hermosilla, they were encountered by the Mexicans under General Blanco. A sharp conflict occurred. Count Raousset was unable to participate, in consequence of an attack of dysentery, which obliged him to accompany the march in a litter; and his men having fared badly in the conflict, losing every officer save the Count himself, propositions for withdrawal were dispatched to the Mexican commander. Eleven thousand dollars were demanded as partial indemnity for expenses, the French agreeing to seek a sea-port forthwith, and retire to California. The proposition was accepted; and on the 15th of November, the Count and his volunteers, the former in a dying condition, embarked at Mazatlan for San Francisco.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres, since the termination of the dictatorial rule of General Urquiza, has exhibited commendable liberality in its commercial system. On the 18th of October a decree throwing open the waters of the Paraná to the traffic of the world, was promulgated, and a new impetus thus given to a trade in

that vast inland region, which the conservative policy of Rosas had shut up from the world. Policy, perhaps, had a share in this measure. Apprehensive of an attack from the banished chief, the people of Buenos Ayres are anxious to conciliate every possible means of strengthening themselves; and the free trade of the La Plata's tributaries will go far to secure the friendship of Great Britain, France, and the United States, the supposed arbiters of their political fate. The same motives have dictated the most friendly overtures to the other States of the Argentine. The independence of Paraguay has been acknowledged. Corrientes and Santa Fé have been induced to assume a neutral posture; and thus the security of the newly emancipated state from further molestation may be regarded as ascertained. General Urquiza has manifested no disposition to resume a position of which, doubtless, he was as thoroughly weary as the Buenos Ayreans themselves. The latest accounts left him in his own government of Entre Ríos, where his popularity is unbounded.—The subject of slave-trade abolition has been pressed upon public attention in *Brazil*, by two or three recent occurrences. One was the banishment of Anthony de Fonseca, a distinguished merchant of Rio, for alleged participation in the traffic. Another was the reception of messengers from the London yearly meeting of Friends, sent out for the purpose of encouraging the labor of suppression. They were warmly received by the Emperor, and indulged with a prolonged audience. Subsequently, they held public meetings on the subject in several of the Brazilian towns, where they were treated with entire respect. A third fact, indicating the present good faith and success of government in its exertions to repress the trade, is the recall of the British fleet, hitherto stationed on the coast, for the purpose of insuring a thorough compliance with the treaty. The latest advices from Rio Janeiro apprise us of yet more extended measures on the part of the Imperial government, for enlarging its foreign and domestic steam marine.—The government of *Chili* is busy with projects of internal reform—the substitution of a direct for the veteran tithe tax, being one of its latest measures. The project, for it is still nothing more, meets with the liveliest opposition of the agricultural interest, which, like that of England, will eventually have to yield to the progress of free trade and its correlative, direct taxation.—Much interest is also felt in the state of relations between *Peru* and its northern neighbors. All the conservative sympathies of *Chili* are with *Peru*, in the contest which imminently threatens between that republic and the States of Ecuador and New Granada. The refusal of the Peruvian government to indemnify that of Ecuador for the cost of repelling the expedition of General Flores, excites the bitterest animosity of the *Ecuadorians*. The National Congress authorized President Urbina to declare war forthwith—an authority which had not been exerted when our latest accounts departed; but it was presumed the delay would only continue long enough to enable General Urbina to assure himself of the assistance of New Granada and Bolivia before solemn proclamation should be made. *Peru* in the meantime arms herself as rapidly as possible for the contest, hopeful, doubtless, of aid from *Chili*, from England (whose relations at *Lima* are the most intimate), and from the United States, conciliated by the liberality of the conditions affixed in the recent treaty to the use of Lobos guano.—The annual budget of *New Granada* estimates the probable income of the ensuing fiscal year at 721,732 reals, or \$30.511; and the probable ex-

penditure at nearly double that amount, viz., 1,438,-305 reals, or \$170,850. This is the estimate for a peace establishment; no calculations are made for the probable contingency of war, and no means are pointed out for meeting the formidable deficit.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The settlement of the free-trade question, on the 25th November, by the adoption of Lord Palmerston's Resolution, was followed only by a momentary pause, the annual budget having been introduced to the House on the 3d December. The leading provisions were the following:

Shipping to be relieved, and only to pay for lights which benefit it. This relief will cost the country £100,000 per annum. Select Committees on pilotage and ballasting.

Royal Navy Salvage abolished.

Important measures for manning the Navy and merchant service.

Stamps used for shipping to be considered.

No change in sugar duties.

Colonies may refine sugar in bond.

Duties on rum and molasses used in breweries to be considered.

Measures of highway rates to be introduced.

No change in county rates or local taxes.

Malt duties to be reduced one half, from 10th of October next.

Drawback upon malt spirits in Scotland to be done away with.

Tax duties reduced. First year, a reduction of 4*1/2*d., and the five following years 2*d.* per year until the duty reaches a shilling.

Hop duty reduced one half.

Exemption of industrial incomes, to commence at £100 per year.

On property, income exemption to commence at £50 per annum.

Property and income tax to extend to Ireland.

Increase in estimate for Army and Navy £600,000

Surplus on the year would be about £1,400,000.

The subject of Administrative reform to be introduced.

The house tax to be extended and increased.

Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, advocated these measures, *seriatim*, in a speech of the usual length, and of much more than usual ability, avowing the determination of the Ministry to stand or fall by the whole budget, and not to make the slightest concession in the least important particular. The most obvious feature of the document was the reduction of the hop and malt duties one half, which would cause a deficit of five or six millions in the annual revenue, to be met by a corresponding increase in the house tax. The free trade party justly regarded this as an attempt of the Ministry to redeem its influence with the agriculturists, so seriously imperiled by its abandonment of protective duties a few days before, and at once the whole force of opposition was mustered against it. Common consent seemed to select the proposed increase of the house tax as the issue upon which the permanence of the Cabinet should be made to depend. The contest lasted, with varying phases, until Thursday night, December 16th. In vain was the Chancellor of the Exchequer urged to withdraw the budget. His resolution to abide by it was not to be shaken, and the night we have named was pre-announced as that upon which a division would take place, and the fate of the Ministry be finally determined. The speech of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion bristled with all the peculiar attributes of his mind and rhetoric. Refusing to debate at length the obnoxious house

duty, against which the assaults of opposition had been mainly directed, he turned upon Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Graham, who had leveled their attacks upon the proposed diversion of the Public Works Fund to the indemnification of the reduced shipping dues, and made a sarcastic and vehement charge upon the whole conduct of the late Whig Ministry. He began by declaring that after listening attentively to four nights' debate, he had not listened to one good reason for amending one of the propositions he had originally offered. The Public Works Loan Fund, he contended, was nothing more than a vast and independent resource for ministerial corruption; that it had been originally created at the conclusion of war, for the employment of the 200,000 seamen then discharged from the service; and that its application to that use, or indeed to any other promotion of public welfare, had become traditional. He especially charged the Whig administration with mal-appropriation of this fund, entering into tedious details; and then, shifting his ground, recalled the history of the window-tax reduction, effected by Sir C. Wood. This was done to show, that the charge of unreasonably augmenting direct taxation, which the budget had provoked, was much more applicable to those measures upon which the Whigs had chosen to test the merits of their administration. The Minister then proceeded to justify the principles upon which the budget was founded, and, after launching his diatribes with the utmost impartiality upon both Whigs and Conservatives, he concluded with a prediction, that the Coalition Ministry, which should succeed him, would be temporarily triumphant—but short-lived. The spirited but vanquished statesman sat down, amid prolonged and deafening cheers. The sympathy of every Englishman, of whatever party, was with the man who so thoroughly illustrated the national disposition for "dying game;" and while the ministry to which he belonged, and the objectionable measures it resorted to, in order to prolong its hold upon power, met with general contempt; the meed of applause could not be withheld from the political gladiator, who had played his part so manfully. Mr. Gladstone followed Mr. Disraeli in a temperate address, rebuking the indiscriminate rancor, as he regarded it, of the latter, and justifying the position of himself and friends with reference to several measures. The division, which ensued, resulted:

For Ministers.....	286
Against them.....	305

Adverse majority.....	19
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The announcement of the defeat, carried Lord Derby at once to the Queen, who accepted the resignation of himself and his colleagues. No notable effect was produced on the money market by the event. It was too apparent that the out-going government had no stronger hold upon popular confidence than upon that of the House: and that any change would be welcome. Lord Aberdeen, the confidential friend and associate of Peel, was sent for by the Queen, and forthwith entered upon the duty of forming a new administration, drawing its elements from the two leading parties, who had taken a prominent part in the recent contest; and within a week the cabinet was completed as follows:

EARL OF ABERDEEN	First Lord of the Treasury,
Lord CRANWORTH	Lord Chancellor.
Mr. GLADSTONE	Chancellor of Exchequer
Lord PALMERSTON	Home Secretary.
Lord JOHN RUSSELL	Foreign Secretary.
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE	Colonial Secretary.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM	First Lord of the Admiralty.
EARL GRANVILLE	President of the Council.
DUKE OF ARGYLL	Lord Privy Seal.
HON. SYDNEY HERBERT	Secretary at War.
Sir C. WOOD	Pres't. of Board of Control.
Sir W. MOLESWORTH	First Comm'r. Public Works.
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE	A seat in the Cabinet, without office.

FRANCE.

The *Senatus Consultum* of November 4th, named the 21st and 22d of that month for a popular vote on the *Plebiscitum*, establishing the Empire. The vote was accordingly taken throughout France on those days, and without disturbance or remarkable incident. Such opposition as ventured to display itself, was chiefly exhibited in the southern provinces and in La Vendée. On the 1st of December, the *Corps Legislatif* repaired in full equipage and state to the Hotel de Ville, where the President was in waiting, and through M. Billault, their presiding officer, announced the result, in a speech remarkable only for its ardent expressions of devotion to the new order of things. The vote was reported as follows :

For the Empire	7,864,189
Against it	253,145
Votes canceled as illegal	63,396
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Majority for Louis Napoleon as Emperor	7,547,718

The Prince, in reply, disclaimed for the new reign any pretensions to legitimate right, notwithstanding he had chosen to assume a title, Napoleon III., significant of dynastic succession. He felicitated himself on having acquired his throne by the volition of a free people, rather than by fraud, conquest, or violence ; and that he was fortunately surrounded by wise and independent men, who would be enabled to bring back his authority within just limits, should he ever quit them. Contrasting his own conduct with that of the restored Bourbons, he expressed his determination to recognize every preceding government as legitimate, and its acts as surviving and valid ; preferring to date his reign from the passing day, rather than from the year 1815. In conclusion, he solemnly recorded an oath that no sacrifice should be wanting on his part to insure the prosperity of the country ; and that while he maintained peace, he would yield in nothing touching the honor and dignity of France. The Senate was convened next day, and proceeded to determine the Civil List of the new monarchy. A general amnesty was declared. M. Achille Fould was declared Minister of State. The presumptive inheritance of the crown was settled upon Prince Jerome Bonaparte. Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the cousin of the Emperor, has been appointed Viceroy of the kingdom of Algeria. The coronation is announced to take place in the month of May, and vast preparations are on foot to make it a resplendent affair. Such are some of the items of domestic arrangement, by which the fruits of the Emperor's shrewd and masterly policy are secured to himself and family, and the questionable means shut from sight by the splendor of the consummation.

There was no hesitation on the part of the foreign powers to acknowledge the Empire. The acquiescence of England, indeed, was so promptly accorded as to excite the "most vivid satisfaction" of his Imperial Majesty ; and, at the same time, the most animated reproaches of the British public against Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary, whose personal prepossessions were said to have overcome all regard to national dignity and propriety. Our own Minister acted with the others, in deference to the established usage of this government recognizing

the government *de facto*. His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., conveyed to the Emperor expressions of his entire satisfaction with the new order of things. It was for some time a problem, whether the Pontiff would accede to the filial wish of the Prince, to have him present at the approaching ceremony of coronation ; but it is now understood that his Holiness has consented to attend the rite, and consecrate the *nouveau régime* with the apostolic benediction.

Our latest intelligence from France, shows that the Senate has been quite liberal in its construction of the inaugural speech, so far as its conservative check to the Imperial will was referred to. The Emperor submitted to that body certain amendments to the Constitution of February 14th, 1852, whereby the prerogatives of granting amnesties, making treaties, and decreeing public works, and the right of the Ministers to vote upon the budget were assured to him. The Senate debated the propositions at some length, and eventually named a committee to wait upon the Emperor, and beg some modifications. The Emperor only replied, by repeating that the Senate merely desired a conflict, as a salvo to its own dignity, and that his demands would be neither withdrawn or abated. Of course, the amendments were adopted without further discussion.— Among other displays of the Imperial clemency, the release of Abd-el-Kader occupies a prominent place. After being royally entertained at Paris, where for some weeks he was the cynosure of all eyes, he sailed on the 21st December for Broussa, in Asia Minor, where he is to enjoy the reluctant hospitality of the Porte, as a prisoner within the walls of that city.

SPAIN.

The progress of European reaction has been notably illustrated in Spain since our last issue. In the course of November, a new Constitution was promulgated by the Queen, making the Senate hereditary, and restricting the right of suffrage to a very limited number of electors, determined by a high property qualification. The popular discontent with this alteration disclosed itself in a flood of petitions, deprecating the measure, and praying a return to the previous organic law. General Narvaez, the most popular of Spanish statesmen, General Concha, the former liberal Governor of Cuba, and other prominent public men, threw themselves at once into opposition. The former was ordered to convey himself beyond the frontier. The Ministry, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the veteran Martinez de la Rosa from the Council, expressed its resolution to persist ; but since that time, the discontent has proved to be so general, that Bravo Murillo, has handed in the resignations of himself and his colleagues, and been replaced by General Roncali, whose views we are not apprised of. It is hoped that her Most Catholic Majesty may be prevailed upon to recall the obnoxious instrument.

The rest of Europe presents no feature of marked importance. A measure similar to that proposed in Spain has been introduced into the Prussian Chambers, without meeting the least opposition. The Emperor of Austria, at recent advices, was at Berlin, visiting his royal brother, the King of Prussia. Austrian finances continue to haunt the money markets of Europe, recently, in the shape of an application for a loan of ten millions sterling. While the army remains undiminished—and it is presumed that no reduction will be thought of, so long as the foreign policy of Napoleon III. remains undecided—there is little prospect of the loan being taken, unless at most extraordinary usury.—Turkey has produced no fresh phenomena since our last.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WRITING, as we now do, upon the heel of December, it seems as if the Seasons had changed their places, and as if the weeks, in all the merriment of the Christmas scene, were giving us a May-day dance. Old men's memories are mustered, to match us such a winter of open windows and of bloom: the camellias are before their time; the roses of summer are showing flowers; and they tell us (who are favored with the sight and the odor of such things) that the violets are showing their blue banners through the frost-crimpen leaves; and the girls are making Christmas nosegays from northern gardens.

Last year, at a date not far off from this, and we spent a few icy periods upon the East River bridge of glass, where people traveled on foot to Brooklyn, and shivered in the sunshine. The contrast is as great as could be fancied: and the twin winters when fifty-two and fifty-three drifted up—the one in frozen spray, and the other in clouds of flowers—will prove most excellent marking years, by which to score the couplet of twelvemonths which gave to our Magazine a hundred thousand of subscribers.

Nor are the blessings of the year narrowed to the North. The Southern winter is but a prolonged October, with the warm autumn haze hanging lovingly over the rice stubble and the cane fields, and the withered remnants of cotton. The japonica flaunts in open gardens; and the moss-rose, Lamarque, sweetens the Georgian fields in January. Even the geranium in our office window wears the sun that steals through the dusty panes with a grace, and a gratitude of blossom, that returns thanks in perfume; and the white bells of a frail heather stir as we open the casement, and welcome with full cups of pollen the blithe December.

As for the town, it has felt the sunshine too pleasantly to seek other pleasure in the fêtes that outlast the night; and balls have been at a discount. The short sittings upon Lecture benches, have chimed more nearly with the enjoyment of the soft moonshine, under which whispering couples of lecture-goers have talked of Dr. Kane and the ice, or of the naughty Swift, and the suffering Vanessa and Stella. We may say, indeed, that the repeated lectures of our guest, Mr. Thackeray, have quickened a literary inquiry, and promoted a Gulliver-like reading that is most strange and notable. Editor as we are, and thriving as we do on the dry meal of books, we find ourselves hardly posted enough in the witticisms and humor of good Queen Anne's time, to cope with the lady conversationists who beset us at every hand. Time and again have we been compelled to yield the floor and the argument, and to go back to our study for a fresh reading of the matter in dispute. Our only resource, to sustain our reputation as literary purveyor, has been to shift the topic upon times more near, or more remote; and to beleaguer our fair tempters with quotations, out of the present tide of their study.

Henry Esmond is the tea-table staple: Fitz-Boodle belongs to bar-room chat; and romantic young men, in emulation of the valorous hero of Swift's time, are even thinking of transferring their attentions from Beatrice-like daughters to their widowed mothers. The engagements of the winter if the present fever continues, will undoubtedly show a great galaxy of widow names; and flirts, we are sorry to say, are at a corresponding discount.

Who indeed, with half an eye, but must perceive,

that the attention heretofore lavished upon coquettish young girls is a most idle and absurd employment, only bringing regrets and disappointment, and all manner of uneasiness? And who does not further perceive, that an experienced woman of five-and-thirty, or two-and-forty, well preserved, skilled in the management of refractory husbands, delicate in her impulses, refined in her expression, generous in her widowhood, and captivating in her weeds, is the very ideal of most rational hopes, and the proper recipient of all those romantic charities which abound in the youthful heart?

For our own part, if we were young and unhappy, we would marry a widow.

ASIDE from the Henry Esmond and Thackeray fever of the winter, we do not know that we have any particular contagion to speak of. New York ladies are certainly literary the present season, just as they were Kossuth-y and Jenny Lind-y a few seasons ago. The taste for German, Hungarian, and music, has yielded to a taste for old English literature; and the number of "British Essays," and "Addison's Works," and "Gulliver's Travels," and Steele's "Christian Hero," which have this year been done up in calf and gilt, and sold for Christmas cadeaus, is, we are told, most surprising; and far exceeds the number for any previous year.

We do not know but old English literature is absolutely driving out of the market Uncle Tom's Cabin, and that fervor, and passion, and strong expression, will yield to the quiet simplicity of such gentlemen as Addison and Temple. If booksellers could only foresee these shifts in the town taste, they would make their fortune. But like the changes in Wall Street, our literary taste is exceedingly spasmodic and whimsical. One day, Shakespeare is above par, and there are large sales on time; the next, a few outsiders, set on by a corner movement in Scott or Bulwer, will bid heavily on the Waverley and Pelham Novels. Yet at the end of the week it often happens that these are both down; and that some "Thackeray" Exhibit of worth and wit (corresponding to an ingenious annual statement of the Delaware and Hudson) will carry Swift to the very top of the market.

It is perhaps worth suggestion, that Messrs. Bangs and Brother issue from month to month a table of the comparative range of the different authors who are in favor with the ladies of New York. It would serve not only as a guide to those desirous of making literary investments, but would make a permanent and philosophic history of the march of mind.

As an aid to this hint, we will venture to sum up what we think would be the proper mode of statement; at the same time giving the average rate of current literary stocks.

STATE OF THE MARKET FOR DECEMBER, 1832.

There was considerable movement the past month in literary stocks, and prices ruled steady. The greatest fluctuation we have to note is in Uncle Tom's Cabin—opening at 170 and closing at 150, with a downward tendency.

Thackeray was active: Sales at 162¹, buyer's option Steele in demand; quotations at 125 to 138. We hear of a large sale, six months paper, at 131.

Mrs. Kirkland (Gift-Book) 106 to 112. Domestics generally rather dull.

Homœs of American Authors fair to middling. A few sales at 90 to 92. (Chiefly by manufacturers.)

Napoleon and his Marshals, being an old stock, was

rather heavy. Closed, however, with an upward ten-

Ticknor and Bancroft steady; purchased generally for investment.

Addison and Swift have been lively. Shrewd capitalists are, however, cautious about large investments at present prices.

With this gratuitous hint, we commend the matter to those more immediately concerned.

A FRIEND in the South drops us a line—as we sum up what we can, to amuse our readers of every zone—"that the winter, saving an overplus of rain, is the merest bagatelle of a winter; and I am writing by an open window, although it is well past the middle of December. The boys, black and white, are playing at marbles in the streets; and of the night-time are throwing off all manner of stray fireworks, in anticipation of the coming Christmas. It is rather a funny way, you may think, of ushering in the great festive season of the year: but it is our way of proving a youthful light-heartedness that is earnest to make itself heard.

"By the way," he continues, "I can't say we altogether relish the manner in which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appears to be making its way, not only in England, but also, by last advices, upon the Continent. I don't wish you at all to think that we are insensible to such literary merit as certainly belongs to the book; but it is natural enough surely, that we, tied as we are by apparently insoluble ties to an institution that belongs to our families, and hearths, and childhood, and that has a sort of antiquity which commands reverence almost, in the persons of our old household servants, should look a little askance at such exhibition of it, as makes us play the monster in the eyes of all the society of Europe."

"I don't mean to enter now any special plea in favor of the system. But I want you, at least, and such as we have regard for in your whereabouts, to believe that we have hearts of flesh, like the rest of the world; and that we know how to be kind, and careful, and considerate toward those who, by the dispensation of Providence, are thrown under our hands and ownership.

"Pray, what can I do? Here are some thirty or forty poor fellows who have fallen to my lot, with a fair extent of ground in our pleasant pine country. They have been in my father's and grandfather's family for years. They are attached not only to the place, but to myself and to my wife. They throng about us when we go away, to bid us adieu; and they throng about us when we come back, to shout a most cordial welcome. Even 'Mamma,' the old nurse of the family, who held me for years in her arms, and John and Arthur who are now in their graves, scarce forbears to kiss me.

"They all work well, and they all live well; and it would sadly run against my better judgment to make sale of a single one, even to the kindest of masters. I believe sincerely that some of them would rather die than leave me. Yet perhaps some people would count it virtuous in me to sell all of them, and go away from a country where this old 'plague-spot' is lingering. But I can not, and could not satisfy my conscience in doing this.

"What then can I do?

"Nothing, sir, as it seems to me, save to make them as happy as possible, by encouraging systematic habits of industry, of cleanliness, and correct moral action. To tell the truth, I am hoping very much for the time, when a little fuller and more complete civilization in the midst of our pine woods,

will draw very many people of the North to a winter residence under our balmy atmosphere; and then, please God, when we talk as friends about common grievances, over a common table, we may hope to lay our shoulders together in a brotherly way for the amendment of whatever is wrong in our common country, whether it be Northward or Southward."

WASHINGTON, the papers tell us, is even now filling up with the firstlings of that tribe of office-seekers, who will presently overrun the capital. The old clerks who have fattened on the public granary, winning their insecure earnings by hard labor, are girding themselves up for a new cast upon the tide of life. It is at best a sorry maintenance for a man, which, at the longest, can barely out-reach the four years of Presidential life; and which at the expiration of such term leaves him, with mind and hand attuned to a clerky organization that he can transplant nowhere.

Within our knowledge, we can recall the scant figure of an old gentleman of sixty, who, by courtesy and attention, had managed to retain place through three successive administrations—who had reared his family through a dozen of years upon the small income belonging to his post—saving nothing, and yielding much of independence in his endeavor to retain the place that gave bread to his household; and, at the opening of the fourth administration, when his head was white with labors, and his hand and brain cramped to his tread-mill offices, turned carelessly adrift, an aimless and almost hopeless wreck of a man. We can imagine no position more disconsolate, or more full of harassment; and we beg those concerned in the ordering of such matters, if it be possible, to arrange such disposition of the metropolitan clerkships, pertaining to the cabinets, as shall have some measure of permanence; and not invite that heedless scrambling for place, which breeds unwise expectation, and which entails desertion and destitution.

WE hear latterly of a pretty game upon the vanity of our provincial great men, which has greatly amused us, and which has greatly profited the projectors of the enterprise. Vanity is a capital mine to work; and cautiously drained, and dug over, it will yield equally well with any of the Sonora or Quartz-mining companies.

Mr. A. B. (the projector in question) who is largely concerned in the arts of mezzotint and line engraving, writes a most pleasant and voluble letter to a buxom country gentleman of large means, stating in most delicate formula, that he has conceived the design of giving to the world a *repertoire* of the lives and likenesses of distinguished Americans. He dilates upon the duty such individuals owe to their country, and their kin, and their children; their portraits ought to be handed down; their lives ought to be snatched from obscurity. In this view he urges their compliance with his request to forward a daguerreotype, and a well-written biography; he has applied to them at the instigation of a distinguished countryman of theirs; he hopes that no foolish views of delicacy will prevent their compliance.

Mr. C. D. (the gentleman addressed in this strain) becomes happy—suddenly happy; happy in a way he hardly dares mention to his wife; he feels his vanity growing by ells; he wakes in the night with the pleasant conviction that renown has lighted on his hearth and head. He meets his fellow townsmen with a patronizing air; anticipating their in-

creased regard at finding him enrolled (as he thinks privately, he deserves to be) with distinguished Americans. If a member of Congress, he looks round upon his brothers of the benches with a complacent smile; thinking that in time they may possibly work up to his standard.

He naturally secures the writing of the biography, and dispatches the daguerreotype. He finds himself, however, after the lapse of a few weeks, in the acceptance of a memorandum of the probable cost of the engraving, stating that the expenses of the proposed work are extravagantly large, and hoping that eighty or a hundred dollars, more or less, will not forbid the distinguished gentleman from fulfilling an obligation which he owes to his country (if a bachelor), or to his posterity (if married).

Now, such is the pleasant buoyancy of most men's vanity, that in nine cases out of ten, eighty or a hundred dollars do not stand in the way of a sort of distinction, at once modestly acquired, and most popularly and publicly recorded.

The consequence is, in our day, that we are enjoying a vast galaxy of distinguished men, in all the chiaro-scuro of Sartain, and of Sadd. The result is only unfortunate, as calculated to perplex the compilers of biographical dictionaries of the next generation. It surely encourages the arts; it promotes warmth of feeling; it inspires courage; and—we are happy to learn—that it proves richly remunerative to the projectors.

We are ourselves strongly in hopes of receiving a lithographed letter of proposals; and inasmuch as we have gratuitously given this publicity to the design we shall expect to escape at "half-cost of plate." As a matter of gratification to our children, we should feel gratified to that limit of expenditure.

As for French affairs, they have gone on, as the "Current Events" of our Table will tell the reader, most swimmingly. The new Emperor has put on his honors, as if he were born to them; and that happy French people has slipped into the livelihood of imperial rule as gayly, and fondly, and quietly, and (to all appearance) as lovingly as they ever slipped before into Kingship, or Republic, or Consulate, or the Rule of Red. God grant them patience, and long-suffering; and with these, a kindling of individual effort and manly independence, which, when they be ripened with reading and with thought, will, we trust, bring down from heaven upon their stricken and thirsty land some manna of Freedom, and some dews of Christian grace!

Balls and dramatic shows are deadening all grumbles of malcontent, and the throng of strangers who fill the Boulevards and the shops, fill up the tills of the *Bourgeoisie*, and take off the edge of tyranny, with the round rim of the tinkling coin.

As with us, they tell us that the rains have soaked the city and the country, spoiling the last of the Southern vintage, and making the Macadam of the Boulevards a waste of mud.

Among the new things which have amused the new-born imperialists, has been the story of an Imperial hunt in the forests of Fontainebleau. Nor must the untraveled reader imagine the forest to be merely a caged park, or Boston Common. Thousands of acres lie in it; and the boles of the hoary sycamores, and lime-trees, and beeches, would show proudly even beside the most gigantic that stretch their shadows upon the waters of Ontario. Moreover, they stand at proud intervals apart, as you ride through the noble forest glades, and the wild grass and anemones grow abundantly, giving open

and ravishing distances to the eyes, and offering fair riding for a cohort of hunters geared after the olden time.

And in such guise, with outriders and attendant ladies in green velvet riding-dresses trimmed with gold, and with hats looped up with golden-braid and overhanging with dark ostrich plumes, Louis Napoleon went out to his Imperial hunting fête. The dresses of the cavaliers were in full keeping with what we read of the knights of a royal household, when the dastard and slobbering Louis XI. rode gayly through the same forest in chase of the wild-boar.

The new Emperor is both a better shot and a better horseman than Louis XI.; and they tell us that he surprised even the best equipped men of his company. Good shooting tells well in France, whether it be in the forest or the street; Louis Napoleon has found his account in it before in the street, and now he has balanced the account in the forest.

Akin to this marching up of the old-time manœuvres in the field, we may record the fact announced in a blaze by the Paris modistes, that the evening-dresses of the time of the first Napoleon's court have been revived, both to the sleeve and the shortened waist. Let our lady-readers look up a portrait of Josephine, or an old family-picture painted by Waldo at the opening of the present century, and they may fancy how they will appear—perhaps in less than a year, when our good ladies above Bleecker-street shall have countenanced the Imperial novelty, and have grown as stingy of waist as they will be generous of bosom.

Now is pleasant story wanting in these imperial days to point the periods of our favorite Guinet. We can not forbear to render into English this one, which shows a better turn of French sentiment than we are in the way of recounting:

Monsieur D—— and wife were rich to luxuriance, but they had a daughter, the eldest, in whom their pride had once centred, who, by a sad dispensation of Providence, was rendered a cripple for life. No marriage-fête and no gay betrothment lay before her desolate and widowed maidenhood. But the parents, with a tenderness worthy of all emulation, atoned for the lack of wooers by the constancy and delicacy of their devotion; and as her age drew on to majority, they determined to surprise their unfortunate child with such show of splendor and such token of their love as should keep the smiles upon her pale face, and lend such relief as friends could lend to the desolation of her lot.

A new suite of apartments was added to their rooms, unknown to her, and furnished with the richest of Parisian decorations. New jewels were purchased and displayed upon the delicately-wrought toilet-tables; a new portrait of her pale face, done at the hands of the most distinguished artist, hung upon the wall; and chairs and lounges, rich with brocade, invited to repose and languor. Garlands and vases of orange flowers perfumed the air; gifts from scores of friends were scattered around; and every thing bespoke the apparel and the pleasures of a bride.

Upon the expected birthday all the dearest friends of the poor girl were invited to a fête; and, by magic, as it seemed, the new apartments were thrown open to her bewildered gaze, and every article of luxury was blazoned with her cipher.

The child turned inquiringly to her parents, and by their caresses was taught that this was her bridal day; since now she was wedded anew, by all these tokens, to her father's and her mother's love, which

would watch over her in the new and brilliant home always. Here, too, she could invite, when and as she chose, the friends of her girlhood: and if fate had made her lot one of maidenly retirement, it was yet quickened with all the luxuries of wealth, and the better wealth of parental tenderness.

Say what we will of the French, there is very much in their domestic relations to be zealously admired. Not any where in the wide world does a son so cling to the father, or the father to the son.

Editor's Drawer.

In resuming our "Drawer," let us say a word or two in explanation of what is intended to be, and what has heretofore been, its character. And we address ourselves more particularly to the very many thousands who most probably have not seen the opening Number, which set forth what it purported to be.

"THE DRAWER," then, is a place into which has fallen, from year to year, and month to month, for a very long time past, such things, in prose or verse, anecdote or incident, wit or sober thought, fun or pathos; some old, some new, but all placed there because it was deemed that there was *something* in each deposit, selected or original, that would reward perusal. A thing may be old that it shall be new to one in a hundred at the present day; and all will agree that a good old thing is better than a poor new one.

Having said thus much to our great cloud of new subscribers, touching this particular department of our Magazine, we enter upon the new year that has just commenced with the desire and the intention to satisfy all reasonable minds with our unpretending Salmagundi.

In the way of a "coolness" that may be said to be fairly "iced," we know of nothing more striking than the following passages of a letter from a "gentleman" to his tailor, in reply to an epistle asking him for "the amount of his bill."

"MR. STITCHINGTON—Is it indeed five years that I have 'graced your books'? How fleet is life! It scarcely appeared to me as many months. Although I have never given you a note for the amount, how have the years passed by! You will guess my meaning, when I assure you it is a theory of mine that the 'wings of time' are no other than two large notes, duly drawn and accepted. With these he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes. But let me not moralize.

"You 'want money,' you say, Mr. Stitchington. As I am in the like predicament, you are in a capital condition to sympathize with me. You say 'you never recollect so bad a season as the present.' Of course not: no tailor ever did. The present season is invariably the worst of the lot, no matter how bad the others may have been. It says much for the moral and physical strength of tailors, to see them still flourishing on from worse to worse: they really seem, like church-yard grass, to grow fat and rank upon decay.

"You touchingly observe, 'that present profits do not pay for taking down the shutters.' My good sir, then why proceed in a ruinous expense? In the name of prudence, why not keep them constantly up?

"You say 'you never press a gentleman.' Now, in familiar phrase, we never 'press a lemon'; but

then we *squeeze* it most inexorably. That men should go into bankruptcy, yet live and laugh afterward, is a great proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. A Roman tailor, incapable of meeting his debts, would, heathen-like, have fallen upon his own needle, or hung himself.

"P.S. My humanity suggests this advice to you: Don't go to any law expenses, as your letter found me making up my schedule. An odd coincidence—I had just popped down your name as your letter arrived!"

AN early temperance reformer, when the great subject of temperance began first to occupy the serious attention of the community, spoke in this odd and amusing way of the effect of rum upon the "ideas of professional men, newspaper editors, poets, and the like:"

"You pour rum in among your ideas, and the way they hurry out then is similar to hornets with their nest a-fire. But I tell you, my friends, it kills them all off in time. These little mental children won't stand liquor, any how you can arrange it. They are too delicate to bear it. Being naturally spiritual and spirited, they don't want any spirituous stimulant to excite them. After a few sponges, they sicken, droop, and die; and as for trying to restore them to their former freshness, life, and vigor, by enlarging the dram, you might as well attempt to resuscitate a dead language with a vial of smelling-salts!"

Now this may not be as profoundly argumentative as many a speaker would have been, but upon the minds of many hearers, whose attention its very oddity would arrest, it might not have proved "of none effect."

THE quaint Chinese letters, quoted in the December Number, as having been addressed to Dr. J. H. BRADFORD, as tokens of gratitude for having restored the writer to sight, that gentleman informs us by letter, from Westchester (Penn.), are "justly due to his friend, Mr. T. R. COOLEY, a native of England, and in 1833 surgeon of the British factory in China." The letter of Dr. Bradford is accompanied by a pamphlet, written by Sir ANDREW YOUNGSTEAD, the last chief of the Swedish Company in China, detailing the origin of that system of gratuitous treatment of the diseases of China by foreigners, which has since been so successfully carried out by the Rev. Dr. Parker, and other missionaries to the Celestial Empire. The pamphlet alluded to we had never before seen; and in the paragraph from an old paper, from which the "Drawer" passage was quoted, Dr. Bradford's name alone was mentioned. We make the correction with pleasure.

A CORRESPONDENT in the northern part of the State sends us an epitaph, which he declares to be veritable, and which he thinks quite as striking as those in the "Drawer" for December. It runs thus:

"SALLY THOMAS is here, and that's enough;
The candle is out—also the snuff;
Her soul's with God, you need not fear—
And what remains is interred here."

THERE was some unconscious wit and a deal of childish philosophy, in the reply which a little girl (a pretty, bright child, not quite four years old) made to her father. She was annoyed at some old shoes, which she was anxious should be replaced by new ones, and was venting her indignation in rather a more boisterous manner than her father thought proper.

"What's the matter, there, Cora? have you got a fit?"

"No, papa—they don't fit me at all," said she. And then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in set terms; and reached the climax thus: "They are the meanest shoes I ever saw; why, they won't even squeak when I walk out!"

Some years ago, the Yankee schooner, "Sally Ann," under command of one Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things, the schooner was getting a little too near to certain "flats," which lay along the larboard shore. So ast he goes to the Captain, and with his hat cocked on one side, says:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're gettin' leetle too close to them flats: hadn't you better go about?"

To which Captain Spooner replied:

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and 'tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll 'tend to mine!"

Mr. Comstock went "for'ard" in high dudgeon, and hallooed out:

"Boys, see that 're mud-hook all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir—all clear!"

"Let go then!" said he.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain, and like a flash the "Sally-Ann" came luffing into the wind and then brought up all standing.

Mr. Comstock walked ast, and touching his hat very cavalierly, said:

"Well, Cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor!"

THERE is a natural and just exception taken against the use of terms, too common with American biographers, in the remarks which follow:

"Born of Poor but Honest Parents!"

Whenever I read the above words as the introduction of a biography, I pronounce the author lacking in good common sense, as well as politeness. Just as if the parents must especially be exempt from dishonesty. Just as if it were necessary to inform the reader that, *although* the parents were poor, they had the exceptional and unusual merit, worthy of particular notation, that they were honest!

This is one of the occasional libels upon the poor. Nothing but a purse-proud and money-honoring intellect would be guilty of such nonsense. It would answer when the reading of the world was confined to the rich. But when the poor, as well as the wealthy, constitute a large proportion of the readers, it is a direct insult, as well as a miserable falsehood. Who does not know that there is as much dishonesty among the higher classes as the lower? Who does not know that a community made up mainly of the hard sons of toil, and gentle daughters of industry, is quite as honest, as virtuous, as manly, as lovely, and as noble as the scions of bloated wealth, or the boastfuls of a noble heritage—of name and blood?

"How would it appear to the rich, if a writer should speak of his hero as having been 'born of rich but honest parents'? It would certainly be quite as near the point as the converse."

EVERY body—at least, every American—has heard of LORENZO Dow; the eccentric wandering preacher, who, while living, traveled on foot over almost every State and Territory in this vast republic; fording rivers, sleeping in the forests, in perils

often, but always at the places where he had appointed to address the people, though his appointment had been made, perhaps, a year or more before. A great number of anecdotes are related of him, which are familiar to most readers; but the following, a passage from one of his odds-and-ends sermons, it is believed, is less known to the public. At any rate, the lesson which it inculcates is well worth heeding, at a period when there is so much "marrying and giving in marriage." Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the folly of family disagreements, and the fact that violent quarrels are frequently the effect of passionate and unyielding tempers, excited by incidents of the most trivial nature.

"I knew," said Lorenzo, in the course of one of his strangely-compounded discourses, "an exceedingly happy and affectionate young couple, who had but recently commenced house-keeping in all the luxury of newly-wedded love and elegant plenty.

"As they sat one evening in their parlor, exchanging the little tender nothings of reciprocal affection, a sleek little mouse ran across the room.

"'My dear,' cried the lady, 'did you see that mouse?'

"'Yes, I saw it, my dear; but it was a rat.'

"'Oh, no, love,' said the wife, 'it was certainly a mouse.'

"'Madam, I tell you that it was a rat!' replied the husband, sternly.

"'It was a mouse!' reiterated the lady: 'I saw it very distinctly. I think I should know what I see!'

"'I saw it also, madam; and my eyes are as good as yours.'

"'Your eyes may be as good, sir; but your judgment is not!' retorted the lady.

"'And so,' continued Lorenzo, "the quarrel went on, until they so incensed each other that neither spoke to the other for a week. At length, tired of gloomily away the hours, they became reconciled; and one evening, soon afterward, as they sat chatting and toying together, and expressing for each other unbounded affection, the wife casually remarked:

"'How foolish it was in us to quarrel so about a little mouse!'

"'Mouse? my dear: you mean a rat!' exclaimed the husband.

"'No; when I say mouse, I mean a mouse!' replies the wife; and thus the quarrel was renewed, and a second breach of domestic peace was the consequence."

What a lesson to the quarrelsome is this ill-judged contest about a matter of not the slightest consequence!

A CORRESPONDENT to the Drawer, residing in a flourishing village in Central New York, mentions an amusing circumstance that seems worth recording. The lad's father had become somewhat addicted to "imbibing" rather too freely; and when his son came home one evening he was asked by his mother if he had seen his father.

"Yes, mother, I saw him at the —— House," naming one of the principal hotels of the place.

"What was he doing there?" asked the mother.

"Well," said the little boy, "I don't know exactly; but I guess he was taking a 'dissolving view' of a lump of sugar in the bottom of a tumbler!"

"This incident," adds our informant, "was told to his father on his return home that night; and it so affected him, that he has been a strenuous advocate of the 'Maine Temperance Law' ever since."

pretty; she seemed to be very reserved; she answered politely a few civil questions, but with sufficient coldness to indicate that she was not disposed to enter into conversation. The men then began to talk together among themselves—not for the purpose of talking, but for the purpose of being heard by her—each endeavoring to make the other play second fiddle, and be a sort of confidant in a classical tragedy, in order to be enabled to make a more brilliant exhibition of himself.

One drew out a very handsome gold watch.

Another said, "I got to the office too late, and I was consequently unable to get a place in the 'coupe'."

"Sir," said a third, "Mr. So-and-so, formerly a peer of France, said to me the other day—"

"Do you know," rejoined the first, "if *Dumas* has returned; he must be out of all patience with me; it is an age since I have been to see him."

"This is what I call a road. Last year I was *posting* in *Switzerland*; it was impossible to get on more than six miles an hour, notwithstanding my *liberality* to the postillions. I hope to find my carriage waiting for me when I arrive—I have informed my servant of my expected return," &c., &c.

As for ourselves, we could not help feeling, when we probed the matter thoroughly, that the majestic silence in which we enveloped ourselves was only another means of acting the same part which our companions did; and that we had a secret hope that the lady could not fail to observe how much non-sense we refrained from talking.

We stopped to change horses. Several beggars surrounded the carriage.

"Kind sir," said one, "one of my hands is crippled."

"Both of mine," said another.

"And I am epileptic," said a third.

"He is not so epileptic as I am," resumed the first.

The horses started off on a gallop, and we said, mentally to ourselves, "These fellows repudiate equality even in their infirmities."

We shall tell you presently what were our reflections during the rest of the journey.

We once had at Paris a negro servant, who was continually complaining that he had more to do than he could attend to, although there was little enough. One day, worn out with his Jeremiads, we said to him, and we thought in the most epigrammatic way in the world:

"Well, then, engage a servant."

Two days after this, he said to us, "Sir, I have done as you directed me."

"Done what?" we asked, for we had forgotten our joke.

"I mean the servant, which you told me to engage."

We were caught, and we determined to make the best of it.

We answered that it was all right—and that very day Pompey's servant entered upon his duties. At the expiration of a week, we had become quite accustomed to the new state of things:—and when we said: "Pompey send your servant with this letter," we meant no joke and he understood none. As to him, he was as grave and serious as a monkey. There was one thing in their relations which amused us vastly—we meant the extreme severity with which the negro treated his servant. We were often obliged to intercede for the poor white—and then Pompey would say: "Sir, if you will listen to him, he will do nothing; he is dreadfully lazy." Pompey, however, had managed to turn over to him all his own duties. It was the white man who blacked our boots, and Pompey too sometimes. We would say to Pompey: "Your servant has blacked our boots very badly—he has been out too long—and then Pompey would go down to the kitchen and make a tremendous row.

One day we rang for Pompey, and said to him: "Let your servant carry this letter to such and such a place."

"Sir," answered Pompey, "I will take it myself."

"Why so?" asked we.

"Because, Sir, I discharged him this morning."

"The deuce you did! Have you got another?"

"No, Sir, he occasioned me too much trouble. I prefer to dispense with one for the future."

And these were our thoughts in the Diligence: If we wish to mount the ladder upon which those with whom we claim equality are standing, it is not that we may be side by side with them, but that we may push them off and tumble them down to the round below, upon which we were standing before.

Equality can no more exist in positions and fortunes, than it exists in strength of body or power of mind. So then, men of France, thought we, there is nothing more stupid than to be killed for the sake of equality, or more ferocious than to kill others upon the same pretext—for equality does not exist, and could not exist—and if it did exist, you would not have it at any price. It is dangerous to give honorable names to ignoble passions, or to permit those to give them who expect to profit thereby:—jealousy and envy would never dare, to show their heads under their own name—the name of equality makes all right.

Literary Notices.

Ticknor and Co. have published a new collection of *Poems*, by CHARLES MACKAY, under the fantastic title of *Voices from the Mountains and the Crowd*. Such affected appellations always arouse a suspicion of clap-trap. Why not call the volume "Poems," without further ado; and let the reader find out for himself what kind of tongue is speaking to him? Mr. Mackay has really too much poetical merit to invoke the aid of such artifices. He is certainly not one of the "bards sublime," who soar too high for a quiet winter evening by the fireside; nor does he exhibit any startling originality of fancy, or painful depth of thought; but his verses are marked by a vein of

cheerful humanity, a sincere love of nature, warm domestic sympathies, and occasionally great beauty of expression. With no claims to the character of a great English poet, he is evidently a most excellent man and a pleasing writer, and we are not at all surprised that he should be a favorite with the people, who will always forgive to sincere and genuine nature the absence of high genius or consummate art. The poems in this collection are now brought together for the first time. They include three small volumes published in England at intervals between 1846 and 1851.

A New French Dictionary, by Professor A. G.

CALLET, has been published, in a large and handsome octavo, by C. G. Henderson and Co., Philadelphia. It is printed on excellent paper and clear type, making it easy of consultation even to the midnight student, without ruining the eyes. The vocabulary is sufficiently copious, including not only all words in common use, but those relating to science and the arts—the definitions are appropriate, and comprehensive—and the principles of French pronunciation are lucidly explained and indicated, in a brief and simple manner, in the body of the work. In the variety of modern French dictionaries, which are so much in advance of the old standards, we have no doubt that the present work will justify its claims to an eminent rank.—The same publishers have issued new editions of *Aesop*, in Rhyme; and the *Moral and Popular Tales* of Miss EDGEWORTH.

A popular treatise on the *Elements of Geology*, by Professors ALONZO GRAY and C. B. ADAMS, has been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers. It embraces not only the usual details of the science, but an elaborate description of the antiquity of the earth, and the connection of Geology with Natural Theology and Revealed Religion. For clearness of statement, scientific precision and accuracy, and fullness of illustration, this volume compares favorably with any elementary work with which we are acquainted.

J. Murphy and Co. have published an edition of Cardinal WISEMAN's *Lectures on the Real Presence*, in which the leading views of the Catholic Church on that subject are fully explained and defended. The volume is embellished with a mezzotint portrait of His Eminence.

The Finland Family, by Mrs. SUSAN PEYTON CORNWALL (published by M. W. Dodd). An original story of a religious cast, designed to illustrate the importance of practical piety, by an exhibition of its influence amid the daily duties and incidents of life. At the same time it administers a wholesome rebuke to numerous prevailing forms of superstition. The narrative is lively and readable, and the moral tone of the volume worthy of all praise.

Rodolphus is the title of another of the *Franconia Stories*—the popular juvenile serial by JACOB ABBOTT. It shows the manner in which the capricious indulgence of the parent often leads to the ruin of the child. Like the preceding stories, it abounds with incidents of a highly attractive character, giving a fresh proof of the fertile ingenuity of the author, in clothing moral truth in a winning costume. (Harper and Brothers.)

The extraordinary success of Rev. Dr. Topp's *Lectures to Children*, has called forth a new and enlarged edition, published at Northampton, by Hopkins and Co., and illustrated with a number of spirited engravings, from designs by Darley and other American artists. The charm of this work consists in its picturesque brightness of language, the aptness and vivacity of its illustrations, and the transparent clearness with which it brings home religious ideas to the juvenile heart. It has already passed through an incredible number of editions—is known to children wherever the English tongue is spoken—and has been translated into most of the languages of the civilized world. What author could wish for a more beautiful fame?

Pecknor, Reed, and Fields have published two additional volumes of their neat library edition of Dr. QUINCEY's *Writings*, containing *Narrative* and *Miscellaneous Papers*. The pieces are of more general interest than most of the contents of the preceding volumes. Among them we find the intensely tragic story of "The Household Wreck," of which the har-

rowing details are wrought up with consummate address, "The Spanish Nun," "Modern Superstition," "Coleridge and Opium Eating," "The Temperance Movement," "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant," and others—all highly characteristic of the mingled splendor and audacity of the author's genius.

A selection of short and pithy sentences from the plays of SHAKESPEARE, under the title of *Shakspeare's Laconics*, is issued by C. G. Henderson and Co., Philadelphia. It is not designed as a specimen of the beauties of Shakspeare, but to aid public speakers and others in occasional quotations. Such crutches for a lame memory are not without use; and though no manual of the kind can be expected to give universal satisfaction, the present is got up with very considerable taste and knowledge.

Cornish, Lamport, and Co. have issued a new book of travels by WILLIAM FURNISS, entitled *The Land of the Caesar and Doge*, containing the fruits of intelligent observation in different portions of Italy, with numerous criticisms on Art, Literature, and Manners; and a volume of *Poems*, by Mrs. LESDERNIER, called *Voices of Life*, chiefly in a strain of sadness, with the frequent application of domestic sorrows to the purposes of poetry.

A translation of KRUMMacher's *Early Days of Elisha* is published by M. W. Dodd, preceded by an Introduction, from the pen of Rev. Dr. GARDINER SPRING. These discourses form a lively, practical exposition of an interesting portion of Holy Writ. Dr. Spring correctly remarks, "that they are distinguished for simplicity of thought, beautiful and original imagery, and for that ingenious and striking expression which leaves strong and vivid impressions on the memory. They are German throughout, though they have no sympathy with sentimental dreams, or bold and unhallowed rationalism." Few works, whether German or English, present such a striking example of the suggestiveness of Scripture, when wrought by a creative imagination.

The Odd Fellow's Manual, by Rev. A. B. GROSH, is a neat and convenient volume, published by Peck and Bliss, Philadelphia, containing a complete history of the Order, a description of the various ceremonies of the Lodge, and the characteristics of the different degrees, with a great amount of miscellaneous information in regard to the institution of Odd Fellowship. As a book of reference and instruction to the members of the "mystic brotherhood," it must possess great value.

A new edition of CHALLONER's *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*, is issued by D. and G. Sadlier; containing the legends of Catholicism in regard to the saints of the wilderness. The reader, who is fond of the details of ascetic piety, will find ample gratification in these pages.

Ticknor and Co. have published a beautiful edition of *Poems*, by HENRY ALFORD, a religious poet of singular purity and sweetness, who, we think, is destined to become a general favorite in this country. His versification is chaste and polished, clothing divine truth in the "beauty of holiness," and pervaded with an air of devout sincerity, that gives it a healthy, masculine vigor.

The Epistle of John, completes the series of practical expositions, by NEANDER, for which the American public is indebted to the learned and judicious labors of Mrs. H. C. CONANT. The preface to this volume gives a lucid sketch of Neander's conceptions of Christianity, especially as embodied in the present work. In the translation, we discover the same accuracy and good taste, which have characterized the previous issues. (L. Colby).

Among the works recently issued from Redfield's prolific press, we have *The Pretty Plate*, by JOHN VINCENT, Esq. (evidently a *nom de plume*), a pleasing story founded on Roman Catholic principles, and illustrated by Darley, with his usual lifelike naturalness; *The Cap Sheep*, by LEWIS MYRTLE, a good specimen of the sentimentalities of the Mr. Marvel school, in which, of course, the pupil falls below the master; and another volume of HERBERT's picturesque *Legends of Love and Chivalry*, devoted to the Chevaliers, from the Crusades to the Marshals of Louis XIV. In the description of military operations, few writers wield such an effective pen as Herbert, and the topics of the present volume afford ample scope for its successful exercise. MEAGHER's *Speeches* from the same publishers, are admirable examples of Irish patriotic eloquence, scarcely surpassed by the efforts of Ireland's most renowned orators.

Harper and Brothers have issued the First Volume of *The History of Europe*, by SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON. This work, which has recently appeared in Great Britain, extends from the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon during the past year, and completes the great historical series from the French Revolution to the present time. The volume now published contains a rapid survey of the whole period which it is proposed to narrate, an interesting sketch of the progress of literature, science, and art, and a connected history of events from the Peace of Paris in 1815, to the Repeal of the Bank Restriction Act in England, and the creation of peers in the democratic interest in France in 1819. The merits of Sir Archibald Alison as a historian need not here be commented on, in order to call attention to this important work. He brings industry, high culture, indefatigable perseverance, an active and elegant mind, and rare powers of description to the accomplishment of a task, in which he evidently takes a cordial delight. His errors arise from his strong political predilections, and his lack of the original insight which sees into the heart of affairs. He does not bring the light of genius to the illustration of historical facts; but viewing his work as an elaborate digest of the events of the age, accompanied with frequent vivid and expressive portraiture of conspicuous scenes, it must be regarded as a welcome contribution to our resources on European history, and an indispensable aid to the studies of every intelligent reader. In the course of this volume, Alison pays a fine tribute to the great American historian, George Bancroft.

The Boston Artist Agency have issued a beautiful *Profile Likeness of Daniel Webster at Home*, executed in lithograph, by Tappan and Bradford, from a daguerreotype by J. A. Whipple, for S. M. Allen, Esq., being the last taken of the great statesman. The picture reflects high credit upon the artist and the publishers, representing the deceased as he appeared in the domestic circle for some months previous to his death, in softened and touching grandeur. The same publishers have in preparation, to appear shortly, another magnificent engraving, representing *Webster at his Birth-place*, which we doubt not, judging from the high reputation of the artists, and their present performance, will prove equally worthy of commendation and patronage.

The *Portrait of Washington* (published by George W. Childs), engraved from Stuart's original painting, has called forth a deserved tribute of admiration from the most accomplished amateurs of Art through-

out the country. As WASHINGTON LEVING justly remarks, "It is beautifully executed, and worthy of being hung up in every American dwelling, where the Father of his country is cherished with due reverence and affection."

A new work, by the author of *Jane Eyre*, will shortly be ready by Harper and Brothers; also the *Lectures on the English Humorists*, by Mr. THACKERAY.

The Royal Irish Academy has elected MR. PRESCOTT and MR. MACAULAY to its list of honorary members.

The Rev. HENRY BURGESS, of Blackburn, has issued proposals for publishing a translation of the Metrical Hymns of the ancient Syrian Christians, with historical and philological notes. His former work, a translation of the *Festal Letters of Athanasius*, from a Syriac MS. brought to England by Dr. Tattam, has recently procured for him the honor of a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen.

It is now twenty years since a public subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a monument in Westminster Abbey to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. Although the most distinguished men of all political parties united in recommending this testimony of respect to the memory of one of the greatest British statesmen and writers, the appeal was not well responded to by the public. After paying expenses, the sum of £241 11s. was all that remained available. During the course of the past summer a meeting was held at Lansdowne House, the Marquis of Lansdowne presiding, and Sir Robert H. Inglis acting as secretary, when resolutions for carrying out the proposal were moved and seconded by Mr. Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Mr. Hallam, and Lord Broughton. About £300 additional have since been collected, and the subscription list is still open in hope of such a sum being reached as will secure a monument worthy of his memory in Westminster Abbey. It is to be hoped that this tardy recognition of great political and literary fame will be pushed vigorously forward, and not be any longer allowed to slumber.

Of the *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, published by Harper and Brothers, the London *Spectator* says: "This New York volume is the result of the observation and experience of an American who for some time resided in Paris for the education of his children. It has not that attraction of character and contrast which American books on Europe sometimes possess; for a wide experience in many countries, and perhaps an enjoyment of the Parisian life he condemns, has given our author cosmopolitan ideas, and the toleration of a man of the world. The book, however, combines in an agreeable way a picture of Paris and its people, an estimate of French character and principles, with notices of passing events and opinions. Much above a guide-book in its descriptive parts, the volume presents a good picture of the most striking features of Paris, and will furnish a stranger with hints as to places that the common sight-seer might overlook. The estimate of the French is full, fair, and just, without harshness, dealing equally with their good and evil qualities."

In the almost absolute dearth of literary intelli-

gence in France, the press of that country is busy with the project of a collection of *The Works of the Emperor Napoleon I.*, to be completed in thirty-five folio volumes. According to the prospectus, this national work is to be the Koran of the new era of France—and is important not only in a literary and historical sense, but as a machine and an interpreter of government. What this testament—"presented by France to Europe"—is to consist of, no one seems yet able to explain. Napoleon's known letters, speeches, and dictations will clearly not fill thirty-five folio volumes. But we have already an idea how the Book of Napoleon is likely to be made up. It is whispered about in Paris that since December, 1848, Louis Napoleon has discovered an immense mass of his uncle's writings—so that, it is promised that the new publication will contain a complete exposition of Napoleonic institutions, of the resources of the Empire, and of the future career of the dynasty.

"During my sojourn at Berlin," says the correspondent of a London journal, "I spent a morning in the Library, and was much gratified by the examination of its principal curiosities. Among them the Bible of Charles I., which he bore with him to the scaffold, possesses to an Englishman great interest. It is a small volume, bound in black leather, and bears evident signs of having been much used. It was lying open appropriately enough at the seventh chapter of Job, which commences, 'Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?' By the side of this interesting relic, which should be in our National Collection, lies Luther's original manuscript translation of the Holy Scriptures. Tuffning over the leaves, it was very apparent, from the vast number of corrections and alterations in the mysterious book of Job, as compared to the other books of the Old Testament, that it was to Luther, as it has been to other learned divines, full of difficulties. Some of the chapters present a tangled mass of additions, erasures, and amendments, showing clearly that Luther was sorely puzzled by the original. Another interesting MS. is Goethe's Faust, which is very clear and legible—so clear, indeed, and free from alterations, that I can not think it is the original draft of that immortal work. Close to these literary curiosities is preserved Otto von Guericke's air-exhausting apparatus, consisting of two hemispheres, which, when placed in juxtaposition, and the air exhausted between them, could not be detached by the strength of thirty horses."

The death of the Countess of LOVELACE, the daughter of Lord Byron, suggests some mournful recollections of the poet's history. In a letter to Tom Moore, dated January 5th, 1816, he announces the birth of his child: "The little girl was born on the 10th of December last. Her name is Augusta Ada (the second a very antique family name, I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days—squalls and sucks incessantly." In his letters from abroad are frequent references to Ada, showing how near she was at times to his heart, and how strong was his affection for her. To Moore, from Venice, in 1818, he writes: "I have a great love for my little Ada, though, perhaps, she may torture me like—." To Mr. Murray he writes, from Pisa, in 1821: "Send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of the complexion." After the separation from Lady

Byron was irrevocable, he still continued to write to her with earnestness about their daughter, in whom, he said, "there must always be one rallying-point as long as she exists, which, I presume, we both hope will be long after either of her parents." To Dr. Kennedy, shortly before his death, he spoke with tender affection of his daughter, and of Lady Byron with respect. Who does not remember the opening of the third canto of "Child Harold?"

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?"

And the noble stanzas with which the same canto closes:

"My daughter! with thy name this song began,
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.

"Fain would I wait such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!"

Ada was only fourteen when her father died. For her marriage with the Earl of Lovelace, the Lord King of political celebrity in the days of the radical reform agitation, and the present connections of the family, we must refer to the books of the Peerage. It is as the Ada of Byron alone that any literary interest belongs to the name of the Countess of Lovelace. It is remarkable, that the father and daughter both died in their 37th year.

Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive—to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his child.

Miss BERRY, the last surviving friend of Horace Walpole, recently died at her house in Curzon-street, London. Had she lived till March next, she would have completed her ninetieth year. She sank gradually, without suffering and without disease, into what appeared but a placid sleep. She was sensible to the last, and had retained all her faculties unimpaired.

Although it is as the friend of Horace Walpole, and editor of his Letters, that Miss Berry has been most widely known, her own works merit for her name an honorable remembrance. Her "Comparative View of Social Life in England and France," well deserves the high praise it received from the reviewers of the day, and the public favor which carried it through several editions. The "Quarterly Review," in speaking of it, said, that "although apparently dealing with a general and even abstract subject, nothing can be more entertaining and even amusing; which is owing, no doubt, to the judicious union of *Belles-lettres* with philosophy, the copious admixture of anecdote, personal and literary, the avoiding of all tiresome dissertation, and, above all, the shunning of political argumentation. Many years have passed since we have taken up a more readable book to enlighten the dullness of our ordinary labors." This eulogy is appropriate still; and recent events, both in France and England, give additional interest to many parts of the book. It was last republished in 1844, with various other pieces, some reprinted, others new, forming a collected edition of Miss Berry's works. Few publications of the present day contain more instructive and delightful reading than these two volumes. Among the miscellaneous contents of the second volume, the "Life of Rachel, Lady Russell," is admirably written, and displays the excellency of the author's heart, as well as her literary ability and taste.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



AN AMERICAN METHUSALEH.

FIRST YOUNG LADY.—Cleg, dear, I want to introduce that tall gentleman to you. You'll like him; he's so talented. He's written a book.

SECOND YOUNG LADY.—No, no, Annie, don't introduce him. He looks as old as the hills. Why, he's twenty-five if he's a day. And then, look at his collar and his cravat—and (whispering) such pantaloons! Did you ever? He don't belong to our set at all.

PERSONAL ECONOMY.

BEING shabbily dressed affords the best security against the importunities of beggars.

On a pleasure excursion, never carry change with you, as you will then be unable to pay for turnpikes, and other incidental sundries, and those dittie disbursements will fall on somebody else.

Endeavor to ascertain, clandestinely, on what days your acquaintance are most likely to be engaged; the judicious use of which information will procure you the credit of giving dinners at the mere cost of giving invitations.

VOL. VI.—No. 33.—D D*

Never use a whole sheet of paper for a letter which you can write on the half of one. The clean side of a note which any one is so extravagant as to send you, cut off and neatly folded, does very well to return an answer on.

Make a point to leave your purse at home whenever you attend a lady shopping; particularly in hot weather, when ices are in request. You will then be enabled to show a delicate attention regardless of expense; only, if you do that, be sure that your companion has got some money.



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON

Luxurious Newmorn — I say, old feller, you arter cover up your Ice Cream when it storms no. The snow spoils the flavor



DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE

FAST YOUTH — "Filthy weed!" do you call thus? I should like to know where you've lived all your life not to know what a Cigar is!

Fashions for Later Winter.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING COSTUME AND FULL DRESS.

FIGURE 1.—MORNING COSTUME.—Skirt of green silk, with four festooned flounces, set on full; in the centre of each festoon, is woven a large black spot. *Coin de feu* of black velvet; it is high at the back, open to the waist in front, and terminates in a small *basquine*: it is edged with a fold *en biais* of black satin, about two inches wide: the fronts are held in their position by two narrow bands of velvet, in the centre of which are bows of satin ribbon: sleeves of the pagoda form, finished to correspond with the body. Small round cap, trimmed with two rows of lace and broad plaid satin ribbon.

FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS.—Dress of ribbed silk, trimmed with black lace and rosettes. The body, which is plain, and opens in front, is edged with a narrow galloon ribbon, less than half an inch in width, of the same color as the dress. This galloon, which leaves at the waist only half an inch interval, is continued along the skirt, so as to diverge at bottom about 16 inches. A black lace is sewed under this galloon, not very full: it is 6 inches wide at bottom of skirt, and is then turned in so as to widen gradually decreasing to the waist; lastly, it widens again at the top of the body, but not to exceed 2½ inches. The sleeves are almost tight at the shoul-

der; they are from 4 to 6 inches long from the shoulder seam, and end in a flounce cut slantwise of about the same length. A narrow galloon borders this flounce, and conceals its junction with the sleeve. The skirt, which has five widths, is trimmed with four flounces, which end in front at the narrow galloon, against which they are fastened. The first flounce at top has five widths, the second six; the third six and a half; and the fourth seven. That is, they are fullest at bottom. The first is set 4 inches below the waist. The application ornaments consist of roses of black velvet, having in the middle a wheel or star of black cord. These roses are of graduated size, the smallest being 1½ inch in diameter, and the largest 2½ inches. They are graduated on the edge of the body and on the front of the skirt. A row of the smallest ornament the bottom of the sleeve at the bend of the arm, and the edge of the flounce, that finishes the sleeve. The flounces of the skirt are bordered with a narrow galloon over which there is a row of roses. Those of the last flounce are 2½ inches wide, the next 2 inches, then 1½, and 1½. The habit-shirt is composed of white lace laid on the black lace of the body. The under-sleeve is of white lace.



FIGURE 3.—BONNETS.

BONNETS are still worn rather open, enough so, at least, to admit somewhat voluminous wreaths and tufts of flowers and ribbons. The drawn style predominates over the plain. In ornament and trimming there is the greatest variety. Satin and plain velvet, or satin and terry velvet are usually mixed, and are decorated with black lace vandyked at the edge, blonde, or foliage of satin and velvet. We present drawings of some which are favorites. The one on the left of the picture is composed of velvet, bordered with a roll of white satin from under which proceeds a row of lace laid flat on the brim. The bottom of the brim is terminated by a velvet band. The crown is formed of bands of velvet plaited into a checker, and through the openings or interstices a black lace appears in puffs. The velvet curtain is covered with lace. On each side are two rolled feathers. That upon the right is also of velvet; the edge of the brim is composed of two rolls of satin; the brim and sides of crown of gathered velvet. The crown covered with velvet in the style of a sanchon, which has in the lower part three drawings. A bunch of heartsease with its foliage all of velvet in the middle of a coquille of black lace, forms the ornament on each side. The curtain is trimmed like the brim with two rolls of satin. The figure in the centre is a front view, showing the prevailing style of inside trimming. A cordon of daisies goes all round the edge of the brim as far as the tufts of ribbons and varied flowers that trim the sides.

BALL DRESS.—A very elegant Ball Dress is composed of a coiffure of green crêpe leaves, the edges and veins of which are of gold. These leaves are of three dimensions, the largest being on the bandeaux. They set flat to the head, the point falling behind, all around. Rows of gold pearls of unequal length, the longest being from twelve to fourteen inches, hang on each side. These leaves are made by taking very fine brass wires rolled with green crêpe, which together form the stem, then spreading form the nerves of the leaves between two sheets of crêpe cut out and stuck together with flowermakers' paste. Then on the edges and ribs small gold laces are sewed. The natural position is afterward given to the leaves by twisting the wires. The dress is taffeta and white tulle. The body, pointed, is open as far as the waist before and behind. The opening is held together by means of small bands concealed under cordons of gold pearls. There are three frills at the edge of the body in the form of revers. They are cut in small indentations,

and are made of tulle, and taffeta. The tulle one is between the two silk ones. The sleeve, which is scarcely seen, is made in the same way. To the taffeta dress there are six flounces five inches wide, pinked at the edge, three of tulle and three of taffeta alternately. The tunic is white tulle powdered with small gold stars, opening on the left side from top to bottom, having the corners rounded off, and then raised on the right to half its height, which of course widens the opening at bottom. A bouquet of large crêpe leaves raise the right side, and the leaves are continued all round the skirt decreasing in size.

FIGURE 4. CHILD'S DRESS.—A very becoming dress for a little girl, of the age of ten or twelve years, is given below. It consists of a Capeline hat of white felt. Low crown, brims very broad, quite round, and falling into shape from their own weight. A bow of watered ribbon is

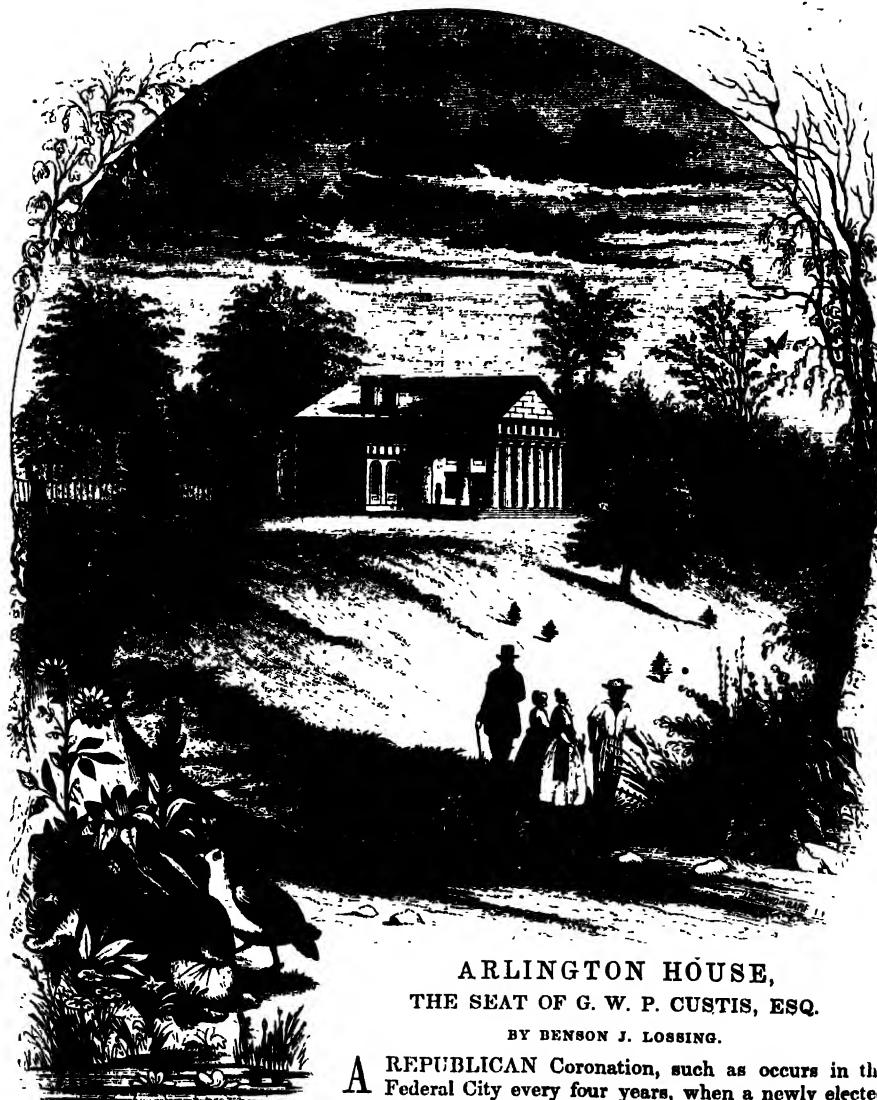
put on the side, rather forward; the ends hanging down behind. A feather is rolled round the base of the crown and hangs down behind. The strings, long and wide, float loose, the hat being fastened by a very narrow string under the chin. Two bunches of flowers are placed under the brim close on the temples. The frock is poplin with a special pattern of five bayadere stripes; the widest, an inch above the hem is two inches broad; and they gradually diminish to the last, which is barely half an inch. The pantaloons have very small plaited, and are finished with a row of Valenciennes.



FIGURE 4.—CHILD'S DRESS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ARLINGTON HOUSE,
THE SEAT OF G. W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A REPUBLICAN Coronation, such as occurs in the Federal City every four years, when a newly elected Chief Magistrate of the nation utters his solemn constitutional oath, is a spectacle of profound interest, and involves a lesson of the highest importance.

It is a great day in Europe, where monarchy prevails, when a prince by accident of birth, not anointed by the suffrages of the people, but by the often bloody hands of feudal custom, is decorated with a jeweled bauble upon his head, is covered with a robe of purple and minair, and is made to hold a gilded wand, like Titania in the picture-books, as an emblem of authority. Then the people shout, and unshotted cannon boom, and drums beat, and bells ring forth their merriest peals, and men, women, and children, in velvet or in fustian, appear as joyful as if the inauguration of the millennium had come—as if a perpetual jubilee had been proclaimed. Then the public journals vaunt the loyalty of the people, the graciousness of the prince, and the happiness of all. And then—What then? Why the next day “comes a frost, a chilling frost.” The bright pageant has disappeared; the down-trodden millions who shouted yesterday are still slaves; the foot of the prince whom they worshiped yesterday is upon their necks, his avaricious hand is in their pockets, and his weapons at their throats; and Alexander appears to the eye of just appreciation no better than the Thracian robber. Loyal huzzas are silenced by rebellious curses; the substratum of society heaves with the active elements of revolution, like the ground when an earthquake is rampant; the prince trembles; the cannon are shotted, to teach the *herd* submission; the merry bells of yesterday ring out a doleful alarum; and men and women are at the barricades.

Not so the Republican Coronation-day of America, and its future. No tinsel pageantry dazzles the people; no emblem of authority is placed in the hand of the honored one, for he is a *servant*, not a *master*; the voice of a free nation, freely expressed, is the guarantee of the strength of his position; the cannon which enunciate the public joy can not be shotted against the public will; the shouts of the people are commands to serve them well, and the public journals, like faithful Nathans, are ready and willing to rebuke the David upon the highest throne, for every dereliction of duty—every relaxation of effort for the good of the whole—every faltering in the beaten track of rigid republican doctrine; and the people go away to their well-requited toil, and are happy. No sighs for a change of rulers are heard until another election approaches, and the fishers for office are abroad. Then the bannered hosts of party are marshaled; the long-announced revolution begins; the contest rages, not upon some isolated field of Marathon or Waterloo, but in every city and hamlet in the Republic, and ceases not until Ballot-Box—the mighty umpire from whose decision there is no appeal—proclaims the victor. A new coronation occurs; the combatants laugh over the many “accidents by flood and field” of “the late war,” and all are happy again, except an irritable clan called *Outs*, who are never satisfied with their condition.

I was in the Federal City on the occasion of the last Republican Coronation. Having no

“friends at court” to give me shelter under the superb eastern portico of the Capitol, where the ceremonies were to occur, I stood for two hours in the open area in front, with thousands of other democratic citizens, pelted by sharp sleet, driven by a keen northeast wind, to witness the inauguration of the fourteenth President of the United States. A rude platform of rough boards had been erected over the great eastern stairs of the Capitol, and at the appointed hour the President-elect, accompanied by the retiring Chief Magistrate, the great officers of State, of the judiciary, the army, and navy, and the diplomats of foreign governments, appeared upon it. The recipient of the great dignity about to be conferred was clad in a plain suit of black. The entire paraphernalia of the occasion consisted of a small mahogany table, covered by a piece of red cloth of the value of five dollars, and bearing a Bible, a brown stone pitcher full of water, and a tenpenny tumbler. With his head bared to the pelting storm, and his right hand lifted toward heaven, the Chief Magistrate gave his solemn pledge of fidelity to the Constitution, by affirmation, and then turning to the multitude—an integral part of the great power which he represented—he proclaimed, as the orthodox creed for his guidance, those great political doctrines which, like the lever of Archimedes, having the rock of Truth for a fulcrum, are lifting the earth—or rather the nations of the earth—from darkness and dank misery, to the light and free air of real Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. How little—how exceedingly insignificant, to the eye of the true philosopher and hopeful apostle of freedom—would Louis Napoleon, or any other ruler by the grace of bayonets and gunpowder, have appeared upon that rough platform of New Hampshire pine, with all his gaudy trappings and pomp of manner, by the side of Franklin Pierce, the chosen servant of mighty and free nation, who stood there in all the dignity of a true sovereign, undistinguished in form and bearing from the humblest citizen, by ribbon or cross, star or garter, sceptre or crown!

Among those who came to witness the inauguration was George Washington Parke Custis, the venerable proprietor of Arlington House—the adopted son of the great First President, and last surviving executor of his will. Mr. Custis (then a lad) was present when his foster-father responded to the oath of office administered by Chancellor Livingston, upon the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in New York, in 1789; and he has heard every succeeding quadrennial pledge of fidelity to the Constitution from the lips of the Presidents. Unbent in body or in mind by the weight of years, and unmindful of the gale and the sleet, he came over the Potomac in an open boat, to assist at the august ceremonials.

In compliance with a cordial invitation to spend a few days at Arlington House, where are many precious mementoes of the Father of his Country, I crossed the ferry at Georgetown early one bright morning, and found Mr. Custis in his studio, giving some last touches to his picture



G. W. Custis

of *The Surrender at Yorktown*, the largest and best of the productions of his amateur pencil. At the age of almost threescore and ten years, he conceived the patriotic idea of employing his genius and skill in the use of colors, in transferring to canvas his impressions of scenes in the principal battles of the Revolution, in which Washington was engaged. Familiar from infancy with men who fought these battles; listening often to the voice of Morgan and other heroes, whose names are as household words to us, as they recounted the stirring incidents of the days of trial, his mind is thoroughly stored with a minute knowledge of the important events of the struggle. He is a living link between the patriots of the old war and the present custodians of the prize which they won; and his memory, ever faithful, has preserved all it has received from the past. Within five years, he has produced six historical pictures, all remarkable for their fidelity in the delineation of costume. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown, and the others are pictures of the several battles in which he was most conspicuously engaged, name-

ly, *Trenton*, *Princeton*, *Germanhtown*, *Monmouth*, and *Yorktown*. We will consider these presently.

I have said that Mr. Custis is an adopted son of Washington. His father, John Parke Custis, one of the two children of Mrs. Washington, by her first husband, was an aid to the Chief at Yorktown. He was greatly beloved by Washington, for his many virtues, and for his mother's sake. Before the siege was ended, an attack of camp-fever compelled him to leave his post, and he retired to his home at Eltham, about thirty-five miles from York. Intelligence came to Washington that the malady menaced the life of his step-son; and soon after the capitulation he hastened to Eltham. Mrs. Washington was already there, with Dr. Craik, the friend of her husband, and his companion-in-arms on the field of Monongahela. He met the Chief at the door, and informed him that Mr. Custis had just expired. It was a terrible blow. The conqueror, at whose feet a royal army had just laid its weapons in submission, was bowed with grief, and he wept like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour." These were the present proprietor of Arlington House, and his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew. She died in Clarke County, Virginia, in 1852, at the age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was born in April, 1781, at Mount Airy, Maryland, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. He was only six



THE CHILDREN OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

LOSSING

months of age when adopted by Washington, and remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, when he was about twenty-one years old. He was appointed a Cornet of Horse in 1799, and soon afterward was promoted as aid-de-camp to Major-general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. After the death of his grandmother, and the breaking-up of the family at Mount Vernon, in 1802, he began the erection of the present mansion at Arlington, an estate of a thousand acres, left him by his father, and lying upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City.

The mansion, delineated in the frontispiece, occupies a very commanding site upon the brow of an elevation more than three hundred feet above the tide-water of the Potomac, and half a mile from its shore. The building is of brick, and presents a front, with the centre and two wings, of one hundred and forty feet. The grand portico, which has eight massive Doric columns, is sixty feet in front, and twenty-five in depth. It is modeled after the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens, and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many

centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is the sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion. From the portico a brilliant panorama is presented. The Capitol, Executive Mansion, Smithsonian Institute, the growing magnificent Washington Monument, and almost every house in the Federal City, may be seen at a glance, from this point, while between them and Arlington flows the bright flood of the Potomac.

At the foot of a wooded slope, near the bank of the river, is Arlington Spring, so well known to pic-nic parties who come there from Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, during the warm season. It is a pure and copious fountain, gushing out from the roots of a huge and venerable oak, which doubtless stood there when the Red Man, in a remote age, came thither to slake his thirst. Around the spring is a beautiful grassy lawn, shaded by a variety of trees, and affording a pleasant summer resort. Actuated by that generous hospitality which is every where prevalent at the South, Mr. Custis, erected, several years ago, various structures for the accommodation of visitors to Arlington Spring. He built a wharf for convenient landing a store-room, a kitchen, a dining-hall, sixty feet



ARLINGTON SPRING

in length ; and a saloon of the same dimensions, for dancing in. No spirituous liquors are permitted to be sold on the premises, nor are visitors allowed to come there on the Sabbath. All that is asked in return, is the observance of those moral rules, and a reciprocation of the kind feeling which makes every class of respectable citizens cordially welcome. A little boat called the G. W. P. Custis, plies between the neighboring cities and Arlington Spring, during the warm season ; and almost every day parties of from fifty to two hundred, are seen there. It is estimated that during the summer and autumn of 1852, more than twenty thousand people visited Arlington Spring.

While there is much to admire in the external beauties of Arlington, the chief attractions are the pictures within, and the precious relics of the great Patriot which are preserved there. Before we enter,

let us look a moment at the beautiful weeping-willow near the north end of the mansion. It is a shoot from the original twig brought to America by an English officer, in 1775, from Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, England. That officer came over with the intention of settling in America, not doubting that the rebellion would be entirely crushed in the course of a few months. He was soon convinced to the contrary, and abandoning all idea of remaining here, he presented the twig to the father of Mr. Custis, then Washington's aid at Cambridge. It was carefully preserved in an oil-silk covering. Mr. Custis planted it upon his estate at Arlington, on the Potomac. Pope's Willow came from the East, and was the parent of all the willows of that species in England ; the willow at Arlington, became the parent of all other trees of the kind in America ; and even furnished shoots, many years ago, for English gardens, where the tree had become extinct. There is a noble specimen of that species of willow, on the corner of Twenty-second-street and Third Avenue, New York. It was a twig taken from the parent tree at Arlington, by General Gates, and planted there by him when that portion of Manhattan Island was his Rose Hill farm.

The first picture that attracts attention in the spacious hall at Arlington, and the oldest and best in the collection, but one, is a superb por-



COLONEL DANIEL PARKE.

trait of Colonel Daniel Parke, an ancestor of Mr. Custis, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the protégé of the great Duke of Marlborough. The exception alluded to is a fine picture of an old reformer, by Vandyke ; painted, perhaps, sixty years or more earlier. The portrait by



JOHN CUSTIS.

Kneller is supposed to be the only specimen of that artist's work in this country.

Colonel Parke was a native of York County, Virginia, where he possessed large estates, but spent most of his time in England. He was the favorite aid to the Duke of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim, in Germany, which was fought on the 13 of August, 1704. Marlborough commanded the English troops, and Marshal Tallard those of France and Bavaria. Tallard was defeated and slain, with a loss of twenty-seven thousand killed, and thirteen thousand made prisoners. By this victory the Electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the conquerors. Colonel Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful intelligence to Queen Anne, who gave him her miniature-portrait, set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling, and made him Governor of the Leeward Islands. His dress, as delineated, was rich in the extreme. The coat was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; the waist-coat a silver gray fabric, with richly wrought figures of gold, and the sash green silk and gold. Upon his bosom, suspended by a scarlet ribbon, is seen the portrait of Queen Anne.

Near the portrait of Colonel Parke hung that of the Hon. John Custis, one of the King's Council, in Virginia, who married Parke's daughter. The connection appears not to have been a happy one. The lady, (whose portrait also hangs near) was proud and impracticable, fond of having her own way at all times, and very expert with her tongue in a war of words. As the unhappy husband could not match her while in life, he commissioned his monument to give the *last word* in the ease of posterity. By a provision of his will, his son and heir (the first husband of Mrs. Washington) was instructed, under pain of disinheritance, to have a monument erected, at a cost of five hundred pounds, sterling, with the following inscription engraved upon it:

"UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGRY'S PARISH, ON THE
EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORWICH,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA."



DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS.

The monument was erected and inscribed, as directed, and is still there. It is of white marble, about five feet in height and six in length. Upon the other side is engraved, "This inscription, put on this tomb, was by his own positive orders."

Opposite these pictures hung the portrait of Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, painted by Woollaston. He was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and, at the time of his marriage with the beautiful Martha Dandridge, was an extensive tobacco planter in New Kent County, on the banks of the Pamunkey River. He died at the age of about thirty years, leaving his wife in the possession of a large fortune. By the side of this hung the portrait of his wife, painted by the same artist, and near them the portraits of their two children, delineated on a preceding page. She was a native of New Kent, and was remarkable, among the handsome belles who graced the courts of Governors Gooch and Dinwiddie, at Williamsburg, for her great beauty and accomplishments. She did not remain a widow long. About two years after her husband's death, she became acquainted with Colonel Washington, whose praise, on account of his military achievements, was upon all lips, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1759. Besides a large estate in lands, she brought to her husband thirty thousand pounds

sterling, consisting of certificates of deposit in the Bank of England. The estate of Mount Vernon, bequeathed to Washington conditionally, by his half-brother Lawrence, had just

come into his possession, and three months after their marriage, they took up their life-residence there.

The little iron chest in which the certificates for the thirty thousand pounds were secured, is at Arlington House. It is twenty inches in length, thirteen in width, and eleven in depth, heavily banded, and secured by two boltlocks and two padlocks. Such chests were used in

come into his possession, and three months after their marriage, they took up their life-residence there.

was the ancient lantern which hung in the great passage at Mount Vernon full eighty years, it having belonged to Lawrence Washington, the original owner of that estate. The frame is of iron, painted black, and is almost the pattern of fashionable hall lanterns of the present day.

An ancient side-board, which also belonged to Lawrence Washington, is a curious specimen of good furniture in Virginia, a hundred years or more ago. It is made of black walnut, ornamented with a delicate wreath of leaves upon its edges and legs. Its length is about five feet, and its width two and a half feet. Washington used it in his dining room at Mount Vernon, during his residence there. There, too, is the little mahogany tea-table, of oval form and three feet in length, which was made in New York for the executive mansion, in 1789, and, with other furniture made at that time, taken to Mount Vernon. This was a tea-table only, in the family of Washington, while he was President, for food was seldom set upon it. Washington, it is said, never ate any thing after din-

Mr. Custis possesses two other original portraits of Mrs. Washington. One is an exquisitely wrought miniature, executed by Robertson, in New York, in 1791. It is well engraved in the American Portrait Gallery. The other is a profile in colored crayons, by Sharpless. It was drawn from life, with a pantograph, in

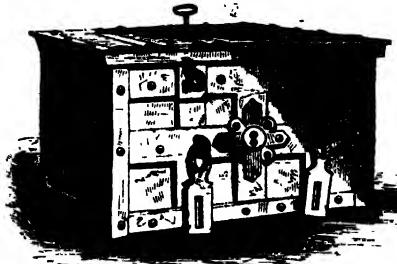
1796, and, although well executed as a work of art, it is not considered an accurate likeness. But the portrait of Washington, by the same artist, and in the same style, was considered, by his family, the most faithful likeness of any extant. These are cabinet size. The copy given on the next page is about half the size of the original.

The original half-length portrait of Washington at the age of forty, painted life size, by Charles Wilson Peale, in 1772, is also here. He is dressed in the uniform of a Virginia colonel of that day—a blue coat with bright metal buttons, and red waistcoat and breeches. Near this portrait, suspended from the ceiling,



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The little iron chest in which the certificates for the thirty thousand pounds were secured, is at Arlington House. It is twenty inches in length, thirteen in width, and eleven in depth, heavily banded, and secured by two boltlocks and two padlocks. Such chests were used in



IRON CHEST.



G. Washington

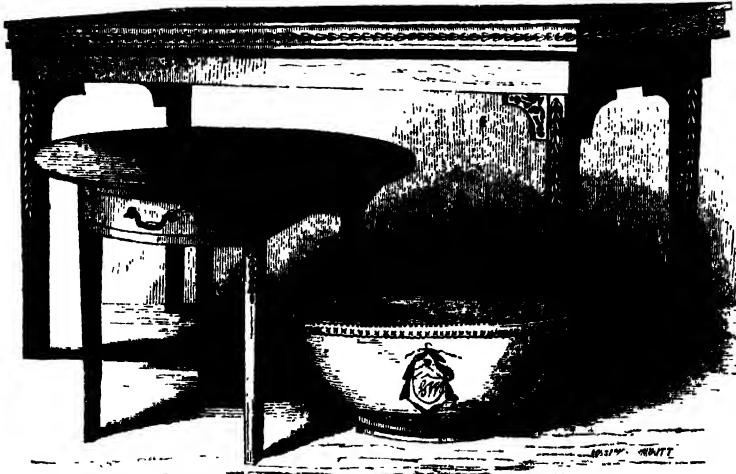
ner, but at about eight o'clock in the evening he generally sat down with his little family, and partook of a cup of tea at this table. The family sometimes had bread and butter with their tea. The large punch-bowl seen in the picture was made expressly for Washington,

circumstance connected with the use of the salver. Some years ago, a large military party, accompanied by ladies, came over from Washington to Arlington Spring for a day's recreation. Mr. C. sent his favorite servant, Charles, to wait upon the company at table. On that occasion the

but by whom is not known. It is pure white porcelain, with a deep blue border at the rim, ornamented with gilt stars and dots. In the bottom is a picture of a frigate, and on the side are the initials G. W. in gilt, upon a shield with ornamental surroundings.

Washington's silver tea-service, made in New York, in 1789, of the old family plate, is very massive. The salver is plain except a beaded rim. It is oval, twenty-two and a half inches in length, and seventeen and a half inches in breadth. Like the other pieces, it has the arms of the Washington family engraven upon it. The salver possesses peculiar interest, because of its associations. It was used during the whole of the administration of Washington, for serving wine to guests. How many eyes, beaming with the light of great and noble souls, have looked upon its glittering plane! How many hands which once wielded mighty swords, and mightier pens, in the holy cause of universal freedom, long since crumbled into native earth, have taken from it the sparkling glass, and invoked health and long life for Washington! O, what a history is involved in the experience, so to speak, of that massive silver salver.

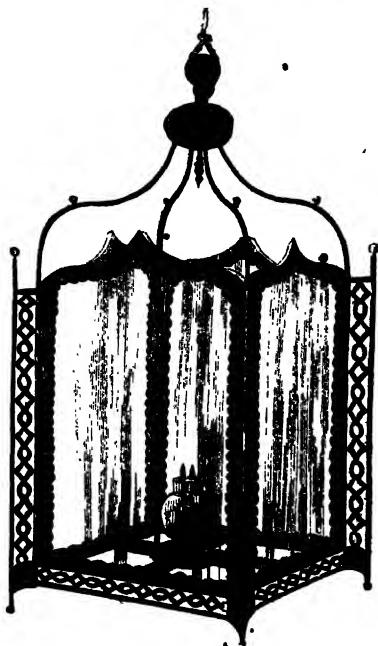
Mr. Custis related a pleasing cir-



SIDE-BOARD, TEA-TABLE, AND PUNCH-BOWL.



WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.



THE LANTERN.

salver was sent down. Placing a dozen glasses of ice cream upon it, Charles carried it to the visitors, and said, "Ladies, this waiter once belonged to General Washington, and from it all the great ladies and gentlemen of the Revolution took wine." The young ladies, as if actuated by one impulse, immediately arose, crowded around Charles, and each, in turn, kissed the cold rim of the salver before touching the cream.

Washington received many tokens of personal regard from men abroad. Among his most ardent admirers in England was Samuel Vaughan, Esq., a wealthy Londoner. That gentleman had ordered an exquisitely wrought chimney piece of Sienna marble to be executed in Italy for his own house. On its arrival he ordered it not to be unpacked, but sent it immediately to America, as a present for Washington. At the same time he sent three beautiful porcelain vases, made in India, and ornamented in London. The chimney piece is in the drawing-room at Mount Vernon. It is ornamented with sculptures in bold relief, representing scenes in the art of husbandry. The vases are at Arlington House. The ground is a dark blue, with delicate gilt scroll and leaf ornaments, with landscapes painted upon one side of each, and groups of animals on the other.

Mr. Custis has a small painting upon copper,



WASHINGTON'S SILVER TEA SET

which exhibits the heads of Washington and La Fayette, in profile, as a medallion. It was executed by the Marchioness De Brienne, and presented to Washington in 1789. Madame Von Berckel, wife of the first Ambassador from Holland, to the United States, also presented a very fine picture upon copper, eighteen by twenty inches in size, in testimony of her reverence for Washington. Upon the top of a short fluted

column, was a bust of Washington, crowned with a military and civic wreath. This stood near the entrance to a cave where the Fates—Clotho, the *Spinstress*, Lachesis the *Alotter*, and Antropos, the *Unchangeable*—were seen, busy with the destiny of the Patriot. Clotho was sitting with her distaff, spinning the thread of his life, and Lachesis was receiving it. Antropos was stepping forward with open



PORCELAIN VASES



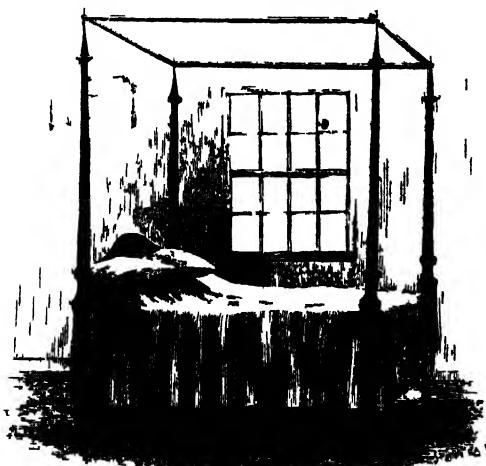
WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE

shears to clip it when Immortality, represented as a beautiful youth, seized the precious thread and bore it away to Fame, a winged female with a trumpet, in the skies, who bore it on to future ages. This picture was presented to Washington by Von Berckel, accompanied by the following lines composed by the fair artist.

In vain the Sisters ply their busy care,
To roll off years from Glory's deathless bier
True things shall pass her fame will never die—
Rescued from fate by Immortality.

Mr. Custis presented this picture to the venerable General Pinckney to whose military family he had belonged as a token of profound respect. The general, in his letter of acknowledgment, said, "It forms the best ornament of my best parlor." It is yet in possession of the family of that sturdy Southern Patriot.

In one of the chambers at Arlington House is the bed and bedstead upon which Washington



WASHINGTON'S BED

ton slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany, and the frame is remarkable for its great width, being six feet. It was made, with other furniture, in New York, in 1789, and was in continual use by the Patriot, until the day of his death. The bed and bedding remain in precisely the same condition as when the good man left it for his final resting-place.

Tobias Lear, a gentleman of fine education, who was Washington's secretary for a long time, gave a simple but graphic account of the scenes at that bed side, at the time of the death of Washington. It will be remembered that the malady was violent inflammation of the throat. On the first attack, Washington paid no attention to it, and on being advised to take some simple remedy for hoarseness, he said,

No, you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came." That was on Friday evening, the 13th of December, 1799. Between two and three o'clock the next morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and with great difficulty of utterance, told her he was very unwell, and had had an ague. He would not permit her to rise to procure a remedy, lest she should take cold, but at day-light, when the servant came to make fire in the room she was sent to call Mr. Lear. Washington was then breathing with great difficulty, and one of the overseers was called in to bleed him, while a servant was despatched for Dr. Craik. The bleeding afforded no relief. Dr. Craik arrived at about nine o'clock and other physicians were summoned. But all their remedies were applied in vain. The malady increased in violence, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the General whispered, "I find I am going. My breath can not last long. I believed from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal." Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Craik went to the bed and asked the sufferer if he could sit up. He held out his hand and was raised up. He then said to the several physicians present, "I feel myself going, I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me." He lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaint, frequently asking what hour it was.

At about eight o'clock the physicians came into the room and applied blisters and cataplasmas of bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Dr. Craik, without a ray of hope. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak, and at length, with great difficulty, he whispered to Mr. Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." He then looked at Mr. Lear,

and said, "Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear replied, "Yes;" when the expiring Patriot said, "It is well." These were his last words.

About ten minutes before his death, his breathing became easier. He felt of his own pulse, and a few moments afterward expired. The hour was eleven o'clock on Saturday evening. The only persons in the room at the time were Mrs. Washington, Dr. Craik, Mr. Lear, Mrs. Forbes the housekeeper, Washington's favorite house servant Christopher, and Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte, other servants. Mr. Lear held the hand of Washington to his bosom. Dr. Craik stood weeping near. Mrs. Washington sat at the foot of the bed, and Christopher was at its side. While all was silent, Mrs. Washington asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" All were too full for utterance, but an affirmative sign assured her that he was no more. "Tis well," she said, in the same voice; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

The disease which terminated the life of the great man was so rapid in its course that the absent members of the family did not reach home before his death. Major Lewis and Mr. Custis were in New Kent; and the distance at which Mr. Custis's elder sisters (Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter) resided from Mount Vernon, prevented their witnessing his death. Of all the family at Mount Vernon at the time, only one survives, a venerable female servant, whom I saw at Arlington House, kneeling at the family altar every morning and evening, during my visit there. She was a girl of sixteen years, at the time of Washington's death.

One more precious memento of Washington, and that of more historic interest than any thing else at Arlington House, remains to be noticed. It is the General's *War Tent* which he used during the whole struggle for independence. It was first pitched at Cambridge in July, 1775, and folded up forever at Yorktown in October, 1781. It is still kept in the two large leatheren portmanteaus in which it was carried from place to place during the war, with the tent-poles lying beside it. What a history is involved in

the experience of that tent! How many anxious hours the great Patriot Hero passed beneath its ample canopy! How many important dispatches were written, and commands uttered, beneath its covering! What a noble band of illustrious men—the noblest the world ever saw—gathered beneath it in council, from time to time, and determined upon those movements which achieved the independence of these United States! And how often, during fatiguing marches, did the Patriot and his military family partake of refreshment from the furniture of his camp-chest—a relic now carefully preserved with the original Declaration of Independence and other objects of interest, by the National Institute at



WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

Washington City. Within that tent Cornwallis was received, a prisoner and a guest. And when the conqueror folded it up at Yorktown, and was marching, as in triumphal procession, from the field of victory to the great council of the nation, one of the most touching scenes in his life occurred. Accompanied by many of the French officers, and some of the most distinguished of the American army, he arrived at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where his mother resided. Cannons boomed, bells pealed, and the people came in crowds from the city and far-distant plantations, to greet the conqueror. But filial affection was burning intensely in the bosom of the Chief. Eight long and eventful years had passed since the mother and son had met. Leaving the great pageant as soon as courtesy would allow, Washington hastened to his sister, Mrs. Lewis, and desired her to inform his mother of his arrival, and his desire to embrace her. When the cannons boomed, and the bells rang, the mother of Washington was unmoved. With all a Cornelia's virtues, she possesseded a Cornelia's firmness. She was as proud of her son as was



WASHINGTON'S TENT.

the mother of the Gracchii, yet she hid the feeling deep in her heart. She was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants when the pageant entered the town, and she was still occupied with her toil, when her honored son entered. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably!" were the first words of the matron. During the whole interview, not a syllable was spoken by the mother or son, of the glorious achievements of his mind and hand.

That evening a ball was given at Fredericksburg in honor of the General. It was a gay scene, for many of the most brilliant of the French officers and of the *élite* of Northern Virginia aristocracy were there. Washington entered with an aged woman, of middle stature, leaning upon his arm. She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, and upon her head was a lawn cap, white as snow, without lace or ruffles, and fastened by tabs under her chin. It was MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. The French officers were astonished. So plain a woman the mother of the great Leader! They thought of the Dowager-Queen of France, of the brilliant Antoinette, and the high-born dames of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, and could not comprehend the matter. At nine o'clock, in the evening the honored matron, with an air of parental authority, took her son by the arm, and said, "Come, George, it is time for me to be at home;" and the conqueror of Cornwallis left that brilliant throng for an hour, and escorted his mother to her humble dwelling. La Fayette visited her the next day, and with glowing language he spoke to her of the greatness of her son. The matron's reply conveyed one of the wisest lessons ever uttered: "I am not surprised, for *George was always a good boy*."

The war-tent of Washington, so often spread upon the line of march and the battle-field, has since been used in the holy cause of religion. Twice it has been pitched in green fields, and thousands came and willingly paid liberal tribute for the privilege of sitting beneath it. Two churches were erected with the proceeds. May it never be called forth for a purpose less suggestive of good-will to man!

Let us turn from the contemplation of these memorials of Washington to consideration of the patriotic labors of the self-taught amateur artist of Arlington House. I have already alluded to the productions of his pencil. The first picture in chronological order is TRENTON. The Chief is seen upon a white charger, with Greene at his left, and Muhlenberg, Mercer, and Sullivan, in the rear. The wounded man in the foreground is Lieutenant Monroe (afterward President of the United States); Captain William Washington, the brave dragoon of southern campaigns in after-years, has his hand upon the cannon, and causes Scheffer, the Hessian lieutenant-colonel, to drop the point of his sword, in token of submission. The large figure in the centre, dressed in a hunting-shirt (the costume

of riflemen), is Josiah Parker, of Virginia. Next him is Sherman, of Connecticut; and beyond him, Richard Parker, who was afterward shot at the siege of Charleston, is seen waving his hat for the Americans to rush on. Beyond the cannon, Colonel Rall, the Hessian commander, is seen falling from his horse, mortally wounded, into the arms of a grenadier.

The battle at Trenton was a very important one. Fearful and ominous were the clouds of gloom which gathered over the political firmament of America toward the close of 1776. England had sent some of her choicest troops and most skillful commanders to crush the rebellion by a single blow, and her transports had brought a horde of German mercenaries, known by the general name of Hessians, to plunder and murder the people. The city of New York had become the prey of the enemy early in September; and when the black frosts came, Long Island, Staten Island, and Lower Westchester, lay at the feet of the conqueror. In November, Fort Washington, the last foothold of the patriots upon Manhattan Island, was captured, with almost three thousand men; and Fort Lee, upon the summit of the lofty Palisades opposite, yielded a few days afterward. Then followed a spectacle which made every patriot heart pause in its pulsations. Washington, with his little army of half-equipped, half-clad, and half-famished troops, the last hopes of liberty in America, were flying before the well-disciplined battalions of Great Britain, over the plains of New Jersey, like a herd of frightened deer before the hounds. At almost every furlong the dispirited militia left the ranks, and, in utter despair, hastened to their forlorn homes to tell of personal woes and national misfortune. Every hour the patriot army lost numerical and moral strength; and when, on a keen December evening, it stood shivering upon the banks of the rapid Delaware, at Trenton, there were not two thousand strong right arms bared there in defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence!

The patriots dared not remain long upon the banks of the freezing river, for already they could hear the drum of the pursuers, beating a quick march on their rear. They hastened across the flood in boats, and just as the last vessel, filled with Americans, reached the Pennsylvanian shore, at midnight, a column of British troops entered Trenton with all the pomp of victors. The flood which afforded a passage for escape to the Americans, proved also the means of final deliverance. The British were afraid to attempt the passage, and waited for the increasing frosts to construct a bridge of ice, over which they might pass, crush the little band of patriots, and march upon Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. But God held "the bands of Orion," and in his hand were "the treasures of the snow" and "the hoary frost of heaven." For more than a fortnight the waters remained unchained, while the hopeful Washington was gathering new strength for a

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

decisive blow for freedom. While there remained a shadow of an army in the field—while Congress maintained its sittings and its unity—while a single ray of hope for success appeared, no thought of abandoning the righteous cause was harbored in the mind of that great man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the Americans seems never to have burned with a brighter or steadier light than at this moment, when every where was gloom. Already, in the very darkest hours, he had conceived the masterly stroke of military skill which brought forth such a radiant spark of hope and joy upon the frozen banks of the Delaware.

While waiting for the freezing of the river, Cornwallis had cantoned his troops at different points in New Jersey, from Trenton to Mount Holly, and returned to New York. Fifteen hundred Hessians and British light troops were stationed at Trenton, to watch the movements of the Patriot army. The Christmas holidays drew nigh, and knowing the convivial customs of the Germans on that festival, Washington resolved to cross the river on the night of Christmas, not doubting he should find the enemy weakened by inebriating indulgence. His little army had been gradually increased by great exertions; and on the evening of Christmas Day, over two thousand hardy men, with twenty pieces of artillery, were silently mustered upon the western bank of the Delaware, eight miles above Trenton. Through masses of floating ice they crossed the flood, not in time, however, to reach Trenton before the dawn. With equal caution, but with celerity, they marched upon the town in two divisions. One was led by

Washington, assisted by Generals Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer, and Stevens; and the other by General Sullivan. At the moment when they were discovered by the Hessian picket guard, the Americans rushed forward, and fell upon them with great fury, in the northern suburbs of the village. The Hessian drums beat to arms; but before the half-drunk en Colonel Rall (the Hessian commander) and his officers, who had spent the night in carousal, could reach their saddles and gather their troops, the Americans closed upon them. A warm conflict ensued in the streets of Trenton until Rall fell, mortally wounded; and his affrighted troops cast down their arms and begged for quarter. The British light troops had fled, and no hope remained for the Germans. Only two Americans were killed and a few wounded. The victors secured a thousand prisoners, as many stand of arms, six brass field-pieces, and a large amount of ammunition. After visiting the wounded Rall, in person, and smoothing his dying pillow with a soldier's words of kindness, Washington, with his troops, his prisoners, and trophies, recrossed the Delaware, and that night took a position of safety on Pennsylvania soil.

Next in order is the battle at Princeton. The Chief is seen on his white horse, with Cadwalader, Fitzgerald, and St. Clair—the latter with his sword raised. Further on is Mifflin, waving his hat. On the left is seen Hitchcock, with part of a New England Continental regiment. Upon the cannon, in the foreground, is Haslet, of Delaware, mortally wounded; and to the left, near the drum, is the dead body of Potter, of Pennsylvania. Toward the right is General

Mercer, rising from the ground and defending himself against British bayonets. Near by is his mottled gray horse, severely wounded at the fore fetlock.

The battle at Princeton followed close upon that at Trenton. General Grant had boasted that, with five thousand men, he could traverse the length and breadth of the continent unharmed; and so certain was General Howe, the Commander-in-chief of the British army, that the retreat of Washington across New Jersey, and the rapid diminution of his army, were sure indications of despair, and ominous of a speedy submission of the rebels, that he had granted Cornwallis leave of absence. The earl was about to embark for England, when intelligence of Washington's exploit at Trenton reached the British head-quarters, at New York. The whole aspect of things was immediately changed. The contempt for the Americans, felt by the British commanders, gave place to compulsory respect and thorough vigilance. Cornwallis was ordered back to the command of the troops. Their cantonments were broken up, and the whole British force in New Jersey was soon concentrated in the direction of Trenton.

The effect of the victory at Trenton upon the Americans, was extremely inspiriting. Congress had just clothed Washington with the discretionary powers of a *Military Dictator*. His shattered regiments were speedily filled with new levies and volunteers, and the military chest was replenished by Robert Morris, that strong right hand of government during the war. Thus strengthened, Washington again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton. Cornwallis, who was at Princeton, immediately moved forward to attack him. At

sunset on the 2d of January, 1777, a skirmish ensued on the borders of the village, after which both armies lighted their fires and encamped for the night, with only a mill-stream between them.

A council of war was held in the American camp, and it was resolved to withdraw stealthily from Trenton, get in the rear of the British at Princeton, and, if possible, fall upon their stores at New Brunswick. But the ground was too soft to drag their heavy cannon over, and these were too essential to be left behind. Again, He that "keepeth the frost in his fingers," stretched forth his hand to aid the righteous cause. The wind suddenly changed to the north, and before midnight the ground was frozen hard enough to bear the cannon.

The whole American army was now put in motion for retreat, except a small party who were left behind to keep the camp-fires burning, and thus to allay suspicion. When the day dawned, Cornwallis opened his eyes upon a deserted camp. Sure of his prey in the morning, the earl had slept soundly and dreamed pleasantly. Whither had his intended victim fled? Suddenly a deep booming sound broke over the country from the east, and was soon followed by another and another. It was mid-winter and a cloudless morning, and yet Cornwallis, thought it was distant thunder. But the quicker ear of General Erskine decided otherwise, and he exclaimed, "To arms, to arms! my lord! Washington has outgeneraled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!"

It was a keen winter's morning; and as the sun arose brilliantly, the startling apparition of a host of Americans, their arms glittering in the morning rays, burst upon the vision of Colonel Mawhood, who, with a detachment,



BATTLE OF PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1777.



BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, OCTOBER 4, 1777.

was just leaving Princeton to reinforce Cornwallis. Mawhood wheeled, recrossed the stream he had just passed, before the Americans could reach it and confront him, and soon portions of the two armies were in conflict. It was the booming of their cannon which fell upon the ear of Cornwallis, and called him back from the Delaware, to aid his troops at Princeton and preserve his stores at New Brunswick. The battle waxed fierce and bloody; and, finally, British bayonets proved an overmatch for American rifles. The Patriots fell back, and there the brave Mercer, who had dismounted, and at the head of his troops trying to rally them, was smitten down, and mortally wounded. Freedom then lost one of her bravest champions, and Virginia one of her noblest adopted sons. Other brave hearts ceased to beat in that conflict; and the cypress chaplet which the patriot weaves in memory of Mercer, should have commemorative leaves for Haslet, Potter, Morris, Shippenn, Flemming, and Neal.

Perceiving the disorder, Washington ordered the Connecticut Continentals to advance; and rushing forward far in front, and exposed to the deadly volleys of the enemy, Washington rallied the flying troops, brought order out of confusion, and secured a victory. The British troops, discomfited, fell back in disorder, and fled. Some who took refuge within the classic wall of Nassau Hall, were made prisoners, and the victory was complete. At that moment Cornwallis appeared, marching upon Princeton. The Patriot army had not slept for thirty-six hours, nor tasted food for twenty-four. Too

weak to withstand the fresh troops of Cornwallis, or to make a descent upon New Brunswick, Washington pursued the fugitive Britons as far as Kingston, on the Millstone River. He destroyed the bridge there, and then pushed forward to Pluckemin. Cornwallis did not pursue, and the Patriots were allowed repose for a day. Then pushing on toward Morristown, they went into winter quarters there. From his snowy camp in the hill country of New Jersey, Washington sent out parties to harass the enemy; and within two months from the time when the exulting foe was pursuing him across the plains to the Delaware, not a British or Hessian soldier remained upon the soil of that State, except at New Brunswick and Amboy.

In the picture of the battle of Germantown, Washington is the most conspicuous figure in the central group. With him is Lord Stirling, Knox, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Harry Lee. Coming up with the reserve are Wayne and Walter Stewart. The fallen horse and his rider in the foreground is General Nash, of North Carolina. The same ball that shattered the rider's leg passed through the body of the horse, and killed him. By the cannon, on the right, is seen the British General Agnew, mortally wounded. In front of the central group is Colonel Proctor, directing the artillery. On the right, beyond the wounded artilleryman who is leaning upon the cannon wheel, is Colonel Mawhood, bringing up the British grenadiers.

The battle at Germantown was a severe one. Having been defeated on the banks of the Bran-

dywine, Washington retreated toward Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown, six miles from the city, about the middle of September, 1777. Perceiving the tardiness of the movements of General Howe, his pursuer, the American commander resolved to retrace his steps, attack the British, and, if possible, save Philadelphia. He recrossed the Schuylkill, and for several days was engaged in manœuvres with the enemy along the banks of that stream. Awed by the presence of the British, the people were passive, and Washington could get no reliable information concerning the movements of his antagonist. By a skillful manœuvre, Howe deceived Washington, crossed the Schuylkill a little above Norristown, and pushed forward to Philadelphia. He took possession of Philadelphia without opposition, and then stationed the main division of his army at Germantown. The Americans took post upon the Metuchen Hills, on Skippack Creek.

Howe weakened his force by sending detachments to execute various enterprises in the vicinity. Washington resolved to take advantage of this, and fall upon his troops at Germantown. His plan was judiciously arranged, and if it had been promptly executed, would have resulted in a victory for the Americans. The division of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by the main road leading toward Norristown, while General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to gain the British rear. The divisions of Greene and Stephen, flanked by McDougal's brigade, were to attack the enemy's right wing; the Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Forman, were to fall upon the rear of the right; and Lord Stirling, with the brigades of Nash and Maxwell, were to form reserve corps.

At dark on the evening of the 3d of October, the column of Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington, moved silently from the camp on Skippack Creek, toward Germantown. As they emerged from the woods on Chestnut Hill, at dawn the next morning, they were discovered by the British patrols. The drums beat to arms, and a strong detachment of the enemy was drawn up at Mount Airy to oppose the Americans. The patriots pressed steadily forward until within musket shot of the British, when they fired, and marched forward with great impetuosity. The enemy were driven back in confusion, closely pursued by the Americans. In the village stands a strong stone house (seen on the right of the picture) which belonged to Judge Chew. Into that house Colonel Musgrave and several companies of the British centre took refuge, as the torrent swept on, and by volleys of musketry from the windows checked the advance party of the pursuers, under Colonel Woodford, of Virginia. The pursuit would have been continued until crowned with victory, had not the excessive prudence of superior officers prevented. Woodford was not allowed to pursue further, and at the same

time the Pennsylvania militia failed to attack the British left. The golden opportunity was that moment lost. It was afterward ascertained that the whole British army was about to retreat, and had selected Chester as a place of rendezvous. But perceiving his left flank, upon which Armstrong was to fall, secure, General Grey marched to the aid of the centre, and the battle again raged furiously within the village. A thick fog now enveloped the contending armies, and each party was ignorant of the movements of the other. The column of General Greene, engaged with the British right, was unsupported by the Maryland and New Jersey militia; and a panic having seized a part of the troops, the whole body gave way, and retreated under cover of Count Pulaski's legion. The conflict had continued almost three hours, when the firing ceased. The Americans fell back to their camp on Skippack Creek, from whence they marched to White Marsh, and finally to Valley Forge, where they passed the severe winter of 1777-78.

THE BATTLE AT MONMOUTH continued longer than any other during the war. In the picture, Washington is seen on his white charger, with Greene near him. Knox is on the most prominent horse on the right, and near him are Hamilton, Cadwallader, and other Continental officers. In the foreground is seen a wounded rifleman. On the right, near a disabled cannon, is Dickinson of Virginia; and on the left, by the drum, Bonner of Pennsylvania. On the left is seen a group of artillery, with the famous "Captain Molly" at the gun. She was a young Irish woman, only twenty-two years of age, wife of a gunner, and during the heat of action was engaged in bringing water to her husband from a spring. A cannon shot killed the gunner at his piece; his wife saw him fall, and dropping her bucket, she seized the rammer, and vowed that she would take her husband's place at the gun, to avenge his death. She performed the duty until the close of the action, with a skill and courage which challenged the admiration of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant, which her husband held. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She usually wore the coat of an artilleryman over her petticoats, and went by the name of Captain Molly. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living at Washington, at the age of ninety-five years, informed me that she had often seen the heroine. She says the French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns. Captain Molly died near Fort Montgomery, in the Hudson Highlands.

Terrible was the suffering endured, and wonderful was the love of country manifested at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-78.



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28, 1778.

There, in the midst of frost and snow, disease and destitution, Liberty erected her altar, and found unwavering worshipers. In all the world's history we have no record of purer devotion, holier sincerity, or more pious self-sacrifice, than was there exhibited in the camp of Washington. The courage that nerves the arm on the battlefield, and dazzles by its brilliant but evanescent flashes, pales before the steadier and more intense flame of *patient endurance*, the sum of the sublime heroism displayed at Valley Forge. And if there is a spot on the face of our broad land whereon Patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the banks of the Schuylkill. It was after the trials of the winter there, and when the warmth of summer brought comfort, and the news of the alliance with France came from abroad to assure their courage, that the patriot army received intelligence that the British were about to leave Philadelphia for New York. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them.

Sir Henry Clinton, then the British Commander-in-chief, left Philadelphia on the 18th of June, 1778, and, crossing the Delaware, took up his march for New Brunswick. Washington and his army crossed above Trenton, and pursued him. Clinton was compelled to change his direction, and march for Sandy Hook, where he intended to embark for New York. Washington pressed so hard upon him, that at Monmouth Court House (Freehold, New Jersey) Clinton halted, and prepared for battle. Washington eagerly accepted the opportunity, and on the evening of the 27th of June, both parties were prepared for conflict.

It was the morning of the Christian Sabbath when the van of the two armies met on the plains of Monmouth. Seldom had a sultrier day dawned, and the fiery sun arose unclouded. The brave General Charles Lee commanded the first division, and the impetuous Wayne opened the bloody drama of the day. Like a whirlwind he swept from a wooded height, and had he not been checked in mid career by an order from General Lee, he would doubtless have decided the fortune of the day in favor of the Americans, within half an hour. But Lee ordered him to fall back, and soon afterward issued such commands as caused almost the whole division to retreat. Hearing the firing, Washington had pressed forward with the second division, and met the flying detachments, hotly pursued by the enemy. No notice of the retreat had been communicated, and the safety of the whole army was jeopardized. Deeply mortified at the disgraceful movement, Washington ordered the commander of the first division of the fugitives to halt, and then, spurring his horse, he dashed forward with his staff to the rear of the flying column, where he met Lee, at the head of the second division of the retreating forces. With bitter emphasis, and glances of hot anger, Washington demanded the cause of the shameful retreat. Stung by the reproof, Lee retorted sharply. It was no time for personal strife. Wheeling his horse, Washington hastened to the flying regiments, rallied them, restored order, and turned with deadly power upon the foe. The action soon became general. The heat was intense, for the sun was climbing to the meridian. Many fell down through mere exhaustion, and yet the battle raged. Hour after hour

of that sultry day wore away, and backward and forward, over the sandy fields, the combatants swayed. At length Wayne poured terrible volleys into the ranks of the grenadiers of the centre, and Colonel Monckton, their commander, fell. His companies recoiled, the centre gave way, and the whole British army fell back to the heights of Freehold.

It was now almost sunset, and both armies coveted repose. Washington determined to renew the attack at dawn, and his troops slept upon their arms that night. Wrapped in his cloak, the chief, with his staff, slumbered profoundly beneath the green canopy of a spreading oak, around which many of the slain slept their last sleep. He felt sure of victory on the morrow, when his refreshed troops should rise to battle. But the dawn brought disappoint-

ment. Like the Americans at Trenton, the British retreated at midnight, and at day-break they had made a three hours' march toward Sandy Hook. Considering the distance they had gained, the extreme heat of the weather, and the fatigue of traveling in the deep sand of the road, Washington did not pursue, and Clinton escaped. The Americans marched to New Brunswick, and from thence proceeded to the Hudson River. The British embarked on transports at Sandy Hook, and reached New York in safety. But for the strange conduct of Lee in the morning, Clinton and his army would probably have shared the fate of Burgoyne and his troops at Saratoga, a few months previously.

* The picture of WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN is five feet by four in size, and was painted by



WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN.

ROSSING - BARRY J. S.



SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

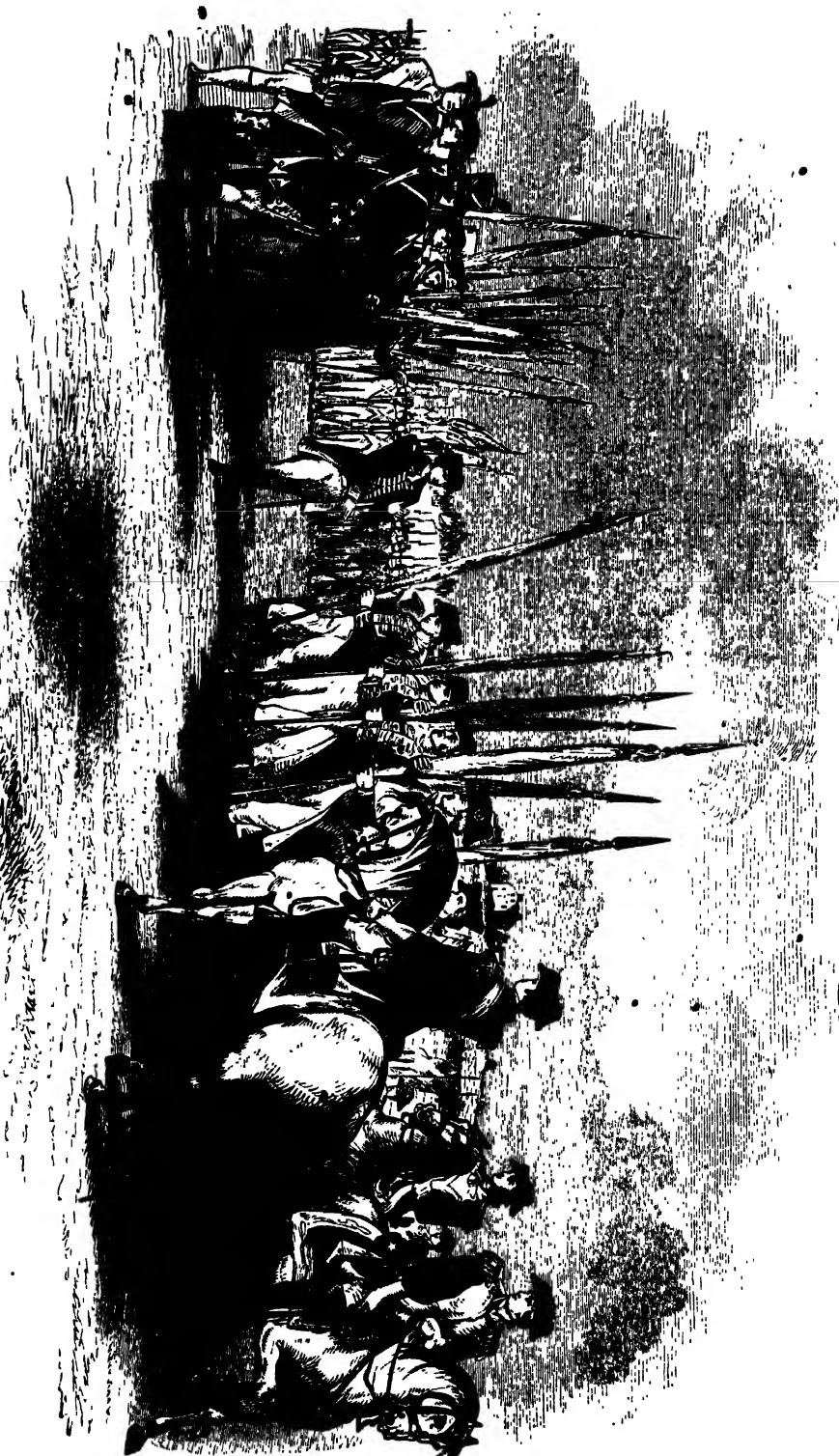
Mr. Custis, to exhibit a correct representation of the figure of Washington. It displays the best coloring of all his pictures. That of THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN is about four feet and a half, by eight feet and a half, and is the largest of all his battle-pieces. Washington is seen on a white horse. Knox, commander of the artillery, is on a bay horse; and immediately behind the commander-in-chief is the Count de Rochambeau, on a bay horse, with Viomenil by his side, and the Duke de Lauzun behind him. Beyond are several French and American officers, and the flags of the two nations. General O'Hara is seen surrendering the sword of Cornwallis. At a little distance is Lincoln, leading out the British column, and beyond are the British works, and their ships of war, in the York River. The French army is seen on the extreme right.

The great question was decided at Yorktown, on the banks of the York River, in Virginia, when Lord Cornwallis, with over seven thousand men, surrendered to the American and French forces. In order to carry on a deprecating warfare in Virginia and Maryland, Cornwallis, with a strong force, took position at Yorktown, and Gloucester opposite, in September, 1781, and strongly fortified them. La Fayette, Steuben, and Wayne were in Virginia, and had already given the earl much trouble; but their forces were not sufficient to attack his lordship in his new position with any prospect of success. In the meanwhile, French troops, under Count de Rochambeau, who had wintered in New England, had joined Wash-

ington on the Hudson; and the allied armies, eluding the vigilance of Clinton at New York, marched to Virginia. They rendezvoused at Williamsburg, twelve miles above Yorktown, and on the morning of the 28th of September, marched in two divisions, by separate roads, to invest the British. They were occupied in preparations for the siege until the afternoon of the 9th of October, when a general discharge of twenty-four and eighteen pound cannon commenced upon the British works. Day after day the enemies' strong-holds crumbled. The American and French troops tried with each other in skill and valor.

Perceiving his peril, Cornwallis attempted to escape to Gloucester, and from thence to flee northward, by rapid marches, across the Rappahannock and Potomac, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to New York, the head-quarters of the British army in America. He had even embarked a large number of his troops upon the York River, when He "who rideth upon the wings of the cherubim" interposed. A storm of wind and rain, almost as sudden and as fierce as a summer tornado, arose, and made the passage of the York too perilous for further attempts. The last ray of hope now faded. Despairing of either victory or escape, or of aid from the British fleet while De Grasse with French ships of war guarded the mouth of the York, Cornwallis made overtures for capitulation. Arrangements were made, and on the 19th of October, 1781, the British troops laid down their arms in submission.

The ceremony on the occasion of the surren-



SURRENDER OF BRITISH COLOR'S AT YORKTOWN

der was exceedingly imposing. The American and French armies were drawn up on either side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton. Washington and Rochambeau, each on horseback, were at the head of their respective columns. A vast concourse of people had assembled from the surrounding country to participate in the joy of the event. Universal silence prevailed as the vanquished troops slowly marched out of their entrenchments, with their colors cased, and their drums beating a British tune, and passed between the columns of the combined armies. All were eager to look upon Cornwallis, the terror of the South, in the hour of his humiliation. He spared himself the mortification, by feigning illness, and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword to Washington. When O'Hara advanced for the purpose, Washington pointed him to Lincoln for directions. It must have been a proud moment for Lincoln, for only the year before he had been obliged to make a humiliating surrender of his army to British conquerors at Charleston. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O'Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back, to be returned to the earl.

The delivery of the colors of the several regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in a line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed in line to receive the colors. Ensign Wilson, of General James Clinton's brigade, was commissioned by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to receive them. When Wilson gave the orders for the British captains to advance and deliver their colors to the sergeants, they hesitated. They were unwilling to deliver them to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who, from a distance, observed the hesitation, rode up to inquire the cause. On being informed, he willingly spared the feelings of the officers, and ordered Wilson to receive them himself, and hand them to the sergeants. The scene is depicted in the engraving.

When the colors were surrendered, the whole British army, a little more than seven thousand in number, laid down their arms, and divested themselves of their accoutrements. They were then marched back to their lines, and placed under a guard until ready to march for permanent quarters in Virginia and Maryland.

Such were the stirring scenes which Mr. Custis, with filial and patriotic zeal, has attempted to delineate in the series of pictures we have copied. The circumstances under which they have been produced invest them with peculiar interest. They are creditable alike to the genius and patriotism of the amateur artist. Nor has the muse of painting, alone, been courted by him, but poetry and music have ever been his delight, and now afford him much pleasure in the evening of his life. He has written several

dramas since he passed the age of fifty years, which were very popular in their day; and the sweet tones of the violin are often drawn forth by his touch in the old halls at Arlington House.

One evening while there, Mr. Custis, with his violin, accompanied the music of a piano in the performance of several old airs, some of which were very popular, especially among the military, fifty years ago. Among these was *The President's March*, concerning which Mr. Custis related an interesting bit of history. It was composed in the autumn of 1789, during the early part of Washington's first presidential term, by a German, named Feyles, who was then the leader of the orchestra at the little theatre in John-street, New York. That playhouse was a rickety affair, capable of seating about three hundred persons. There were performances in it only three times a week. The President and his family frequently attended. A box was provided for them on one side of the stage, and upon the opposite side was another for John Adams (the Vice-President) and his family. As "The Court" thus gave countenance to the drama, the little theatre became a place of fashionable resort, and while the seat of the Federal Government remained in New York, it was harvest-time for the managers. The President always informed the manager when he intended to visit the theatre. On these occasions, he was met by the manager at the door of the theatre, who, bearing two wax-candles, escorted the President to his box. It was on one of these occasions that *The President's March*, composed in honor of the Chief Magistrate, was first performed, at the moment when Washington entered the theatre. Mr. Custis and his grandmother were with the President at that time; and he speaks of the pleasing effect of the music upon the audience. The air became very popular; and when, a few years later, the words of one of our national songs were written, it was slightly altered, and has ever since been known as *HAIL COLUMBIA*.

Mr. Custis also informed me that *Washington's March*, so popular with the military in former times, was composed by Charles Moore, of Alexandria, Virginia. Moore was wounded in the battle on the Brandywine in September, 1777, and while convalescing, he composed that popular march. He often played it upon his violin, for the amusement of Mr. Custis, and other friends.

Ever green in memory will be my visit to Arlington House, where frank and generous hospitality, intellectual converse, and the highest social refinement make their pleasing impressions upon the mind and heart. Since then, alas! the light of the dwelling has been extinguished, and a cloud of grief has gathered over that happy home. The ever joyous spirit of the son of Washington is saddened, for the partner of his joys and sorrows through half a century, has been plucked from that beauteous home on earth, and borne away to a more lovely paradise in the Spirit Land.



FEEJEE WAR-DANCE.

A CRUISE AFTER AND AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

OUR course lay almost due westward: for Tahiti was our immediate destination, and would be the first land we should make, unless we became entangled in the low coral islands, forming the almost unknown group, called the Pau-motan, or Cloud Islands, in which case it was the intention of our captain to ascertain if they produced any thing worth trading for. I had taken passage on board a trim brig, fitted out for an experimental voyage to the Southern Pacific, for the purpose of competing with the trade to China, carried on from Sidney. The intention was to pick up a miscellaneous cargo—sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, trepang, birds'-nests—any thing, in short, attractive to the long-tailed Celestials, which were to be exchanged for Chinese productions, suitable for the home market. I was in search of adventure, and was to be set on shore whenever and wherever I pleased.

For eight weary weeks we pursued our course with hardly an incident to break the dull monotony. Every morning the sun rose up from the sea, with a bound, directly over our stern, throwing the long shadows of our masts into one, far ahead; up the steep heavens it climbed its way till it showered its beams straight down upon

our heads. Here it seemed to pause for awhile, before commencing its descent. Then the shadows lengthened toward the stern; and, at last, as the fiery orb sunk with a plunge beneath the waters, it was seemingly pierced through its centre by our bowsprit.

We were not in pursuit of whales, and never turned from our course to chase those coy monsters of the deep. For all we cared, they might have spouted as thickly as porpoises under our bows; we should never have lowered boat for them. They were no prey for us. We only asked of them to keep out of our way. There was room enough in the Pacific for us all.

Each day was like every other day. The same pale green sea; the same pale blue sky; the same broad sun stalking up the same track, and setting in the same spot. We could almost have sworn that the same porpoises swallowed in the same waves under our bows; and that it was ever the same broad-winged albatross who came day after day wheeling around our course, and then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, floated off into the far depths of space.

There was little to do on board. The invisible, almost unfelt, Trade winds bore us steadily, unhaunting, unresting along. There was little attempt at conversation, for every body had long ago told all he knew. We were like prisoners shut up from the world, which alone gives us

new ideas ; and it is wonderful how stale old ideas get, unless vitalized by a fresh influx of new ones. The tenants of the brain, left to breed-in among themselves, degenerate, like Spanish Dons, and the royal houses of Europe. This, I suppose, is the reason why common-place pedagogues and unprogressive clergymen, who fail to keep up with the current advantages and changes in their professions, grow, in time, so ineffectually wearisome. The man at the wheel slept, or seemed to sleep, by the hour ; the look-out kept aloft for form's-sake, dozed away on his perch. The only sensible break in our life was the taking of the daily meridian observation. Our position ascertained and announced, we all relapsed into our usual apathy.

But when it was announced that we were approaching the longitude of the Pau-motan group, our careless way of life underwent a sudden change. Keen eyes were strained in every direction, to catch the outlines of some low island, or to mark where the breakers dashed over some outlying reef of sharp coral. For this part of the Pacific is almost unknown ground, even to whalers ; although, lying in the direct route between the two gold-bearing regions of California and Australia, there can be little doubt that it will soon be opened to the knowledge of navigators.

At length the anxiously-awaited signal of "Land-ho!" was given, and all crowded to the bows and gazed in the direction indicated. At first nothing could be seen from the deck ; but soon, as we rose on the long-heaving regular Pacific swells, we caught a glimpse—first of green tree-tops, then of a white line of beach, fringed with breakers, and beyond the narrow fringe of vegetation which lay like a green ribbon coiled around, we saw the still waters of an enclosed lagoon, blue and unruffled.

To our hungry eyes, this low island seemed at a distance like Fairy-land. But the romance disappeared when a boat was lowered, and a party of us effected a landing by swimming through the surf. The trees grew low and scrubby amid sharp fragments of coral ; and the grass, which had apparently spread so inviting a carpet, consisted of a few scanty blades springing up from the white sand.

Slowly we threaded our way among these islands, sending a boat ashore here and there ; sometimes finding no inhabitants, at others encountering a few scores of squalid dwellers, who seemed to waver between the desire to traffic, and the wish to drive us off as intruders upon their paradise. The only noticeable thing about

the islanders was their canoes, which manifested no little labor and ingenuity in construction. They were all provided with an outrigger. This was united to the canoe by slight spars, forming a sort of platform upon which to deposit their arms, without which they never appear to move. Some were small, only adapted for rowing from one island to another close by. Others were large enough to admit of longer voyages. They are all constructed without a particle of metal. Sides and bottoms are lashed together with cords



PAU-MOTAN CANOE.

of cocoa-nut fibre, the seams caulked with a gummy preparation from the same indispensable tree, which also furnishes for mast a crooked unbarked stick ; while the rigging is composed of a kind of tough flexible vine.

Still, even among these islanders there is a difference. Those at the eastward have the unenviable reputation of being cannibals, while those to the westward, nearest Tahiti, have been partially instructed by devoted native teachers from this latter island. No unprejudiced visitor can fail to notice the softening and humanizing influence of their teachings.

As far as any commercial results were concerned, our exploration proved a failure. We merely bartered a few yards of gay cottons, and a small number of fish-hooks, for cocoa-nuts and fish with which to vary our monotonous sea diet ; and in exchange for knives and hatchets procured a few pearl shells fished from the lagoons. The natives carry on a small traffic with Tahiti, where they barter their nut-oil and dried fish for the few simple articles of which they stand in need.

A HALT AT TAHITI.

It was a joyful sight for us all when, having steered clear of these low islands, we caught sight of the lofty peaks of Tahiti piercing the clear air. I need hardly say that my South Sea dreams had been hitherto unrealized. Where were the green groves and the lofty cocoas ? Where were the rivulets flashing down the dark glens, overtopped by precipices unsealed by human foot ? Where were the grim temples, half in ruins, dateless as eternity, devoted to horrid and mysterious rites, with their mossy stones hallowed or desecrated by the

blood of human victims? Where were the light and graceful natives, free commoners of nature's bounty, spending the rosy hours in pastime, ignorant of the fretting cares and unending labors that make the civilized man old while yet in his prime of years? whose light existence was yet underlaid by horrid superstitions, darker than those of the northern Druids, borne witness

to by their old and mysterious temples—as gay gardens and bright vineyards repose over the smouldering fire of a molten lava flood.

When Tahiti flung its lofty peaks up into mid-heaven from out of the luxuriant forests that clothed their base, it seemed that I was on the threshold of that world of which I had so long dreamed.



COAST SCENERY OF TAHITI.

As we skirted along the shores, the singular conformation of Tahiti became apparent. Imagine two lofty islands, of form almost circular, connected by a low isthmus; each rising in the centre to a lofty overtopping peak, from which valleys radiate down to the shore like the spokes of a wheel. The ridges which separate these valleys sink off abruptly on either hand in precipices almost perpendicular. The summits of the ridges are not unfrequently so sharply defined as to afford not room enough for a practicable path. A man might stand upon the edge of one of them and with either hand simultaneously toss a stone down into valleys, right and left, whose inhabitants can visit each other only by descending to the coast, and thence ascending the glens. Verily, it is not in cities only that a man may be ignorant of his next-door neighbor.

This great wheel, with its spokes of rock and valley, is girt with a tire of verdure, outside of which is an almost continuous coral reef, against whose ledges beat the long Pacific swells in white waves. Between the reefs and the shore is a reach of calm water, as unbroken as the surface of a mirror. Occasional openings through the coral reef give admittance to these quiet waters,

in which vessels may lie at rest, as on the bosom of the calmest lake.

It was evening as I sprang on shore in the harbor of Papatee, and the first thing that met my sight was a row of most unmistakable street lamps, fed with the dimmest of whale oil, glimmering among the rustling foliage of the "Broom Road." Just then the roll of a drum broke through the breezy stillness. The groups of chattering natives began to disperse; and when, half an hour later, the evening gun was fired, not a Tahitian was to be found in the street.

I now recollect that not only was Pele undeified, but Pomare dethroned, and Tahiti had become a French colony; so that to find unadulterated Polynesian life, I must sail still farther to the West.

At that particular moment, I must acknowledge, I rather rejoiced at these evidences of civilization; for I thought that where there were street-lamps, drum-beats and evening-guns, there must also be hotels; and the prospect of once more sleeping on *terra firma* and giving an order to a waiter was nowise unpleasant.

Passing up the Broom Road, I saw more than one edifice bearing a sign announcing it to be a "Hotel." But I soon found that the occupants

were not permitted to lodge strangers unprovided with a formal *permis de séjour* from the French authorities. The upshot of the matter was, that I was obliged to return and sleep on board our vessel.

Tahiti was the last point definitely laid down in our scheme of proceedings. We were thereafter to be guided by circumstances. It was finally decided to bear away for the Samoan group, six hundred leagues further to the west, which forms a convenient half-way house between either the Sandwich or Society Islands and Australia. Here too I made my arrangements to leave our brig at the first of these islands we should make. My preparations were very simple. I selected a few pieces of red, blue and white cloths, which were to serve as letters of introduction to the chiefs whose hospitality I hoped to share. Instead of letters of credit, and such like *rectigalia*, I took from the ship's stores a few packages of fish-hooks, a dozen of knives, and as many hatchets, a quantity of tobacco, and vermilion, the latter put up in homeopathic parcels. To these, by the advice of one of these strange beings, the wandering whites, found throughout the Pacific Islands, I added a hamper of glass bottles picked up at the shops in Papatee for a mere song.

My new friend was originally a genuine London Cockney, though since he had left the sound of Bow-bells, his garment of nationality had become sadly tattered and mended, so that until you heard him speak, you were at a loss to know to what special department of the human family to assign him. One of his strange fancies was to bear away from each island where he resided, a portion of the tattooing peculiar to it. One side of his body displayed the coarse workmanship of the New Hebrides, while the other was the *chef d'œuvre* of Maletula, the most renowned tattooer in all the Marquesas. This great artist was so enchanted with the effect of his labors upon a white skin, that in pure love of art he was desirous of covering the whole body of Bill Sanders (for so my Cockney Mentor was called), even offering to waive the customary fee of tappa and whales' teeth. But Bill would not confine himself to any one school. He wished to be a walking gallery of every school of the art. So the great Marquesan was obliged to make up in delicacy of workmanship what he lacked in space. One leg was marked in the irregular squares and fancy stripes of the Samoans, while the other bore the clouded patterns which are the mode in the Kingsmills. Had he made his appearance in Broadway divested of his nether integuments he would have passed for a remarkably fine specimen of young America, with inexpressibles of the tightest fit, and of the most "stunning" pattern. In short, if any learned professor had wished to give lectures on the noble art of tattooing, he would not have needed to go beyond Bill for a specimen of every known style. His face only was left unmarked.

But notwithstanding his Polynesian exterior,

Bill's tongue could never forget its pristine Cockney habits; and he murdered the king's English as ruthlessly in Tahiti as he had been wont to do in Saint Giles.

Apropos of my intended outfit, said he to me:

" Vy, you can't take nuffin better nor a 'amper o' bottles; cos, you sees the Hingens doesn't vere no clothes, and they keeps a hilin 'emselves, and in course they vants bottles to 'old their hiles."

Upon this hint I acted; and amused myself for a day or two in picking up a miscellaneous assortment from the drinking-houses in Papatee. A curious collection I made, suggestive of deep and manifold potations. There were slender champagne flasks, from which the officers of Admiral Petit-Thouars had drank health to King Louis Philippe or perhaps to the *République indévisable*: prim Presbyterian-looking pints, suggestive of "Edinburgh Pale Ale:" big-bellied, short-necked, apoplectic bottles redolent of "Brown Stout;" plethoric, burgomasterish flasks hinting of genuine "Schiedam," fresh from Dutch distilleries.

I must not omit that, by way of life-preserver, I secured a pair of revolvers, at that time an implement almost unknown in the Pacific. For these I made a belt to be worn inside my clothing, so as to conceal the weapons.

My impressions of Tahiti, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of the scenery, were anything but pleasant. The natives are evidently verging to extinction. When the island was discovered the population was estimated at two hundred thousand; it now falls short of ten thousand. This diminution is undoubtedly in a great degree owing to intemperance and nameless diseases with which intercourse with abandoned whites has infected the entire race; which I believe to be hopelessly corrupt, both physically and morally. The missionaries have even been obliged to prevent all intercourse between their own children and those of the natives.

I know not whether the spectacle of their absurd attempts to ape European costumes and manners be more ridiculous or pitiable. Poor fragile earthen vessels as they are, they have been sent whirling down the tide of life, alongside of the great rough European iron vessels, and are sadly shattered by the contact. Even Christianity itself has not saved, and probably will not save the race. The bottles are too old and feeble to contain the new wine. In half a century, there can be no doubt the Tahitian race will become extinct; and the fertile valleys and mountain sides will fall to the share of a race capable of using them.

WE TOUCH AT THE SAMOAN GROUP.

Still tracking the sun's course, we sailed westward, until six hundred leagues of smooth tropical seas had been traversed, when the lofty sugar-loaf summit of Olosinga, the outmost of the Samoan group, appeared in view. We coasted along the steep shores of these islands, broken here and there by groves of cocoas and bread-fruit rising from a bright sandy beach.



MISSIONARY'S HOUSE, SAMOA.

Wherever there were trees, there rose the round thatched roofs of the native dwellings, with here and there a *fala-tele*, "great house," devoted to the entertainment of strangers. Now and then we saw the white-washed walls of a missionary's house, or of a church.

As we approached the shore the populace gathered around to receive us. Their tall, rounded forms were not, as at Tahiti, disfigured by absurd caricatures of European costume. Most of the males were dressed in the *lara-lava*, a sort of kilt of tappa, or of blue European cotton. Others were attired in the *titu*, a long fringe-like garment of gay pandanus leaves, split up into small slips. Above and below this garment their bodies were tattooed in every variety of pattern, presenting precisely the appearance of a tightly-fitting variegated pair of drawers. No tattooing marked either face or breast. The attire of the women was much the same as that of the men, with the addition of a kind of mantilla of tappa drawn modestly over the bosom.

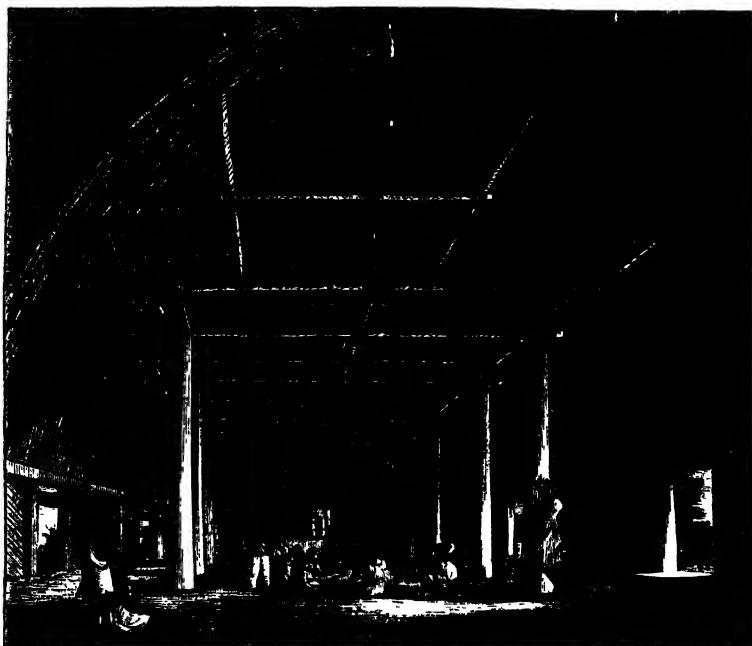
As we landed, we were greeted with an unanimous *alofa*, "welcome," and were conducted to the great *fala-tele*, the floor of which was newly spread with odorous mats, where we were formally installed as public guests. The whole deportment of our entertainers was frank and cordial, yet modest.

A Sainoan village presents at first view an enchanting picture of Polynesian life. It is always built near the sea, and embosomed in a grove of fruit trees. Hard by are the provision grounds, fenced in by low walls of fragments of coral. The native houses are of uniform construction, varying only in size. Posts of twenty or thirty feet in height support the ridge-pole, from which the roof slopes down to the level

of the side walls, which are only four or five feet above the ground. The roof is thus the main portion of the building. It is always made in three pieces—a centre and two ends; the latter of a rounding form, somewhat like an enormous cabriolet hood. The parts of the roof are firmly lashed together, and to the side walls, by cords of cocoa-fibre. From roof to floor hang screens, which when let down divide the dwellings into separate apartments. The floor is paved with bright pebbles, covered at the sides with gay mats woven with bark, forming couches and divans upon which to recline. The whole aspect of these dwellings is wonderfully adapted to a tropical climate. They stand in no formal order, but are irregularly grouped along a street, kept most scrupulously neat, as is also the *malai*, or square, in front of the great house. The missionaries have introduced a style of architecture approximating to that of Europe, but which presents a far less picturesque appearance than that of the natives.

I was much pleased with the interior of one of the larger churches in this group. It was built purely in the native style, with lofty thatched roof, and low latticed side-walls. The ridge-pole was supported by two rows or orders of columns, one above the other, separated by horizontal beams. All the timbers were ornamented by cocoa-nut plait of every variety of tint, so disposed as to present the appearance of beautiful arabesque mouldings. Though the number of these ornaments was very large, it would have been impossible to have found the same design repeated.

In none of the Pacific islands have the efforts of the missionaries been crowned with so complete success as in this group, and in none have



INTERIOR OF SAMOAN CHURCH.

they encountered so few obstacles. It is scarcely fifteen years since the first native teachers arrived, and yet, within that time the majority of the population have abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity. Cannibalism, which, copying the example of their fiercer neighbors, the Feejees, they occasionally practiced, has been wholly abandoned, and is now regarded with no less abhorrence than it would be among ourselves; and even polygamy, so deeply rooted in all their modes of thought and habits of life, has been given up, in accordance with the instructions of their teachers.

Soon after the native teachers had broken the ground, two bands of white missionaries made their appearance, almost simultaneously on this group. One was a company of Scotch Presbyterians, sent out by a Society in London; the others were Wesleyans. With rare good sense and self-devotion, these missionaries perceived that their differences in doctrine and discipline would interfere with the success of their labors, if prosecuted together. But they felt, however important might be their theological views in themselves, the savages were not in a state to appreciate them. They determined, therefore, in order to avoid all appearance of rivalry, that one body should seek new fields in islands where no laborers had yet appeared. The lot to go fell upon the Wesleyans, who betook themselves to the wild Feejees, whose name was a terror to all the neighboring islanders, and where for years they labored with apparently no prospect beyond that of at any moment earning the crown of martyrdom.

Here, I at first thought, my dreams of island felicity were to be realized. Here, if any where, my youthful fancies were to find a fulfillment. Here, in the most lovely islands of the Pacific, bathed in the brightest seas, shadowed by dark groves of cocoa and palm, where the green bananas waved their broad leaves in the air, where the tasseled casuarinas shrouded the peaceful huts, where the free earth yielded ungrudgingly food and clothing in reward for the lightest toil;—where the simple natives have learned only good from the more powerful whites; where Christianity has uprooted the darkest rites of superstition, and gilded with the brightness of immortality the world that lies beyond the portals of their serene mortal life;—here will I taste to the full of whatever pleasure half-civilized life can afford.

So I had my boxes unladen from the brig and brought ashore to the *fala-tele*. A few yards of colored cotton, a hatchet and knife or two, and a score of fish-hooks, judiciously bestowed, gave me abundant claims on my hosts. The brig departed on her trading voyage to distant islands, and as her white sails sank from sight in the distance, I felt that the ties that bound me to civilized life were for a while sundered.

For a little while I yielded to the fascinations of this life. I began to comprehend the disinclination of the few wandering Europeans on the islands to return to the restraints of the civilized world. I wondered if I might not some day adopt the native garb, take a Samoan wife, and end my days on these islands.

But this could not continue. The gloss of

novelty wore off in a few weeks, and disclosed the bareness and poverty of savage life, even in its most inviting forms. I grew weary of lying all day long in the shade, or lounging on the mats of the great house, or bathing in the bright waters. I soon found that the quietude of Samoan life was but apparent. Petty feuds and open hostilities disturbed this small world, as well as the greater one I had left behind me. And evermore I was confronted by the stern spectacle of a race in decay. For here as throughout all the Pacific, the natives are slowly, but surely, diminishing in numbers. I had enough of Polynesian life.

One day I was standing on the margin of Apia Bay, in the island of Upolu, the largest of the group. I had taken up my abode there in the expectation of soon finding some means of escaping from the islands. As I watched the waves rippling up to the shore in those low murmurs which had so long haunted my fancy, but which were now so hateful to my ear, a strange-looking craft rounded the point of the headland, and came dashing up the bay. As it drew near, it proved to be a large double canoe, driven by an enormous triangular mat-sail, the hull gayly decorated with white shells.

I hurried toward it, and learned that it was from the Feejee Islands—the land of the cannibals—and would return in a few days. It was manned by natives of the Tonga Islands, the boldest sailors in the Pacific, under the command of a young half-breed, the son of a Feejee mother and a Yankee father, who had been long a resident in the Feejees. I would see these islands, I determined, and thereafter make my way back to civilized life once more. I easily succeeded in making an arrangement with the

half-Yankee master to take passage in his canoe on its return.

VOYAGE TO THE FEEJEEES.

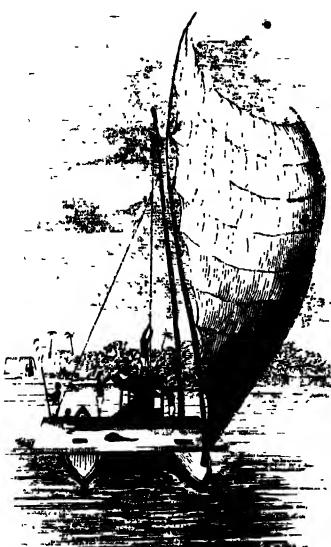
Duly on the appointed day we spread our great mat-sail to the still-favoring Trades, and bore away to the Feejees.

It was a singular craft, apparently ill-calculated for so long a voyage. The length of the larger of the two canoes might have been about sixty feet, the smaller one-third shorter. The bottom of each was composed of a single plank of *vas* wood, to which the sides were dove-tailed, and then bound by elaborate lashings of cocoa-cord passing through flanges left upon each of the planks. The joints were payed with gum; but, owing to the tremendous strain of the great sail, they gaped terribly, so that it was necessary to keep a couple of men constantly at work baling out the water. The two canoes were united by a platform of a dozen feet in width, projecting a little beyond the sides of the hulls. Amidships was a small thatched cuddy to shelter the crew from the weather; and above this, a platform upon which I kept my station during almost the whole of the voyage.

Though myself at that time little more than a landsman, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which this unwieldy vessel was managed, when we had occasion to beat against the wind. The chief point is to keep the smaller canoe to the windward, for should it get to the leeward, the boat must inevitably be overturned. This makes the operation of tacking a somewhat curious one. The helm is put up, instead of down, bringing the wind aft; the tack of the sail is then shifted to the other end of the canoe, which is thus transformed into the bow, and the vessel glides on upon the other tack. They manage to carry sail under a heavy gale, by sending some of the crew to cling upon the extreme edge of the smaller canoe, which serves merely as an outrigger, so that the weight may counteract the force of the wind, and keep the craft upright. The steering apparatus is simply a broad-bladed oar. In a gale, or even when beating against a moderate breeze, the responsibility of the safety of the vessel rests upon the man at the end of the sheet. For the first two days there was, however, no occasion for any display of nautical skill, for we were scudding before a favorable wind.

I took advantage of our half-Yankee pilot to gain some information as to the almost unknown islands which we were approaching. His father, he said, was a *Papalangee Merikance*, who had ran away from a whaler some five-and-twenty years before, and taken up his abode on the island of Ovolau, where he had resided ever since. He had taken to himself a dusky bride from among the daughters of the land, and was now considered the head of a small community of a score or so of whites, and had recently been named *Consul Merikance* for the islands.

It was now the most favorable time that had ever existed for a white man to visit these



FEEJEE CANOE.

islands, as the great Thokombau who had reduced the larger portion of the group under his sway, was disposed to favor foreigners, whose presence he found in many ways advantageous to him.

He perfectly recollects, though he was then a mere boy, the visit of the squadron of the American Exploring Expedition to these islands, eight or ten years previously. To the prompt and decided punishment awarded by the commander of the Expedition for the murder of two of his officers, he attributed the compara-

tive safety with which foreigners might now traverse the coasts of the islands. These men had been murdered by the inhabitants of Malolo, a small island far to the westward; in consequence of this their village had been attacked and burnt, a large number of the inhabitants slain, and the remainder compelled to make the most abject submission. Some months later, while on an expedition after trepang, this island was pointed out to me; and soon after a low island where the two young officers were buried by their comrades. It now bears the name of



HENRY ISLAND.

"Henry Island," in memory of one of the murdered men. It is a lonely speck of sand in the midst of a coral reef, upon which the waves of the broad Pacific moan evermore. The only vegetation it bears is a tangled thicket of mangroves. No monument marks their distant grave; its very spot is unknown, for every vestige of the interment was carefully effaced, in order that the cannibals might not disinter the remains. It was with no common emotions that a few days since I gazed upon the cenotaph in Mount Auburn Cemetery, erected to their memory by their brother officers on the return of the Expedition.

This prompt retribution was not the only instance of rigor displayed by our national Expedition in punishing outrages upon Americans. One of the most famous chiefs of the Feejees was taken prisoner, in consequence of a murder committed years before, detained on board the vessels, and conveyed to New York, where he died soon after his arrival.

On the third day of our passage the Trades, which had so smoothly borne us on in the desired direction, died suddenly away. A calm fell upon us "like night," as old Homer says in that magnificent figure addressed to the imagination, not to the fancy, where he describes the descent of the Sun-God upon the pale Grecian hosts encamped around Ilion. It came "like night," and in the night.

I had lain, far into the darkness, straining my eyes and my fancy toward the cannibal islands. I called to mind how, long ago, a wandering sailor made his way into the quiet New England village, where my boyhood was passed. What tales he used to tell of his adventures in distant lands, and mysterious islands which had no place upon our school-boy maps. It was as though their scene was laid in the stars—for one was as far distant, to us, as the other. Sometimes he would, as a rare favor, bare his brawny chest and show us the strange tattooing indelibly marked there, by the natives of an

island where he had been cast away. They debated long whether to sacrifice him or make him their chief. They decided in favor of the latter, and when he had undergone the torture of the process, they gave him the daughter of their late chief for wife, and he became their leader. She was, he said, the most beautiful woman in all the South Seas. He had somewhere picked up an old engraving, which he declared was "the perfect picture of her," only that it lacked the exquisite tattooing which ornamented her bust. It was the picture of a genuine beauty of the New Hebrides, with close-curved hair, great voluptuous lips and flashing eyes, which seemed to stare into your very soul. It had wonderful fascination for me, and I tasked my boyish pencil to copy it, until at last I could reproduce it from memory. Even now, at so many years' distance, as I close my eyes I see it before me as distinctly as ever.



THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

But none of his tales so wrought upon us as those about the Feejees, where he said he had spent some months. He told us of old men buried alive by their sons; of women by the score strangled on the graves of their husbands; of the pillars of temples founded upon the bodies of slaves buried beneath them to cause them to stand firmly; of canoes launched over the writhing bodies of victims instead of rollers, that they might sail the sea victoriously; and, more terrible than all to our young imaginations, of human victims roasted alive and eaten with horrid delight. He always denied having ever partaken in this horrid repast; but sometimes when something particularly to his appetite was presented to him, he would give a horrid grin, and mutter, half-audibly, "This is as good as man!" I now imagine he did it to frighten us—and, indeed, I more than half suspect

that all his tales were pure inventions, as far as any participation of his own was concerned. What his name was we never knew. We called him "Feejee." He disappeared from the village as mysteriously as he had entered it.

Thinking over all these things, and comparing them with the information I had gleaned from Whippy, our half-breed pilot; wondering whether each low-lying cloud on the western horizon might not be the peaks of Ovolau, I lay on the platform until long after the Southern Cross had begun to bend, giving token that midnight was past.

When I awoke, morning was slowly dawning. But what a change. Sea and sky were blent into two flat grayish-yellow circles, which seemed momentarily contracting. I thought of an old tale of Italian revenge, in which a man was shut up in a room whose walls slowly came together till they met, and crushed him. Sky and water seemed as brassy as the walls of that apartment. Higher and higher rose the sun—we could not see it; but we knew its place by the direction from which its beams appeared to come. At noon they shot perpendicularly upon us like the Norman arrows at Hastings; as day fell they pierced us like the long level line of Huguenot spears at Ivry; and at midnight I almost fancied I could feel them pricking up through the whole earth's diameter from the other hemisphere.

The crew lay panting in the candle. We could hardly muster men to bail out the water, which seemed to well in more rapidly through the shrinking planks; though perhaps this was fancy. The mast was unshipped—for why spread sail when not a breath of wind was astir? We were at the mercy of the variable and uncertain currents of the farther Pacific.

Whippy began to look grave. With true savage carelessness they had only taken food and water for the probable length of the voyage. The former was of little consequence, for we had no desire for food. But the thirst grew unendurable. It seemed as though water could never quench it; and, in spite of our utmost parsimony in its use, the pile of cocoa-shells which held our supply grew fearfully small.

On the fifth evening of the calm the quick eye of Whippy turning to the north, caught a glimpse of a dark object in the horizon. With a shout he called attention to it. It rapidly drew nearer, and we saw that it was a dark storm-cloud unfolding and evolving. Just below its edge the surface of the sea was marked by a clear line of white, like the crests of breakers upon a lees-shore. It was strange to see it dashing down upon us, like a racer; while not a breath of air fanned our brows. We had succeeded in getting the head of the canoe toward the storm before it was upon us. Suddenly, with a blow like Martel's hammer ringing upon Saracen head-pieces, the storm struck us, wind and wave at once. The cuddy was filled in a moment; but, luckily, the canoes, fore and aft, were inclosed

and water-tight. The vessel being all of wood was specifically lighter than water; so, full or empty, we must float. It was a matter of life and death for a few minutes to keep the outrigger to the windward. But we succeeded. The weight of the storm passed over almost as rapidly as it had come down upon us; and far off to the southward we saw its long white line, like a range of snow-capped mountains.

The night set in dark and rainy, with a strong gale blowing steadily from the north. We managed, in the obscurity, to get up the mast, set the huge sail, and bail out the cuddy. A portion of the crew were sent to the extremity of the outrigger to balance the canoe, and once more we were under way. All night the rain fell fitfully, as though wrung by the winds from the reluctant clouds. This was so far an advantage that it enabled us to husband our remaining stock of water; a consideration of no small moment, since Whippy assured me that in the event of being obliged to land on one of the neighboring islands, the party would be considered lawful prize, and all the natives killed and eaten. He had once had an adventure of the kind. Having been cast ashore from a canoe, in the very neighborhood of Ovolau, he tried to pass himself off as a traveler. But the inhabitants suspecting him to have been shipwrecked, seized him, and subjected him to a close examination. One of them at length declaring that he detected "salt-water in the eye"—a kind of witch-mark by which their lawful victims are identified—he was on the point of being clubbed, when a chief came up, to whom he had once done some favor at home; and, at his interces-

sion, his life was spared. He consoled me, however, by the information that the flesh of whites was considered inedible, so that I need be under less apprehension.

The night succeeding the gale closed in with mist, but without rain.

Morning broke gloriously; and was welcomed by our crew with a shout of joy. Right before us, and within two hours' sail, was a lofty island, whose summits were broken into picturesque peaks, beyond which another still larger, and apparently loftier, stretched away beyond the reach of vision; while to right and left, on either hand, were seen other and smaller ones. All were surrounded by reefs against which the swell of our late storm was still dashing, and breaking in long curling lines of white foam. The island in front was Ovolau; and we were just opposite the port of Levuka, whither we were bound.

We steered for a narrow opening through the encircling reef, scarcely two hundred yards in width. No sooner had we shot through the opening than we were in the midst of a harbor where our canoe rode as quietly as on the waters of an inland lake.

I sprang on shore, with somewhat of my old enthusiasm; and at once perceived that I was among a race different from any that I had yet beheld. Their figures were more brawny than those of the natives of the islands to the eastward. Their complexion was much darker, approximating to that of the negro race. All wore abundant beards and mustaches. The hair was worn in a most singular fashion, frizzed, and protruding from the head on all sides, often to



VILLAGE OF LEVUKA.

the distance of eight or ten inches. The faces of all were painted of a deep and glossy black, ornamented with spots and bars of red.

Their dress was the simplest conceivable. The usual costume was the *masai*, a narrow girdle of native cloth, from which depended before and behind a scanty strip, often reaching to the ground. Some wore in addition, the *maro*, an enormous piece of cloth wound round the waist, and had their great shocks of hair covered with a thin gauzy turban. All bore clubs of casuarina-wood, curiously carved. These were of two kinds; one was like a mace, with a round knobbed head, somewhat like the *morgenstern* of the old Swiss; others were like a short-handled oar, sharp at both edges. This latter weapon, together with the turban, I soon discovered to be the distinctive marks of the chiefs. All had stuck in their girdle two or three short-handled round-headed clubs, evidently intended for missile weapons. The dress of the women, of whom few were visible, was a scanty fringe made of colored grass or leaves slit up into strips.

Having propitiated the favor of the principal chiefs, by a judicious distribution of presents, I was conducted in triumph to the village. This consists of some fifty houses, situated in the midst of a beautiful wooded valley, down which pours a fine stream of pure water, fresh from the lofty volcanic peaks, which spring fantastically in the background. The houses are small, and of the usual Polynesian architecture, the roofs thickly thatched with the broad leaves of the sugar-cane.

Near the centre of the village is the principal abode. This is called the *mbure*, answering

the threefold purpose of public hall, temple, and hotel. It stands on an elliptical pile of stones, and is an odd-looking structure, enormously high in proportion to its length and breadth. The furniture within is simple in the extreme. Mats for reclining upon are spread around at intervals. The centre is occupied by a huge bowl of dark-colored wood, fully three feet in diameter, polished till it shines again; and an abundant supply of drinking vessels, some of smoothly-polished cocoa-nut shells, others of earthen pottery, often presenting the most grotesque forms, were piled on shelves against the wall. One end is separated by a tappa screen, depending from the lofty roof, forming an apartment for the *numbele*, or priest, who also performs the functions of publican.

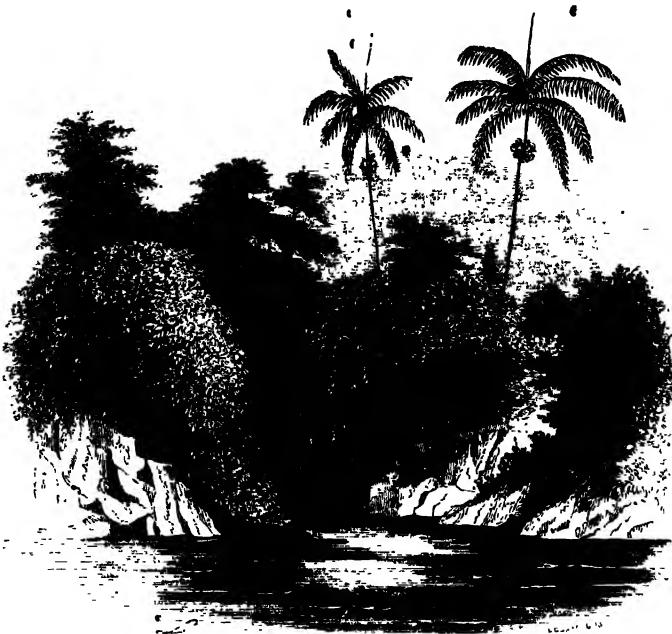
Levuka being a central point in the group, the residence of the white inhabitants, and affording opportunities for procuring interpreters, I made it my head-quarters during my three months' stay in these islands.

LIFE IN LEVUKA.

With the earliest dawn the natives leave their mats, and betake themselves to the bathing place. The stream in its course through the valley spreads out into a number of pools, here overhung by rocks clothed with vines, overshadowed by clumps of lofty trees, there open to the rays of the sun. As they encounter on the way, their morning greetings are made with a scrupulousness worthy of the most elaborate "gentleman of the old school." These are nicely regulated according to the respective ranks of the parties. But it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the highest *turanga* to neg-



FEEJEE MBURE.



BATHING PLACE.

lect to return the salutation of the humblest *kaisi*. "Ei rieelooe!" "Duo wa, turanga!" "Iveea, rakan?"—"Hope you're well!" "Good-day, your honor!" "Ah, how are you?" are heard from all sides. There are no better-bred gentlemen in the world than my Fecjee friends, notwithstanding certain ugly practices, of which I shall speak by-and-by.

A half hour or so is spent in the bath. By this time the sun has lifted himself clear of the low-lying clouds, and the shadows of the trees stretch westward in his slant rays. Like old tipplers, the chiefs saunter slowly toward the mbure, to take their morning draught of *angona*. This is the standing tippie throughout the islands of the Pacific, where it has not been superseded by the more fiery potations of the whites. It is known in different islands by the names of *angona*, *yangona*, *ava*, *kava*, and *arva*. It seems, like tobacco, to be used for its narcotic and stimulating properties, rather than from any pleasantness of flavor. Its effects resemble those resulting from the use of opium, though in a less degree. I like to do at Rome as the Romans do, and have habituated myself to some strange dishes. But I could never like *angona*. I can compare the taste of it to nothing but an infusion of rhubarb and magnesia, with a slight dash of liquorice. Its appearance is very like that of soap suds.

Preparations have in the mean time been made in the mbure for the manufacture of the *angona*. The old *nambete* has emerged from behind the *tappa* screen, rubbing his eyes like a

sleepy landlord on the look-out for early customers. The great punch-bowl has received an extra polish, and the drinking cups are carefully looked to—for the Feejees are scrupulously neat, after a fashion of their own. Half a score of boys have been collected, and are seated about the bowl, each with a heap of the *angona*-root, and a shell of water by his side, ready to commence operations.

One by one the *turanga* saunter in, and seat themselves upon their haunches. The circle filled, the chief gives the signal, "Prepare *angona*." Each boy seizes a shell, rinses carefully his mouth, and then opens it wide, for general inspection. Such a display of ivory as these youngsters exhibit, would delight a dentist who had any enthusiasm for his profession. The examination finished, each takes a bit of the root, and commences chewing. As soon as it is thoroughly masticated, he forms it into a ball, takes it from his mouth, holds it, in a bit of leaf, to the mixer, who carefully deposits it in the bowl. As soon as a sufficient quantity of the root has been prepared, water is poured upon the pulp, and the whole is thoroughly stirred together. The mixture is then strained through fibres of the *vau* plant, which are used as a sponge for separating the fluid from the particles of the root. When it is clear it is ready for drinking. Though not inviting in description, there is nothing disgusting in the mode of preparation, when actually beheld. The rosy mouths and ivory teeth of the masticators, and the scrupulous attention paid to neatness throughout, take away every

sensation of disgust, when one has become somewhat accustomed to see the operation.

This ceremony performed, the inhabitants go about the light avocations of the day. Some climb the bread-fruit and cocoas, to gather the fruit; a few repair to the yam gardens and taro fields; for contrary to the custom of most savage nations the labors of the field are not wholly thrown upon the women. The chiefs busy themselves in polishing and decorating their weapons and ornaments.

The women, however, are by no means idle. Their standing employment is the manufacture of tappa. This is the native cloth, made of the inner bark of a species of mulberry. The bark is peeled off in strips a couple of yards long, and two or three inches wide. It is then soaked in running water till it becomes softened. The strips are then laid upon a sort of table, and beaten out into broad sheets. In this operation the sheets contract somewhat in length, but expand in width till they are as broad as they are long. The instrument for beating is not unlike one of those large four-sided razor-strops found in barbers' shops. Three of the sides are marked with creases of different sizes. The operation is begun with the use of the coarsest side, and finished with the smooth side. In texture tappa resembles tough flexible paper. As it does not stand water, immense quantities are consumed. It is formed into pieces of forty or fifty yards long, by simply laying the ends of the portions together, and uniting them by heating. Some of the tappa is bleached to a snowy whiteness, and some is printed in differ-

ent colors. The joinings of the patterns are then painted by hand. The colored article is called *kesu-kesu*. The use of tappa is tabooed to the women, who only wear the *liku*, or woven fringe. The wives of the whites, however, are allowed the use of the tappa.

Having no weapons to polish, or shells to grind down into armlets, no yams to dig or taro to weed, and as a public guest, being sure of cocoa-nuts or *mandras* whenever I chose to ask for them, I used to wander about the groves, in company with any body who chanced to be disengaged; delighting my temporary hosts now and then with the present of a fish-hook, or bit of vermillion. When my munificence extended to the length of a yard or two of cotton, or a junk bottle, they were lost in admiration. Every where throughout the valleys the sound of the tappa mallet made the air vocal.

There is no necessity for a ten hours' bill in the Feejees. Where there is so little to do, the most industrious man must work short hours. Long before noon the day's work is concluded. Another refreshing bath is taken, followed by *vassi* or lunch—for the principal meal of the day is taken at an hour most fashionably late. After lunch and a short siesta the labors of the toilet begin.

Now as the usual *masai* is of so scanty dimensions, and as even the *maro* of tappa is of a very simple form, one would suppose that the toilet would be very speedily performed. But Fashion has votaries at Levuka as well as at Paris or New York, and is quite as capricious and exacting in her demands.

The adjustment of the hair is the grand employment of the Feejee dandies. The abundant locks are first saturated with fragrant oil, mixed with lamp-black. The barber then takes the hair pin and twitches them almost hair by hair, till the immense crop stands out, stiff and frizzled, looking like a Brobdingnagian mop. Any inequalities are then singed off. Around the hair is now wound the *sala*, made of thin tappa, like tissue paper, and the most important portion of the toilet is completed. and well it may be, for hours are often spent in the operation. In order to preserve these enormous head-dresses while sleeping, they make use of a peculiar and most uneasy pillow. It consists of a mere bar of wood supported upon four legs, placed under the neck so that the head does not come in contact with the couch. I used to wonder whether these uncomfortable pillows had any thing to do with their habit of early rising.

The barber is thus a very important person; combining the functions of tailor, hatter, and bootmaker, to say nothing of the other functionaries whose labors go to make up the dandy in civilized life. The higher chiefs keep a number of them. The hands which have the honor of touching their sacred heads are tabooed from any meaner office. The barbers are not even allowed to feed themselves.

The hair and beard properly arranged, the face is next to be painted. The usual color is



FEEJEE WOMAN.

black, though upon great occasions red and other bright hues are worn. Upon this dark ground vermilion ornaments are displayed, according to the wearer's fancy. The favorite mode in my time was to have a broad *bend sinister* across the face diagonally from right temple to left cheek, intersected by a stripe running along the ridge of the nose; to these might be added a star on each cheek and on the chin.

The toilet satisfactorily accomplished, the chiefs repair to the mbure to tipple angona, talk over the events of the day, or to witness the performance of some game or dance.

I could not avoid being struck with their particular regard for neatness in all their arrangements. They never put any vessel, from which a number of persons are to drink, to their mouths, but hold it at the distance of a foot or more, and allow the water to run down their throats in a stream.



MODE OF DRINKING.

To this personal cleanliness, however, there is one notable exception: at least according to our view of things. A fine-tooth comb is an unknown implement; and these enormous thickets of hair afford admirable warrens for the propagation of certain small deer. These preserves are guarded as sedulously as an English nobleman protects his game. Poaching is not allowed; but as a matter of special favor, a friend is allowed to hunt on shares, in which case one-third of the game belongs to the hunter, the remaining two-thirds pertaining to the lord of the manor. As no fingers can penetrate the coverts where these animals wander, they make use of a long implement of bone or tortoise-shell to allay the irritation occasioned by their burrowing. Warriors take pride in having a pricker made of a bone of an enemy whom they have slain. The mode of wearing this implement indicates the rank of the wearer. The sovereign wears it protruding in front, like the horn of the heraldic unicorn. Chiefs wear it more or less to one side, in proportion to their rank, while the common people carry it behind the ear, like a clerk's pen. When the preserves

become over-crowded a sort of *hattue* takes place. The head is washed with an alkali, made from the ashes of a particular plant, which also dyes the hair a brilliant red or yellow.

The staple diet in the Feejee Islands is vegetable; flesh and fish being principally reserved for formal feasts. The yam is the chief article of food. This grows to an enormous size. I have seen roots of four or five feet in length. Next comes the bread-fruit, of which there are different varieties in season throughout almost the entire year. This is eaten in a great variety of ways. A peculiar preparation is made from this fruit, called *mandras*, which will keep for years. The rind is scraped off, and the fruit packed away in large holes lined with green banana-leaves. Here it is subjected to pressure, which reduces it to a homogeneous mass. After fermentation it becomes a stiff glutinous paste, with a strong odor not unlike sour-crust. It is eaten raw, or cooked with cocoa-milk. This food is stored in large quantities in their strong-holds, so that they may be able to stand a protracted siege. The cocoa-nut also plays a conspicuous part in the Feejee cuisine. In fact, if an island contains these trees it is always considered habitable. It, however, grows to perfection only near the shore. Taro is also cultivated in moist places, and is a staple article of food.

Game is entirely wanting on these islands. There are no neat cattle, except two or three cows and bulls, which are objects of curiosity. When the first pair of these animals were introduced, the natives inquired what they were. They were told that they were a *bull* and a *cow*. They supposed that this was the name of each animal, and from it they formed the word *bul-na-kau*, by which they still designate beef. Their animal food is thus reduced to two species: The flesh of swine and that of human beings.

For the Feejeeans are the most abominable cannibals the world has ever known.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Foremost among the peculiarities of the Feejeeans we must place the practice of cannibalism. It is to be hoped that the present generation is the last which will see this practice in its full force. The efforts of the missionaries, and the influence of Europeans, have given a shock to the system, which will doubtless result in its overthrow at no distant date. But I had myself an occasion of seeing that, four years ago, it still existed even in the most advanced part of the group.

In a certain sense, there is no doubt that all the western Polynesians were cannibals. But among the brown races the partaking of human flesh seems always to have been a religious rite—a devoting of the victims to the infernal gods. Among the New Zealanders it was an expression of hatred to their fallen enemies; a sort of posthumous triumph over them, mingled with an idea that they thus secured to themselves all the warlike qualities which had belonged to their victims.

But among the Feejees alone human flesh is regarded as a delicacy, and the ordinary details of a cannibal feast are spoken of just as a supper of canvas-backs or turtle is with us. So habitually is the idea of food connected with that of the human body, that I was assured by those who must be aware of the truth of the matter, that they have no word to designate a corpse, as such. *Pork* and *venison* do not more directly convey the idea of the flesh of the swine and the deer destined for eating, than the Feejee word *bakola* does that of the human body destined for the same use. "*Puaka balava*," "long pig," is the phrase used in common discourse to designate human flesh; while that of the swine is called, by way of distinction, "*puaka decna*," "real pig."

The most obvious source of supply is the bodies of enemies killed in battle, which are always eaten. Next come those of shipwrecked persons, who are regarded by the Feejees as lawful prey, as they were formerly by the inhabitants of the Shetland Islands. When these sources fail to furnish the required supply, expeditions are fitted out to capture victims from their neighbors, or recourse is had to their own slaves.

It has grown into a positive requirement that at all great entertainments human flesh shall furnish a part of the viands. The chiefs, until quite recently, were in the habit of making a kind of pic-nic turtle feasts; on which occasions old Tanoa, the powerful chief of Mbau, used always to signalize his superior dignity by furnishing instead a human victim. Human flesh is looked upon, in a word, in precisely the light in which the Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey is among us. So highly is it prized that it is held always requisite to transmit a portion to intimate friends. A neglect to do this would constitute a breach of friendship.

I dare not descend into the particulars of these horrid repasts, or I might fill page after page with the tales related to me by the white residents of Levuka, and by the different missionaries, of incidents which have fallen under their own observation.

The same utter disregard of human life is manifested in innumerable other instances. Whenever one of their great war-canoes was launched, it was the custom to tie the bodies of prisoners to stakes, so as to keep them in an extended position, and then to place them as rollers, over which the vessel passed on its way to the water. The immense weight of the canoes of course crushed the victims. I saw white residents on the islands who had repeatedly witnessed this. When one of the chiefs builds a house, large holes are dug for the main pillars. A slave is placed alive in each of these holes, clasping his arms about the pillar, as though in the act of holding it fast. The earth is then heaped above him, until he is buried alive. When a chief dies, a number of his wives are always strangled upon his grave, to bear him company in the spirit-land. It is a

common custom—so common that exceptions are almost unknown—for children to strangle their parents as they grow old; and, strange as it may seem, the parents themselves often request this to be done. The sight of a person far advanced in years is exceedingly rare.

I could never gain any very clear idea of the religious system of the Feejees. I doubt, indeed, if they have any very well-defined system. They believe in a future state, the happiness or misery of which depends upon whether the conduct in this life has been pleasing to the gods. The most generally recognized of their innumerable deities is Ovee, the creator of all things, who is supposed to reside in the upper regions—some say in the moon. After him comes Ndengci, a terrestrial god, who, after long wanderings through the islands, at last took up his abode in a cave on the western shore of the main island of Viti-Levu. Here he assumed the form of an enormous serpent, which he still retains. The souls of the dead are supposed to go to him for judgment. The children and relatives of this god are local deities. Rutumaimbulu, the god of fruit-trees, is especially worshiped in the month corresponding to our November, the spring of the opposite hemisphere. At this time he is supposed to descend, for the purpose of making the trees fruitful. He alone of the Ferjee pantheon is a god of peace; and during his festival a kind of Sabbath reigns. It is *taboo* to go to war, to sail about, to build houses or canoes, to plant crops, or to perform almost any kind of work. Should they do so, he might be offended and return to the celestial regions, leaving his beneficent task undone. The priests announce the time of his approach. When his work is accomplished, they go through a ceremony called bathing Rutumaimbulu, after which they dismiss him, and the festival is at an end. Every village has at least one *nambete*, or priest, who exercises great influence over the common people, although he is usually the mere togl of the chief. The priests are held to be, at times, inspired by the immediate presence of the deity. This inspiration is denoted by a violent fit of shaking, occasioned by the god taking possession of the body of the priest. Whatever he says while in that state is supposed to be the utterance of the god. It sometimes happens that a chief suspects a pretended priest to be an impostor, in which case he does not hesitate to put him to death, and suffer his body to be devoured.

The funeral rites of the superior chiefs are performed with great ceremony. The body is dressed and painted with the utmost care, and laid upon a bier, around which the inferior chiefs cluster, bringing funeral offerings. "*A: mumundi ni matec*," "It is the end of death," exclaims the principal chief present; to which the people respond, "*E deena*," "It is true." The chief's women now come to kiss the corpse. If any one of them is desirous of being strangled with him, she declares her wish to her nearest relative present. She is thereupon dec-

orated with her costliest ornaments; her nostrils are held fast by an attendant, that she may not breathe through them; a cord is twisted about her neck, which is drawn tight, and tied in a bow-knot. The body of the chief is laid in the grave, with one of his wives on each side,

all being wrapped together in folds of tappa, and the earth is then thrown in. All who have touched the body are now *tabooed*, and are not allowed to perform the slightest office for themselves. The state of *taboo* lasts for a length of time corresponding to the rank of the deceased.



FEEJEE TOMBS.

In the case of very high chiefs it continues for many months. In some of the islands the grave is placed in a lonely and secluded forest, with a

tomb erected over it, somewhat resembling the houses of the living, but smaller and more highly ornamented.

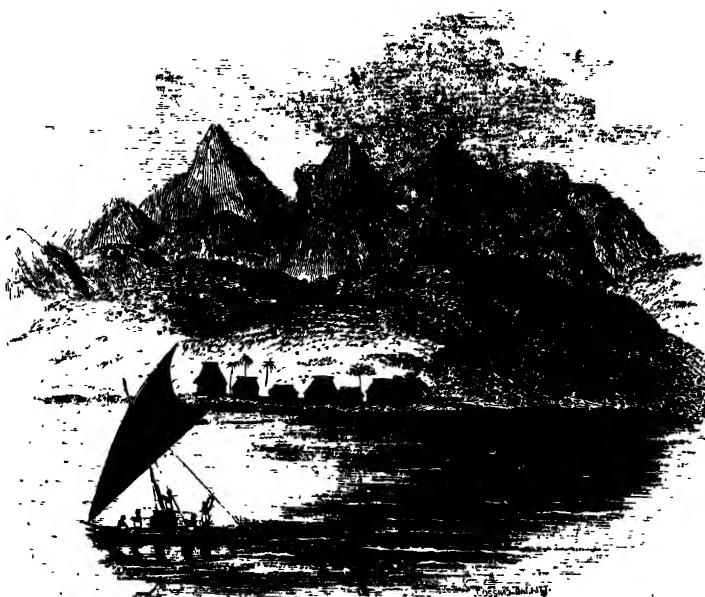
SOMETHING OF FEEJEE POLITICS.

The Feejee group is composed of about one hundred and fifty islands, of which less than half are inhabited. The remainder are solitary rocks rising from the ocean in the midst of a coral reef; or islands nearly barren, resorted to occasionally for the purpose of fishing, catching turtle, or of drying the trepang or *bêche-de-mer*, for the China market. For this latter purpose, a number of huts are not unfrequently erected upon an uninhabited island. The largest island called Viti-Levu, or Great Viti, is more than a hundred miles in length. The interior of these islands is wholly unknown. They are said to be scantily peopled by a race still more barbarous than those upon the coast, who are almost continually at war with the inhabitants of the coast. They inhabit strongholds situated upon the most inaccessible rocks which rise among their mountain fastnesses; the site of which is undistinguishable, unless betrayed by the smoke curling from their summits. The entire population of the group is vaguely estimated at about a quarter of a million.

The little island of Mbau, scarcely two miles in circuit, just off the coast of Viti-Levu, holds in the Feejee world a position somewhat analogous to that of Great Britain in the system of nations. It is the residence of Thakombau,



FEEJEE STRONGHOLD.



TREPANG ESTABLISHMENT.

who exercises dominion over more than half the group.

This supremacy on the part of Mbau dates back nearly to the beginning of the present century. At that time an American brig was wrecked upon one of these islands. One of the crew, named Charley Savage, escaped, and managed to secure a few muskets, and a quantity of ammunition. Firearms were at this time unknown to the Feegees. Savage united himself to a scheming chief who occupied Mbau, and they commenced a career of conquest. Aided by their victorious artillery, tribe after tribe was subdued. Savage became a second Warwick, a Maker of Kings. He became renowned for more than Feejee cruelty; and to this day mothers hush their children by his name, as Saracen mothers were wont to do by that of Richard of the Lion's Heart. He waxed great in the land; had tappa and cocoa-cord, and whales' teeth without end; and took to himself a hundred wives. After a few years, however, he was killed while on a predatory expedition to one of the distant islands. His body was eaten, the larger bones made up into needles and hair-pins, and the smaller ground to powder and drank in *angona*. I myself saw a hair-pin which the owner assured me was made from the thigh-bone of Charley Savage.

His Feejee ally was succeeded by Tanoa, the father of Thakombau. Old Tanoa, who is still alive, and goes among the whites by the name of "Old Snuffy," on account of his begrimed appearance and snuffling articulation, is the

most outrageous cannibal in all the islands. In the prime of his power it was always a ques-



tion whether he would call for "*puaka balava*," "long pig," or "*puaka deena*," "real pig," for his evening repast; and in either case his demand was alike unhesitatingly complied with. As long as he exercised supreme authority, little success attended the zealous labors of the missionaries in his dominions. A few years

ago, finding himself becoming infirm, he made over the greater portion of his authority to his son Seru, who assumed the name of Thakombau, "Disturber of Mbau," who is probably at this moment the most sagacious and powerful chief in Polynesia. Second to him is his special friend and satellite, Navindee, whom I often



NAVINDEE.

saw at Levuka, who is also disposed to favor the missionaries. The great chief is one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, of gigantic size, and admirable proportions. His complexion is much lighter than that of the majority of his subjects. In his manners he maintains the utmost dignity and decorum.



THAKOMBAU.

Rewa, formerly the rival of Mbau, is the largest town in the Feejees. It stands on the mainland of Viti-Levu, about twenty miles from Mbau, and contains six or seven hundred houses.

It is now tributary to Thakombau. At the time of my visit, the neighboring district was under the immediate jurisdiction of two brothers, between whom a bitter feud existed, which momently threatened to break out into open war. One of these brothers, Thokanauto, or as he chooses to call himself, "Mr. Phillips," is a jolly heathen. He has for many years been in the habit of visiting all the ships that come to the islands, and tippling with the crews. He has besides a couple of whites in his service, as cup-bearers and the like, a thing as far as I know unexampled throughout Polynesia. One of these is a little Cockney from London; who gives his name as Jimmy Houseman; the other, is a New York "bhoy," one of that class who at home wear wide trowsers, and low-crowned hats, eschew the use of coats, and are nowise particular as to the purity of their linen. He calls himself Bill Daniels, though that is doubtless an assumed name. Mr. Phillips speaks English after a fashion, though the influence of his tutors has hardly given a classical turn to his expressions.



MR. PHILLIPS.

"Ha!" was his greeting as I first made my way to his presence. "You come ter see me. Glad to see you. You a regular brick—you one o' the boys, I see; you kill for Keyser, I know. Take a horn, ha!"

I soon discovered that he inferred from the communications of Bill, that the "bhoy's" were an order of nobility; and that he wished to compliment me on my personal appearance. As for Keyser, he imagined that to be the name of the chief "*Turanga Merikance*," to kill for whom was to attain the summit of human dignity.

For some years after their arrival, the labors of the missionaries seemed to produce no effect upon the minds of the islanders. But at length, their influence was felt, and at the present time, some of the smaller islands have renounced heathenism, and there is every reason to believe that on the death of the savage old Tanoa, who

still exercises great sway over the mind of his son, the effect of their teachings will become still more apparent. Even now, however, the number of regular attendants upon their ministrations amounts to some thousands, besides more than two thousand children in the different schools.

Of all the races of the Polynesia I believe that this is the only one which has sufficient stamina to exist when brought into immediate contact with the whites.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

Just before my departure, I had fearful evidence that the old rites were far from extinct. I had received intelligence that our brig, having

succeeded in gathering a cargo of shell and trepang among the western islands, would in a few days set out upon her voyage to Hong-Kong, touching by the way at Mbau. I determined to take passage in her, and proceeded accordingly to that island to await her arrival.

I found great preparations had been made to receive a tributary tribe, who were about to bring their customary presents to Thakombau. The mbure being too small to accommodate the visitors, an immense building, which they denominated "*Uloo ni Pooaka*"—"The Pig's Head"—had been erected on the great square. Enormous stores of pigs, yams, and cocoa-nuts had been provided for the entertainment of all comers.



ULOO NI POOAKA.

When the day for the presentation arrived, blear-eyed old Tanoa took his place at one extremity of the square, surrounded by his principal retainers. Etiquette would not allow Thakombau to be present, as his father is still nominally the chief.

The tributaries made their appearance from the house, advancing in a singular manner. They were all clothed in immense pieces of tappa looped about their persons. First one crawled on all fours for a few yards; then he keeled over, head over heels; then he brought up on his haunches, resting for a moment; after which he resumed the same procedure until he came within a few paces of "Old Snuffy." Here he paused, and made a short speech, proffering his fealty and presenting his offerings, which were graciously received. He then began to strip off, fold after fold, the immense bale of tappa wound about him, until he was naked to the *masi*; this he offered to the spokesman of Tanoa, who accepted it, returning him a scanty strip. He then went aside, while the other tributary chiefs, one by one, went through the same ceremony.

After all had thus offered their tribute of whales' teeth and tappa, the guests were given in charge of a secondary chief of Mbau, who was to furnish the meat for the opening breakfast.

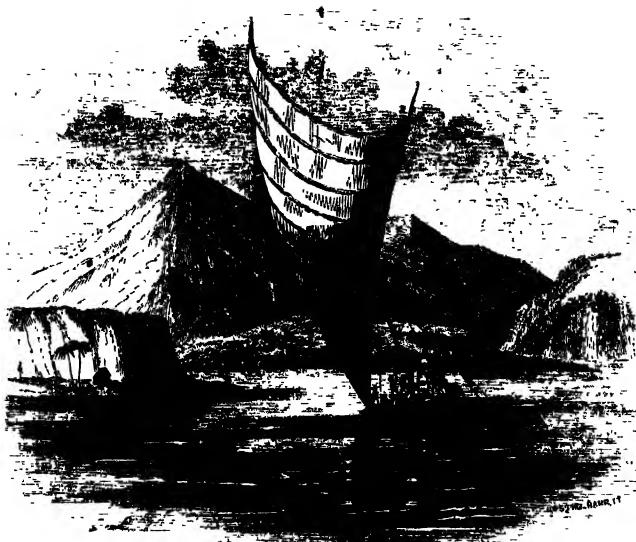
I was not present at this meal; but soon af-

ter I met Navindee, in a state of great perturbation. It had not been expected that any human bodies would be provided on this occasion; but the inferior chief, greatly inflated with the honor done him, and wishing to make a display, had procured two bodies, which had been cooked and eaten in great state.

This was on Saturday; and on the following Monday the tributaries were to be the guests of Navindee. It would never do for him to suffer for himself to be outshone by his inferior; and he resolved to prepare an entertainment which should extinguish that which had just been given; and about mid-day I saw him set out in his great canoe in search of victims.

At early dawn on the last Sabbath morning of July, 1849, the sound of the huge *lali*, or native drum, was heard booming over the lagoon. I hastened to the shore, and saw the canoe of Navindee come dashing through the smooth waters. It had hardly touched the shore, when from its depths were dragged forth the corpses of three victims who had been slain. Then followed fourteen living prisoners, all women, who had been waylaid as they were gathering shell-fish upon the reef near their village. These were haled up to the *Uloo*, just as animals with us are dragged to the slaughter-house.

I followed to the great square, and beheld the horrid preparations. Deep holes had been dug



BRINGING IN THE VICTIMS.

in the earth, filled in with heated stones, and lined with green leaves, by the sides of which the victims were forced to sit, tied, trussed together hand and foot. I saw the executioners sharpening their bamboo knives, and making ready to begin the slaughter, as coolly and methodically as butchers in the shambles. I could no longer endure the sickening sight. For an instant, indeed, I clutched my pistols, half resolved to avenge if I could not prevent the outrage. But a moment's thought convinced me that I should sacrifice my own life uselessly, and probably furnish more bodies for the unnatural feast. I stopped my ears and rushed out of the square; but through my brain rang the shrieks of the victims, whose slaughter had now commenced.

Unconsciously, and half-stupefied, I had taken the way in the direction of the neighboring island of Viwa, the principal station of the missionaries. I saw a slight canoe urged through the waters. In the bow stood a tall chief, whom I recognized to be Feranee, one of the converts. Not many years ago he had assisted in the murder of the crew of a French vessel, in memory of which he bore this name, a corruption of Françoise. In the stern were two women clothed in white. They were the wives of Messrs. Lyth and Calvert, two of the missionaries at Viwa. They had heard the sound of the drums, and knew but too well what it portended. Their husbands were absent upon a distant island; but these two devoted women hesitated not to risk their own lives in the attempt to save some, at least, of the doomed victims.

No sooner had the boat touched the shore than they took their way straight to the dwelling of Tanoa. To enter his private den was as much as their lives were worth, for it was *tabooed* to women. I hurried on in advance, entered before them, and took my station beside a pillar. My indecision was gone. I had determined what to do. I covered the old cannibal with my eye, my hand grasping the revolver in my bosom.

Scarcely had I assumed my station when the two women entered, preceded by Feranee, each bearing in her hand an ornamented whale's tooth as a present. Tanoa seemed almost stupefied with amazement and anger as he demanded, with lowering brow, what all this meant. Feranee was as true as steel; and replied firmly, that the Christian women had come to beg the lives of the victims who had not been dispatched.

Tanoa was too much astounded to reply at once. I awaited his answer with breathless anxiety. I anticipated nothing but a signal for the women to be put to death on the spot. The old scoundrel never stood so near death's door as at that moment, and never will, until the very instant before the breath leaves his body. I had him covered with my eye, and my nerves were as firm as iron. At the first signal I would have sent a bullet through his brain.

At length he said:

“Ask Navindee if it be good.”

The messenger departed. Hours seemed compressed into the few minutes that elapsed before his return.

“*Vinakee—it is good*”—was the answer sent back by Navindee.

Tanoa was for a moment undecided. At length he snuffed out:

"The dead are dead, and shall be eaten; the living shall live."

Ten had already been put to death, and the fumes from their roasting bodies filled the air. One had been saved by the wife of Thokombau, who had taken a fancy to her appearance. These devoted women saved the lives of but three; and conducted them to their canoe, amidst the clapping of hands of the inhabitants of Mbau, while the more savage tributaries looked on in mute wonder.

In a few days, our brig made its appearance, and I left the Feejee Islands forever.

Many months later, at Hong-Kong, I incidentally learned what had in the mean time transpired on the islands. The heroic conduct of these missionaries' wives has probably given the death-blow to cannibalism at Mbau. An English man-of-war arrived there soon after I left, and in consequence of the energetic remonstrances of the commander, Thokombau promised that only prisoners of war should be eaten. More could not at once be gained. "It's all very well," said he, "for you who have plenty of *bul-na-kau* not to eat *bakola*; but we have no beef, and the breasts of my warriors must be the graves of my enemies."

He, however, more than kept his promise. By the time of the next great presentation of offerings from the tributary chiefs, he had an abundance of prisoners of war, yet of these only two or three suffered the usual fate, and it was considered doubtful whether he was aware of the fact of their slaughter.

Navindee was slain in battle not long after I left the Feejees. Two or three of his women were strangled upon his grave, one of them by the hands of Thokombau himself; for she insisted that he should be her executioner, as her rank authorized her to demand that no meaner hand should end her life.

Phillips also was dead, and the feud in Rewa thereby came to an end. Only one of his wives was put to death—a thing altogether without precedent in Feejee annals, upon the death of a chief of his rank.

Thokombau, in the mean while, seemed to be more and more inclined to yield to the influence of the missionaries. He had granted them permission to settle in Mbau, and had taken them under his special protection. He is a politic chief, and having consolidated his power, seemed inclined to preserve it by discouraging the old national habits of predatory warfare. It can not be long before the Feejee Islands shall become a station of great importance in the intercourse that must take place between California and the Oriental nations. The wheels of steamers must soon flash through the waters of their still lagoons, and the interior mysteries of the islands, hidden till now from civilized eyes, be laid bare. The next cruiser in search of the cannibals, may seek for them in vain through the islands of the Pacific.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF LOUIS XIV.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

TWO hundred years ago, one mild and beautiful spring morning, two gorgeous carriages were seen, each drawn by six superb horses, emerging from the streets of Paris, by the Porte St. Denis. Three men were in the first carriage, and four in the second. They were all dressed in the richest costume of the court. The ringlets of their immense wigs were flowing over their shoulders, as all, save one, sat with plumed hats upon their *knees*. One alone rode with his head covered. It was Louis XIV. A magnificent escort of cavaliers preceded and followed the royal equipage.

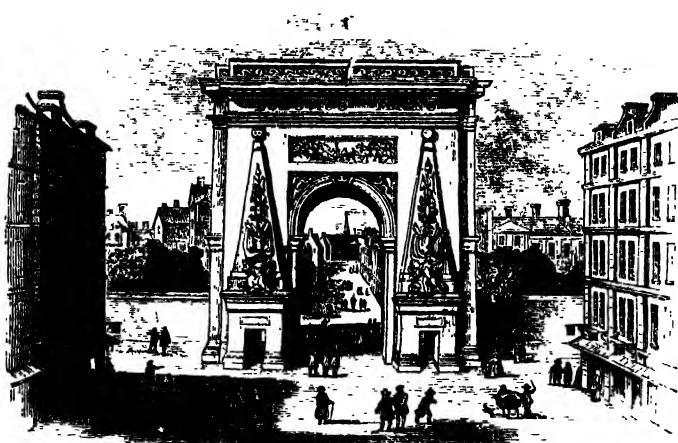
The king was youthful and vigorous, and yet an expression of indescribable sadness overspread his countenance. Satiated with pleasure, and weary of the world, he knew not where to look for a single joy. He had utterly exhausted all the pleasures which the magnificence of Versailles could afford. Every appetite and every passion had been gratified to utter satiety. He was now emerging from the city, with some chosen companions, to select a spot of obscurity and retirement, where he might rear for himself an humble hermitage, and thus, in the glooms of the cloister, occasionally find refuge from the weariness of regal life.

Slowly the two carriages, enveloped in the gorgeous escort, ascended the hill of Louvivne, upon which the ruins of the aqueduct now present themselves so conspicuously. Louis, with his seven companions, alighted. The prospect spread out before them was attractive in the extreme. The wide-spread valley of the Seine extended all around, beautified with verdant fields, flowery meadows, and majestic forests. Steeples, turrets, chateaus, and villages were profusely interspersed throughout the whole landscape. The tranquil river meandered through the champaign in serene loveliness. As Louis cast his eye around upon the enchanting scene before him, his companions stood by his side, with heads uncovered, in respectful silence. At length, apparently thinking aloud, the monarch said:

"It is not the site for a palace which we seek, nor even for a chateau. We want a hermitage wherein to expiate our sins; a cottage where we may dine and sleep two or three times a year in silence and alone; a cloister where, weary of splendor and of the crowd, we may enjoy poverty and loneliness." Pointing to a little steeple, emerging from the embowering trees in a narrow dell, he inquired, "What village is that?" "It is Marly," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the king, "Marly pleases me. I will there build my cell."

"Marly," one of the courtiers ventured to remark, "is a narrow, deep, repulsive valley, surrounded by steep, inaccessible hills, and flooded with marshes. It is a sink for all the gutters in the neighborhood, and a receptacle for serpents, carrion, lizards, and frogs."

"So much the better," exclaimed the king,



GATE OF ST. DENIS.

with a smile. "I can not spend money in this sink, so contracted and destitute of all natural advantages. I can only cleanse it, and build a cottage there. I am weary of greatness and a crowd, and wish only for littleness and solitude. I could not have chosen better."

The valley was purchased and drained, and the king commenced his cottage. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to undertake building, knows the result. It is the same story the world over. New plans suggest themselves. Unforeseen capabilities of improvement lead captive the reluctant will. Where it was contemplated to expend but hundreds, thousands have vanished. "May building take you!" was the envenomed curse with which a rancorous man anathematized his foe.

An humble dwelling surrounded by a simple garden was first planned. The next day, lodgings for the guards and officers of the household were added. Then it seemed necessary to erect a few buildings for those gentlemen and ladies of the court who would occasionally accompany the king to his retreat. But with a court there must be fêtes and apartments of reception. This involved the necessity of a park. A park requires fountains, basins, statues, avenues, and running streams. Thousands of hands were now employed, and uncounted millions of money were expended in converting the unsightly marsh into a garden of Eden, and in embellishing it with the most attractive abodes of royalty. Hills were demolished and thrown into the morass; lakes were dug, terraces constructed, cascades and fountains reared, and surrounded with the most costly chisellings of art.

As the king was one day walking through the grounds he said, "I must have here a *jet d'eau*, sixty feet high, encircled by eight smaller fountains, and we will have a river flowing through this avenue."

"How, Sire," exclaimed the architect, "can we have a river here?"

"There is the water," replied the king, pointing to the Seine, three miles distant, and flowing in its quiet channel five hundred feet below the level of Marly. "We will bring the river upon this mountain, and then the water will descend of itself. An hundred steps, upon the side of the mountain, will produce as many cascades. At the foot we will have an immense basin with marble and bronze. You will build two conduit houses, and an aqueduct with thirty or forty arches, and three vast reservoirs. The river will be obedient to our bidding. As to the engines which are to raise this water to the summit of the mountain, demand them of the scientific men of Europe." The engines were constructed, the river pumped up, and the mountain side converted into a foaming cascade.

"We must have a forest," said the king, one day; "we have forgotten to plant a forest." Nothing was to be deemed impossible which the king required. A forest of full-grown gigantic trees was removed, at an enormous expense, from a great distance. Notwithstanding the utmost care, three-fourths of the trees died. They were immediately replaced by others. But the effect of the forest did not answer the king's expectations. He changed his mind, and thought that an expanded sheet of water would be preferable. The forest was therefore dug up and thrown away, and the bed of a lake hollowed out, where dense woods and picturesque valleys had been constructed. Gondolas, with silken awnings and crimson pennants, freighted with beauty, floated upon the mirrored surface of the lake. But still the lake did not please the royal eye. It was consequently drained at the command of the king. The trees were replaced, and the gloom of the forest again overshadowed artificial hills and vales.

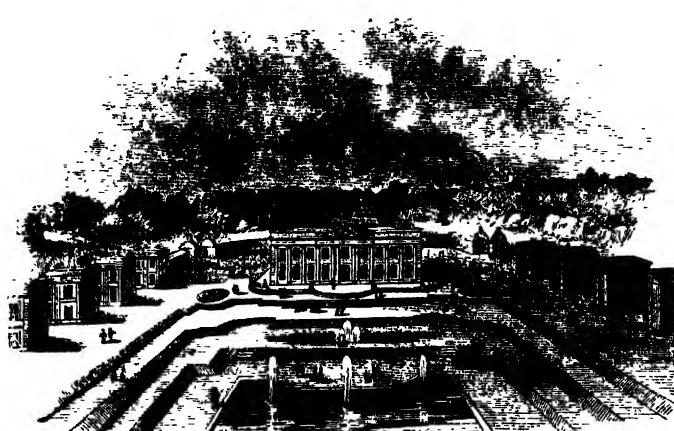
In this way, for twenty years, Louis XIV. was squandering measureless sums upon Marly. The revenues of the empire were lavished upon this abode of voluptuousness. The millions of the toiling people were doomed to ignorance, to poverty, and to a life-long wretchedness, to furnish the means for this extravagance. Mothers, with babes upon their backs, dragged the plow through the miry fields. Young girls, with native endowments which, cultivated, might have brilliantly embellished saloons of intelligence and refinement, brutalized by oppression, toiled bare-headed and barefooted in sun and rain, that a licentious king might enjoy his Marly. It is said that even greater sums were expended upon the palaces and the grounds of Marly than upon those of Versailles. Thus the kings of France "sowed the wind." They "reaped the whirlwind." But God, in his mysterious judgment, visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.

Marly became the favorite retreat of Louis XIV. until the close of his life. None but especial favorites could gain an entrance to those envied haunts of royalty. It became an object of the most engrossing ambition with courtiers, nobles, and princes, to secure an invitation to Marly. The day before the king was about to depart from Paris or Versailles for this his favorite palace, all the aspirants for the honor of accompanying his Majesty desfiled in the morning before him. Each one, as he passed, bowed in profound supplication, saying, in imploring tones, "Sire! Marly!" Indescribable was the exultation of those who received a word or a gesture of assent. Mortification and disgrace oppressed the heart of him who obtained no reply. Many of the most illustrious men in France implored this honor, in vain, their whole lives long. And yet it was necessary for them, notwithstanding innumerable repulses, to persevere in supplication. The proud king enjoyed the spectacle of slaves kneeling before him, whom he could overwhelm by a frown or enrapture

by a smile. If any courtier, weary of repulse, neglected to appear, at the appointed time, in the attitude of a suppliant, he incurred hopeless disgrace. In the emphatic words—"I do not know that man," his dismission from the court was announced. Even few of the princes of the blood could gain access to the exclusive privileges of Marly.

The position of a courtier in those days of despotism, was indeed unenviable. His daily walk was in the midst of fearful perils. If he offended either king or minister, he was liable to sudden and hopeless arrest. In the silence and darkness of the night, the minions of tyrannic power, bursting his doors, seized him in his bed. Uncrowned, untried, unaccused, he was consigned to the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile. From those damp, dark, cold sepulchres of stone and of iron, there was no escape. No voice of sympathy, no tones of affection, no ray of hope, could penetrate those massive walls. There the wretched victim lingered in all the agony of a living burial, till oblivion had obliterated his name, and till death came tardily to his relief. Awful fate! First to be buried and then to die, with years of protracted torture to intervene. The Bastile! Imagination can not compass the appalling woes its gloomy dungeons have witnessed. And yet, in despotic Europe, dungeons as gloomy, as merciless, still exist, and hundreds of victims now languish in them imploring the relief of death.

At Marly the king occasionally deigned to lay aside the pomp of regal state. To vary the monotony of his melancholy life, he condescended, at times to associate with the inmates of Marly like an ordinary mortal. Still his slightest intimation was inexorable law. At the royal balls, amidst wine and wassail and bacchanalian songs, infirm and gouty octogenarians, were compelled to hobble with affected gayety, through the dance. Ladies once young and beautiful, but whose sylph-like gracefulness, with advancing years, had expanded into unwieldy rotund-



ity of figure, were forced to waddle and pant through the mazes of the cotillion, and to twirl in asthmatic suffocation through the gyrations of the waltz. The selfish king was diverted by those contortions which would but have saddened a noble spirit.

Certain laws of etiquette held their sway at Marly, as elsewhere, with a relentless power, which seems almost incredible. The armies of France were contending against the armies of Spain. A decisive battle was expected. One morning, in the early dawn, the clatter of a horse's hoofs, was heard galloping at the top of his speed up the avenue of Marly. It was the Duke of Villeroi, a courier from the field of battle, bringing tidings of victory or defeat.

The rumor of his arrival spread. Every one, the king included, was burning with impatience to hear the news. Etiquette, however, required that the courier should address himself to the minister, Chamillart, who alone had the right to inform his Majesty. But Chamillart was absent, to be gone all day. The intelligence might be of such moment as to demand immediate attention. But no matter! The laws of etiquette must not be violated. Villeroi concealed himself until the evening. At last Chamillart appeared, received the dispatches, and placed them in the hands of the king. The battle was won.

Napoleon devoted all the resources of France not to the promotion of his own voluptuous indulgence, but to increase the wealth, prosperity, and happiness of the French people. He gave orders that whenever *good news* came, if he were asleep his slumbers were not to be disturbed. If bad news came, no matter how great might have been his fatigue, it was immediately to be communicated, for bad news would admit of no delay. Louis and Napoleon were illustrious kings, but surely there was diversity in their greatness.

One of the sons of the king, the Duke of Burgundy, had married a lady, young, joyous, full of animation and glee, and an universal favorite with all at Marly. A historian of that time has thus described her peculiar character. "We have at Marly a lovely princess, who by her grace, and peculiar charms of manner has secured the favor of the king, of Madame de Maintenon, and of Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy. In private she throws her arms around the neck of the king, seats herself in his lap, torments him with all sorts of badinages, examines his papers, opens and reads his letters in his presence, sometimes in spite of him, and treats Madame de Maintenon in the same way, with this extreme freedom. Not a word against any person ever escapes her lips. She is gracious to all, ever defending others as often as possible. She is attentive to the domestics of the king's household, not disdaining even the most humble, kind to her own servants, living with her ladies, old and young, as a friend, and with all freedom. She is the soul of the court, and is idolized by it. All, great and small, are eager to please her. Wherever she is present cheerfulness and gayety are diffused, while her

absence causes general despondency. Her extreme kindness makes her infinitely to be relied upon, and her manners attach her to every heart."

Yet one so amiable, and so generally beloved, found even in the guarded retreat of Marly an enemy, and an assassin. One morning as the king was rising from his bed, his physician entered and said, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy found yesterday, in her chamber, a box of Spanish snuff. She took a pinch. She was soon attacked violently with fever, and is this morning dangerously sick. We fear poison." Courly etiquette did not allow the king to manifest any emotion. The monarch of France was supposed to be superior to all the ordinary joys and griefs of mortals. Two days after, the physician again entered the royal apartment, and with diplomatic formality announced, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dying! Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dead!"

Among the guests privileged to enter Marly, Grief was one which even the royal mandate could not exclude. Death stalked through those chambers with haughty tread, bidding proud defiance to all efforts to bar him out. Even upon these gilded ceilings was inscribed the sentiments,

"Sorrow is for the sons of men,
And weeping for earth's daughters."

Five days after the death of the Duchess of Burgundy, the physician again entered the royal chamber. A peculiar grief darkened his features. He attempted to speak. But his lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, for a moment, he could not articulate the fearful tidings, which he knew would pierce, like a dagger, the heart of the king. Then regaining composure, he said, "Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dying. Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dead! dead of poison."

But a few weeks after this, Fagon, the celebrated court physician, entered calmly and silently the chamber of the king and, as he handed him his shirt, murmured in his ear, "Sire! your son, Monseigneur the dauphin, met a few days ago a priest, giving the viaticum to a sick person. He dismounted and knelt. Then he perceived that the sick man had the small pox. This morning your son has been seized by the same disease." The king struggled against his grief, and beneath the mantle of etiquette endeavored to hide his anguish. A few days passed, and Fagon again appeared. "Sire!" said he in ominous tones, which made the king tremble in every nerve, "Monseigneur the dauphin is dying. Sire, Monseigneur the dauphin is dead."

The father triumphed over the king. Louis, bereaved and desolate, in a swoon, fell lifeless upon the floor. His eye was blind to all the beauty of Marly. A mighty woe over-rode and crushed his joyless heart. Despair now reigned in the pavilion of Marly. Louis, childless, infirm, satiated, weary, utterly, utterly weary of the world, wept bitterly, and implored death to come to his release. Marly was shrouded in mourning. Requiems wailed through its sepulchral groves, and sighed and moaned amidst

its fountains, cascades, statues and parterres. The king sat alone silent, wretched, through long, long days of gloom. As the weary hours of the sleepless nights lingered away, he tossed

upon his pillow, dreading the darkness and dreading the dawn; loathing to live and unable to die. Earth can present no picture more desolate than that of an infirm old man, who has

exhausted every sensual joy, who has violated and outlived all friendships, and who, in his own tumultuous, agitated, remorseful spirit can find no resources of consolation. God deals

COMPENSATING. THE KING, RECLINING UPON THE
VELVET COUCHES OF MARLY, WAS AS WOE-STRICKEN AS
HIS CAPTIVE, STRETCHED UPON HIS PALLET OF STRAW,
IN THE GLOOMY DUNGEONS OF THE BASTILE.



THE BASTILE.

And now came the dark and dismal evening of the proud monarch's day. Unloving and unloved, dejected, irritable, soured, he wandered, a disconsolate spirit, through those groves, avenues, and bowers, from which joy had fled forever. His cheeks were pale and wan with woe. His steps tottered in the feebleness of soul-crushing despair.

* Darker and darker grows the path! How sad to journey on
When hands and hearts, which gladdened ours, appear
forever gone.
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could
not chill,
Living to self and to the world, to us seem colder still.
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter
years,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of
tears."

Louis was now *alone, all alone in the world*. The joys of friendship he had never known. His *love* had been but selfish passion. Passion was now dead. He had no sympathies in his own heart to awaken a generous emotion of affection in any human bosom. The nation was now impatient for the old, petulant, gray-haired king to die. The gloom of the dying sadly mars the revelry of the palace. The courtiers, craving the gayeties of a new reign, were all watching with eager hope the arrival of the inexorable summons. One day the world-worn monarch, having passed an hour in witnessing an eclipse of the sun, in utter weariness and exhaustion retired to his bed. The glad tidings

spread rapidly that he was about to die. The foreign ambassadors with indecent haste, transmitted the intelligence to their respective courts. The annoying circumstance soon reached the ear of the proud monarch. Indignation came as a tonic to his exhausted frame. He declared that he would not die. With spasmodic energy he emerged from his blankets, dressed himself in his military costume, girded around him his sword, and descending the marble steps of his palace, with the strength which pride and rage could give to his tottering limbs, mounted his horse and demanded a review of his troops. As the brilliant host defiled before him, in front of the terrace of Marly, for four hours the unyielding monarch clung to his saddle, in relentless struggle against the king of terrors. But the all-conquering foe smiled at the impotent resistance of his victim. The king was vanquished, and falling powerless, was caught in the arms of his attendants. They conveyed him again in helplessness to his pillow. The emaciate cheek, the pallid brow, the lustreless eye, and the unnerved limbs, told too plainly how the conflict must terminate.

Still pride retained her indomitable sceptre in that heart, whose pulsations were every hour growing more faint and few. The king padded his emaciate frame with pillows to give an aspect of rotundity and strength to his withered form. His pale and wasted cheeks, covered with rouge, bloomed with the unnatural hues of youth.

With grotesque exertions he strove to compel his tottering steps into the firm and elastic tread of vigorous years. But it was all in vain. Slowly, surely, pitilessly, disease advanced. Fever burned in his veins. Debility paralyzed his strength, and the haughty monarch was compelled to yield to that power whom no one may resist. But he could not die at Marly. He was taken from his bed and borne on his couch to Versailles. There bitterly did he suffer, as he groaned and wept over the excesses and the crimes of his misspent life. The energies of his youth and manhood he had squandered in debauchery. A nation cursed his ambition. His regal pride, by multiplying wars, had filled every cottage with mourning. His enormous extravagance had laid upon France an almost insupportable burden of taxation. Death and retribution were near. Remorse, with vulture fangs, tortured his soul.

"Oh, who can tell what days, what nights he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!"

The dying hour at last came. It was a touching scene. The patriarchal king, 77 years of age, was bolstered in his gorgeous bed, while his long gray hair, floated in a profusion of ringlets upon the pillows, which were scarcely more white than was his pallid face. "Gentlemen," said he, in tones of anguish to the courtiers assembled around him, "I desire your pardon for the bad example which I have set you. Farewell. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." He died, and was carried with irreverent haste, to the tombs of St. Denis. In an hour he was forgotten. All France was filled with illuminations and revelry in welcoming a new sovereign to the throne. To thy sceptre, inexorable Death, all pride and power must yield!

"Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show,
Many a million to her one.
Through thy gates the ceaseless flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
The mighty grave wraps lord and slave.
Nor pride nor poverty dare come
Within that refuge home, the tomb."

Louis XV. ascended the throne. He visited Marly but twice a year. In the months of May and October those wide-extended groves resounded with all the excitement and clamor of the chase. Here the celebrated Madame du Barry marshaled her merchantable charms, and proudly reigned the undisputed sovereign of both king and court. But kingly oppression and pride were treasuring up wrath. The people, defrauded, insulted, were accumulating vengeance. The French Revolution, that darkest tragedy in the annals of time, came with its retributory reprisals, and maddened misery plunged and rioted with blind recklessness through all the trophies of aristocratic grandeur. In eight years Louis XV. lavished upon his fascinating favorite ten millions of dollars. At last the cup was full. The people, ignorant, degraded, and vicious, because ignorant and degraded, could not and would not endure such oppression any longer. Blouse in starvation and rage regarded

neither glossy ringlets, nor voluptuous smiles, nor sylph-like form, nor graceful attitude. In the gardens of Marly the beautiful Delilah was seized by the mob, and dragged before the revolutionary tribunal of Luciennes. Shouts of vengeance condemned her to the guillotine. Rude hands, with ruder scissors, dissevered and tore the clustering ringlets from her brow. Those enchanting features, and that almost celestial form, which had entranced human passion, and beguiled their unfortunate possessor to ruin, were exposed to the derision of drunken men and drunken women and brutal boys. The executioner's cart rumbled over the pavement, bearing the victim to a bloody death. She was frantic with terror. Every nerve of her frame was strained and quivering with agony. She shrieked and shrieked in wild frenzy. The crowd mocked and jeered. "Is this headsman's hurdle," they shouted, "like one of the carriages of Marly?" "Will you find the block of the guillotine as soft as the downy pillow of the king?" "Did you learn that song in the saloons of royalty?" "Life! life! life!" still shrieked the wretched woman, in delirious terror. The executioners with their sinewy arms seized her fragile and struggling form. Her convulsive resistance and her shrieks of agony afforded them but merriment. They bound her to the plank. The glittering ax glided through its groove. Her cry passed away into the gurgling of the gushing blood. Her head fell into the basket. The gory trophy, with the mutilated trunk, was consigned to an ignominious burial. Surely the inmates of Marly have had their share of earthly woes.

Marly was one of the favorite resorts of Louis XVI. and of Maria Antoinette. It was Maria's greatest pleasure to breakfast *en dishabille*, with her intimate friends, upon the beautiful terrace, watching the sun, as it slowly ascended, late in the morning, over the arches of the aqueduct. Nothing can be more irksome than the incessant frivolities of fashionable life. They are no less irksome amidst the splendors of the Tuilleries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, than in residences more plebeian in their appointments. The perpetual recurrence of the same trivial gayeties so exhausts all the susceptibilities of enjoyment, that life itself becomes a burden.

One day Maria was sitting in her saloon, in the palace of Versailles, weary and sad, when one of the ladies of the court, anxious to suggest some new pleasure, timidly inquired, "Has your Majesty ever seen the sun rise?" "The sun rise!" exclaimed Maria, "no, never! What a beautiful sight it must be. What a romantic adventure! We will go to-morrow morning!" The prosaic king preferred his pillow to his morning drive. A few hours after midnight the queen, with a mirthful retinue, left the palace of Versailles to drive to the lofty eminence of Marly, there to witness the sublime spectacle. The freak seemed so strange and mysterious, that it was noised through Paris, and gave rise to an insulting ballad against the queen, which



GATE OF ST. ANTOINE.

contributed not a little to the overthrow of the monarchy of France

The day of vengeance finally came. A blacker cloud never engloomed earth's horizon. An exasperated people, maddened by oppression, rose in blind indiscriminating rage, to hurl king and noble to the dust. The mobs of Paris—gaunt and frenzied men, brutal and haggard women—swarmed from the streets of the metropolis, and rolled, a turbid inundation of ruin, through the avenues and the saloons of Marly. The sturdy smith, with ponderous sledge-hammer, dashed Venus and Diana and all the Graces from their marble pedestals. The priceless statuary, which had enchanted all beholders, was smitten into shapeless fragments. All the rich furnishings of these voluptuous saloons, mirrors, paintings, sofas, couches, and regal plate, were thrown from the windows and tossed upon bonfires, around which starvation and beggary danced and shrieked. The demon of ruin swept through the halls. Desolation commenced her reign in palace and park and bower.

For many years the dilapidated property, the impressive mausoleum of departed royalty, remained silent and deserted. The National Assembly in vain sought for a purchaser. At last a man ventured to buy it for a cloth manufactory. The noise of the spindle and the loom, and the voices of the workmen, were heard where courtiers had trod softly, and where the viol and the lute had breathed their harmonies into voluptuous ears. But the manufacturer failed. The regal pavilions crumbled into heaps of ruins. The trees of the park were cut down for fuel. Marly was no more. Its beauty had descended into a tomb from whence there could be no resurrection.

The tourist now, with pensive emotions, loiters through the spacious and solitary grounds, and wonders that the magnificence of Marly could have so suddenly and so entirely disappeared. Dilapidated and crumbling walls, stag-

nant pools of water, fragments of marble, ruin, abandonment, death, meet the eye at every turn, and proclaim the emptiness and the vanity of life. The palace of Versailles is estimated to have cost the almost incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars. And yet those who compared the two chateaus of Marly and Versailles in the noon-day of their splendor, assert that Marly was more perfect in its proportions, more tasteful in its ornaments, more varied in its attractions, and more luxurious in its appurtenances, than its proud neighbor, whose traditional splendor still astonishes the world. Portions of the extended estate have recently been purchased, and villas and villages have sprung up in secluded retreats, which once echoed only to the transient revelry of kings and courtiers.

Alexander Dumas, wandering one day, among the deserted eminences of Marly, came to a very beautiful hill, called Monte Christo. Admiring its capabilities, he immediately purchased it, and said to his architect, "You will build me here a chateau in the style of the Restoration, and a Gothic chatelet, with two pavilions at the entrance, and an English park around them."

"Sir!" replied the architect, "the soil is too clayey to support the foundations."

"You will dig them to the gravel," replied the author, whose genius had filled his purse, "where you will construct the foundation arches."

"That will cost you," the architect rejoined, "forty thousand dollars."

"No matter if it cost eighty thousand," was the proud reply.

As by enchantment the chateau rose in picturesque beauty. "Here is water," said the opulent author, in the spirit of Louis XIV. "I wish for a lake, and a river circling around a Gothic pavilion. It is my desire to reside upon an island, which shall be called the Isle of Monte Christo." It was a dream of romance. And now the successful and wealthy author, resides upon his artificial island, in a degree of splendor

which the proud monarch might almost have envied. Marly, with its regal pageantry has passed away forever. The republic of letters has triumphed over the aristocracy of birth.

In France the palace now remains but the memorial of past monarchical grandeur. The triumphant success of the American Republic has shaken the foundations of society in France. There can be, hereafter, in that restless land, no king or emperor seated upon a stable throne. And yet the history of the past is so blended with the movement of the present, that many, many years must pass ere there can be in France *any government* sound, healthy, and permanent. Europe is a volcano. No human wisdom or energy can quiet its convulsive throes. The inhabitants of the United States can exclaim in fullness of gratitude, "Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Surely we have a goodly heritage." The Atlantic Ocean is a wide ditch for the armies of Europe to leap. From them we have nothing to fear. The sacredness of the vote is universally recognized in our land. Each passing year deepens, in every American bosom, the appreciation of the rich legacy which our fathers have bequeathed to us. The millions of money, uncounted and uncountable, which, in other lands, have been squandered in wars, and which have been lavished in rearing palaces for proud kings and haughty nobles, we are expending in constructing railroads and canals—in rearing gorgeous cities and beautiful villages—in whitening all seas with the sails of a prosperous commerce, and in causing a boundless wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

It is not national vanity which asserts that in America man is moving with strides unknown upon the Continent of Europe. There the revenues of empires and the toil of ages have been lavished upon kings and nobles. The wealth of our country has been expended in rearing homes of comfort, of intelligence, of beauty for the people. *It is reported* that the annual salary of the Emperor of France exceeds five millions of dollars. The President of the United States lives frugally upon twenty-five thousand dollars. The White House at Washington, the modest yet ample mansion of our chief magistrate, has cost perhaps some one hundred thousand dollars. One only of the innumerable palaces of France, Versailles, cost two hundred millions of dollars. Its grounds have embraced thirty-two thousand acres. It requires three hundred servants to keep the palace in order, even when uninhabited. And this is but one of the many extravagant residences of the French kings. There are Fontainebleau, the Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, the Elysée, the Louvre, St Cloud, Blois, Compiegne, and we know not how many more, which have cost millions which can not be counted. This enormous splendor has been wrested from the toil of the poor peasants. They have consequently been compelled to eat black-bread, and to live in thatched huts, and their daughters have toiled, barefooted in the fields.

The United States, to protect its widely extended frontier, has a standing army of about twelve thousand men. France has a standing army of five hundred thousand men. When we consider the arms, fortifications, barracks, food, clothing, ammunition, horses, which this enormous armament requires, the average expense can not be probably less than a dollar a day for each man. This makes an expense of 182,500,000 dollars a year for the support of the army alone. If there are eight millions of voters in France, an average tax of twenty dollars must be imposed upon every voter to support merely this army.

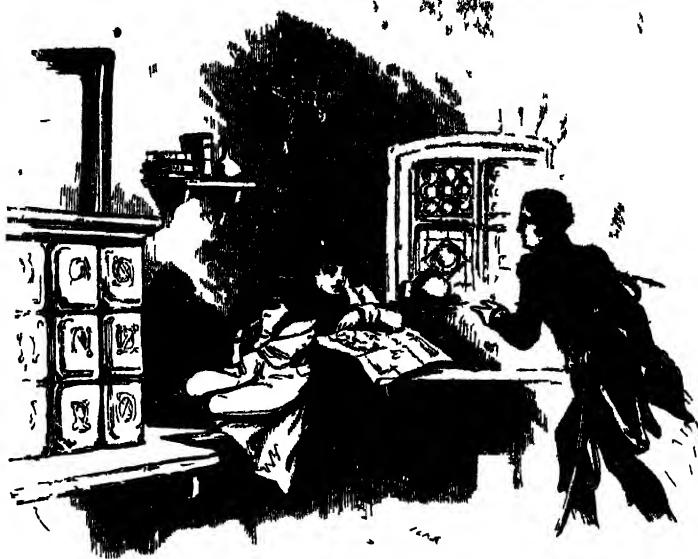
Each year in France eighty thousand young men, arriving at the age of eighteen, are drafted for the standing army. It is estimated that this is one half of all the young men who annually arrive at the age of eighteen. They are compelled to serve for seven years. During this time they are withdrawn from all the pursuits of useful industry, and learn absolutely nothing but to shoulder a musket. Then, unfitted for any of the ordinary duties of life and debased by all the pollutions of the camp, they are dispersed to disseminate ignorance and crime. In most of the other countries on the Continent of Europe, matters are at least equally bad. It is not possible for nations adopting such principles of political economy, long to compete with the United States.

We have no Marly, no Versailles, no Tuilleries or St Cloud or Fontainebleau. God grant that we may never have. But our land is filled with intelligent and energetic men and women. Our tillers of the soil are farmers, not peasants, men who read and think. Our mechanics are patriots and statesmen. Our homes are beautified with shrubbery and flowers, and still more highly embellished by the graces and the virtues of our sons and daughters. The American, in every other land, feels that he is a pilgrim and an exile. His thoughts turn proudly from the thatched huts of the peasants in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and from the humble homes of the peasantry even in beautiful, happy England, to the comfortable and tasteful farm-houses, the smiling villages, and the embowered cities of our own land.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ECKMÜHL AND THE CAPTURE OF VIENNA.

THERE are some, even in liberty-loving America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings, by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant, when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will, with unanimity, respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the new world, and Napoleon in the old, were struggling alike against aristocratic



THE EMPEROR'S BIVOUAC

usurpation * Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, fell contending heroically to the last. The barrier of the ocean alone rescued Washington from a similar doom. Had he perished upon the scaffold "a hoary headed traitor," as he was then called and had his confederates been shot as rebels, it is instructive to reflect upon the position which Washington would now have

* "The great questions which the historian will have to decide in forming a judgment of Napoleon, seem to us to be first, whether he was right in taking it for granted that a republic in France was impracticable; secondly whether the situation of France actually required that development of the military spirit which Napoleon so completely effected; and, thirdly whether Napoleon was obliged to concentrate the whole government in himself. If this growth of the military spirit was necessary, that is to say, if Napoleon could not prevent it in existing circumstances, and if it were even advisable to promote it, in order to prevent the greater evil of the loss of national independence, and if the concentration of the whole government in himself was required to avert internal dissensions and all the miseries following from them, insecurity of justice property and person, then the *necessity is to be deplored, not the individual to be condemned*. A proper estimate of Napoleon's character depends upon the settlement of these points, which will require great study, comprehensiveness of view, and sagacity, with a sense of justice unbiased by libels or panegyric. One remark however, we must be permitted to make, that Napoleon can not be said to have abolished republican liberty, as it did not in fact exist when he took the reins of government. Republican forms, indeed, had been presented in abundance, but they had no living principle. The government had always been essentially concentrated in Paris. Equality had been effected, but liberty remained to be established. Until the former was properly secured, the latter could have no sufficient basis. It was expected, and still is insisted on by some writers, that he should have beaten foreign enemies, quelled civil dissensions, put a stop to anarchy, established justice and public confidence, counteracted conspiracies, recalled the emigrants, re-established the church, and yet have left perfect liberty to all!"—*Encyclopaedia Americana, Article Napoleon*

occupied in the pages of the caressed historians of Buckingham Palace *

Austria had now on the march an army of 400,000 men to crush "the child and the champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly disciplined troops the Archduke Charles had crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, by superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He traveled day and night until he reached Strasbourg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed toward the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Wurtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor, that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had

* We would advise every intelligent reader, who wishes to see how strong a case can be made out against popular rights and republican equality, to turn to the History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison. Even those who dissent entirely from his principles, will be charmed with the unaffected sincerity of his convictions, the gentle manly tone of his address, and the glowing eloquence of his periods. He is undeniably the most efficient advocate of aristocratic usurpation the world has yet produced. His labors are appreciated by those whose cause he so cordially espoused. The Court of St. James smiles gratefully upon him, and has conferred upon him the well-earned reward of a Baronetcy.



CAVALRY CHARGE AT ECKMUEHL.

an only daughter who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aids, or staff, arrived at Dillengen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders, from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this, his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000

arrayed against him.* After a hurried inter-

* The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely extended conflict, are thus given by M. Chauvet. In Poland 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia 15,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davout, 45,000; that of Massena, 30,000; that of Lefebre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000 men. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 500 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French army of Germany at 325,000. Of these, he says, "at least 100,000 had not yet arrived. Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had at the same time an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests, and guide such enormous combinations, must have been one of extraordinary mould.

view of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse, and galloped forty miles farther to Donauwörth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He had accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or at Donauwörth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at all points, had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a tithe of the activity of Napoleon, he could have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste he dispatched officers in every direction on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other. He wrote to Ber-

thier, "What you have done appears so strange, that if I was not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke, than of myself." "You can not imagine," said Napoleon afterward, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed, if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy." To Massena, at Augsbourg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend toward the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted *zeal, activity, and speed!*" To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon immediately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be every where present. His troops were every where victorious. These



NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT RATISBON.



THE RUINS OF DIERSTEIN.

varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eckmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable. Napoleon thus addressed his troops, "Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets, when the Emperor of Austria arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed every thing to our generosity. Three times she has perfured herself! Our former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect, let the enemy recognize his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April, Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched

upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. Delighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria, and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign, these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory." *

* On the 18th Napoleon wrote to Massena, "It is indispensable that Oudinot with his corps and your three other divisions, with your cuirassiers and cavalry, should sleep at Pfaffenhofen to-morrow night. Those in the rear should do their utmost to reach Ascha, or at least get on as far as they can on the road from Augsburg to Ascha. One word will explain to you the urgency of affairs. Prince Charles with 80,000 men debouched yesterday from Landshut on Ratisbon. The Bavarians contended the whole day with his advance-guard. Orders have been dispatched to Davoust to move with 60,000 in the direction of Neustadt, where he will form a junction with the Bavarians. To-morrow (19th) all your troops who can be mustered at Pfaffenhofen, with the Wurtembergers, a division of cuirassiers, and every man you can collect, should be in a condition to fall upon the rear of Prince Charles. A single glance must show you that never was

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was marshaling his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eckmuhl, a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impending peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them, ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapor. The green valley reposed before the eye, in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor, flashed through the osiers and willows, which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French army arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangor of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions, as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian, when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle, as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene impressed those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon, was never more conspicuous, than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a

more pressing occasion for diligence and activity than at present. With 60,000 good troops Davoust may indeed make head against the Archduke, but I consider Prince Charles ruined without resource, if Oudinot and your three divisions are on his rear before daybreak on the 19th, and you inspire the soldiers with all they should feel on so momentous an occasion. In the 18th, 19th, and 20th the whole affairs of Germany will be decided."—SAV. vol. iv. 51, 52.

Again at noon of the next day he wrote to Massena, "Prince Charles, with his whole army, was this morning a day's march from Ratisbon. Davoust has evacuated Ratisbon to move upon Neustadt. I look, therefore, for an affair every moment. Every thing will be cleared up to-day. The moments are precious. The hours must be counted. Twelve or fifteen thousand of such rabble as you have defeated this morning should be easily disposed of by six thousand of our people."—PELET, i. 285, 286.

game of chess. For five hours, the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breast-plates of glittering steel and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Napoleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips, which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena. The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets, in clarion tones, pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so awful, so sure to be followed by decisive results that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets and the exhausted cannoneers leaned upon their guns, as, in intense absorption, they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene. The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies in breathless silence entrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light, from clashing steel, gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon in silent beauty, rose serenely in the east and

looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage; and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermittent fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangor of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still, in the gloom of the night, as the eye gazed upon the tumultuous mass, swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory. At length the Austrian horsemen, having lost two-thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders piled together on the ensanguined plain. The dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon the rout of their Imperial Guards, and immediately commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades. Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamor of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke which darkened the moon and the stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest

remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the Herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat toward Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's aids arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close by the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him, for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied, "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep. But before the dawn of another morn-



THE BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.



THE SURGEON DISGRACED.

ing, he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon with a victorious army was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards and an immense quantity of the munitions of war fell into the hands of the victor.*

* It is seldom easy to ascertain with accuracy the numbers who were engaged or who fell in these conflicts. We here give some of the estimates which have been made respecting the battle of Eckmuhl.

"Twenty thousand prisoners, a great quantity of artillery, all the wounded of the enemy and fifteen flags, were the trophies of the victory of Eckmuhl."—M. DE NORVINS, vol. iii. p. 137.

Under these circumstances the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube, as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to reinforce him.

"The battle of Eckmuhl cost the Austrians about six thousand, killed and wounded, a great number of pieces of artillery, and 3000 or 4000 prisoners."—THIERS, *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxiv. p. 694.

"Five thousand men had been killed and wounded, and seven thousand made prisoners in the battle [of Eckmuhl] besides twelve standards, and sixteen pieces of cannon which had fallen into the enemy's hands."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 189.

"The enemy left us 15,000 prisoners, the greater part of his artillery, all his wounded, and fifteen flags."—M. CHAUVET, p. 312.

"Prince Charles on quitting the field of Eckmuhl left 20,000 prisoners, 15 colors, and nearly all his artillery in the hands of Napoleon."—GEORGE MAIR BUSSEY, ii. 90.

"All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors, and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French."—SCOTT, ii. 48.

Keeping large watch fires blazing all the night to conceal his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defiled the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear-guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared. A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets, and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand to hand fight ensued with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding ~~the~~ assault, a musket ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolean marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable. The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril, and the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks, and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and pale and exhausted still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohnebwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had

passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the mean time almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of manœuvres he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmühl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Danube. Fifteen days before, two hundred thousand men with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, dejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of their victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of the infantry, or by the sabres of the cavalry.* The Austrians had also lost six hundred ammunition wagons, forty standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign, would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of the most Herculean labors. At midnight leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then with an invigorated mind renew his dictation, or mount his horse and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of sixteen hours, he would, impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate dispatches half of the night.

The traveling carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is extremely characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adornments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labor. A sliding board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk enclosed in the sides contained stationary. Around the panels were a variety of boxes filled with books, charts, dispatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write, by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half reclining attitude when trav-

* These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

eling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvelous memory retained every thing. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes, scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him, the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing. Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade, were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges and defiles, were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations were distinguished by pins with heads of various colors, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that let him reach his head-quarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost. At the four corners of the room, tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pronounced his opinions, or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the manœuvres of the army. Turning to another he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his ambassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering his carriage, or mounting his horse, disappeared like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine.

DONAUWORTH, April 18th, 1809.

I arrived here yesterday at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Every thing is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good.

Entirely thine,

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent any thing like the bodily labor to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon, he thus addressed his army,

" Soldiers, you have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar, and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaun, Abersberg, and Eckmuhl, and in the combats of Peißenberg, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-wagons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches, and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately, he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately, he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance-guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna."

At St. Helena Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked, "The greatest military manœuvres I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmuhl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions." The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armor reflected the rays of the upclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who, of his soldiers, had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of one of these veterans from the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognize him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of two hundred dollars." These appeals to honor and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed

by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of dollars, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 23d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion he began to read and dictate dispatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day."

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles to be forced, which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet, which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crag which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive enginery of war. Napoleon had done every thing which mortal man could do to avert the conflict [†]. He now consecrated the

entireness of his tremendous energies, without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians, he constructed new bridges, and reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Arcola, boasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the terrified Emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon.

"Your Majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you, in quarters where you were not personally present. I propose to your Majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, Sire, in combatting the greatest captain of the age. But I should esteem myself more happy if heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your Majesty, to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honored by meeting your Majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand."

Before this apologetic letter reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the Palace of Schonbrunn. The French army was now approaching the river Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage, and one of the most revolting scenes of human butchery, recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge 1200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarp'd plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge,

not strange. But it is, indeed, no trivial offense, thus to trifle with the sacredness of historic truth, and with the memory of the noble dead. Napoleon was struggling heroically in self-defense. He had left no efforts untried for the promotion of peace. The banded foes of revolutionized France gave him no alternative but to fight, or to surrender his country to be trampled down beneath the iron hoofs of their invading squadrons.

* In reference to these events, Sir Walter Scott remarks: "At no period in his momentous career did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in military point of view, ill-placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and, we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms can not be arrested."

† Thiers was perfectly familiar with all the efforts which Napoleon had made to avoid these wars. He honestly records them all. And yet he could allow himself to say, "His real fault, his stupendous fault, was that unbridled policy which, after having carried him to the Niemen, whence he had returned only by dint of miracle, had next carried him to the Ebro and the Tagus, whence he had returned in person, leaving his best armies behind him, now hurried him to the Danube, where he contrived to maintain himself only by other miracles, the series of which might cease at any moment and give place to disasters."—THIERS, Book xxxv. 732. That England and Austria, as one of the artifices of war, should have filled the ears of benighted Europe with this cry, is

on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and by the application of the torch would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Austrians, however, deemed its passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment.* He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double quick-step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-wagons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below. Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined

* "Massena," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle. It was not till the dead fell around him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself, gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest coolness and judgment. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million francs. But he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from the money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious, and, had not his great parts been soiled by the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of a soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot the French rushed along, till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away. Those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ehersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamor of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air. Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-wagons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire, into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of the conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can any thing," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the spot of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his

courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have been spared."

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity toward Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard, the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him. Then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said :

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valiant than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a Duke of Austria to an Emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion. The last of his court, Blondel alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifices for his deliverance." After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued : "These were barbarous times, which ~~the~~ have the folly to represent to us as so heroic, when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise! How much are times changed now! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honors. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned. And that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy." Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 16th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful reinforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. This city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one-fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees,

and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 200,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts, and entered the faubourgs. But as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry this summons.* But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as

* The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defense of the city.

"Monsieur—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your Highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your Highness. His Majesty, the Emperor and King, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your Highness that by persisting to defend the place, your Highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex, from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your Highness can not but be persuaded that his Majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of all fortified towns, your Highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed not an enemy of your Sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honor to submit to your Highness, that during the whole day the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your Highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his Majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His Majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your Highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city. I beg to be made acquainted with your Highness's final resolution."

(Signed) "BERTHIER."

much as possible. There are few conquerors who under such circumstances would not have availed themselves of the shelter of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, and selected a place for the erection of his batteries, where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was arranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon-balls. The terrible cannonade then commenced. For ten hours the storm of destruction fell upon the city. Three thousand shells were thrown into its strangled dwellings. The midnight sky was filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with unintermittent thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of falling buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena, as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky, that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess, Maria Louise, were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution! that a daughter of the Caesars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the

deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction."

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, precipitately retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops.

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the princes of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honor, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perfidious haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adiems to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea they have with their own hands massacred their own offspring. Soldiers! the people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, *abandoned, widowed*, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my special protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perfidious."

General Andreossy was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's ambassador to Austria and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napoleon, by this appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to maintain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6000 Austrians, 1500 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labor for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them even in works, to embellish the capital of his per-

fidious enemy, "that their bread," says Thiers, "might not be too bitter."

Napoleon, though thus victorious was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain, were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony, professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand, *congratulating him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French.* Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the queen-mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism, with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendancy alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said,

"It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more."

Savary replied, "It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a pre-meditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous, when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us."

"Therefore," replied Napoleon, calmly but

very seriously, "I must rely upon my own strength and not upon their assistance."

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians! What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favor by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject, before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared but very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say, that I am wanting to my engagements and can not remain at peace."

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They consequently were bound together by the sympathies of co-partnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Colonel Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He everywhere proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces was about to join the allies. The national pride was aroused and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Presburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway, as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to abolish all ~~invidious~~ religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissible with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics. And notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favorite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often armed against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was widespread. At the preconcerted signal, when the

Austrians were crossing the Inn, beacon fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley, tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer, and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon. "The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country." The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact that in all these wars no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Ronish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack Antwerp the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defense of the extensive works of this important maritime dépôt. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany, by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores, and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the reinforcements destined for the *Grand Army*." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman and brother of William Pitt.^{*}

In Italy the Archduke John with 80,000 Austrians was driving before him Prince Eugene, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon.

* "The expeditions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas, on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted, that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England and to secure what was called a British object."

wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugene, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote, "You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this, I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art. I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow. And if he has faults they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzig. I think that if circumstances become urgent you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years." Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was most heroically struggling.

While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops that native nobleness of character which all must recognize and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impudent letter. She immediately appealed to General Andreossy for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with

a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced toward the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter toward him, and said in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, Sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed. "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a cannoneer worthy of respect, and bowed down by the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honor. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is executed. Insult an aged woman! I respect an aged woman as if she were my mother!"

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmuhl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succor to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy Eugene was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last almost in despair he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the viceroy, came rushing over the hills sure of an easy victory. Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugene that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon, that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmuhl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment a courier arrived at the head-quarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna, to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugene and one of his officers rode to a neighboring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military wagons advancing toward the north. Eugene grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, "The Austrians have commenced their retreat." Immediately his

own army was put in motion to pursue the retiring foe. Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John, in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe, who had dared to throw himself with such apparent recklessness into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was marching boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assailment of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.*

* Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The first coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia to check the progress of the French revolution, Feb. 7, 1792. The second coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The third coalition was formed at St. Petersburg, between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Tonquin; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organized a fourth coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28th, 1798. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacifier. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the fifth coalition the 16th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon again repelled his assailants, and again compelled them to sheath the sword. But hardly had the blade entered the scabbard, before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxon, and other minor powers formed a sixth coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Auerstadt, at Eylau and Friedland, and disengaged them again into good behavior. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July, 1807. Not two years had passed before England had organized a seventh coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal and with Austria. On the blood-stained field of Wagram, Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organizing and heading these coalitions of despotism, she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organized against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age." See Article "Coalition," *Encyclopaedia Americana*.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

THOU art getting wan and pale, dearest;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows

Every day—
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part, to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
Oh, could I steal the sting with me
Twill bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang, or tear, or sigh,
I could depart.

But oh! it rends my bosom deep
To watch thy stifled pain—
To see thy efforts to bear up,
And smile again
While, as thou raisest up my head
And hang'st my pillow o'er,
Thy tearful eye too plainly tells
An aching core.

Ah! little, little did I dream
The grief in store for thee,
When I invited thee to share
My destiny.
My heart, but young and hopeful then,
Before me only viewed
Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
With roses strew'd.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
Thy aching breast must feel—
Torn by affection that might break
A heart of steel
Had I but known this mournful fate
Ere wedded life began,
No breaking heart should watch to-night
A dying man.

Oh! what a life of misery,
Partner of my distress,
Thy lot has been since linked with mine :
Worst wretchedness,
To watch me laboring for bread, *

My brain and hand outworn,
Till prostrated by fell disease,
I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
Did angry word or look
Return my ill-deserved wrath
With one rebuke.
No; always patient, ever fond,
And bending to my will,
Thy gentle spirit murmured not
One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
When I can wrong no more,
And life for me, with all its cares,
Will soon be o'er.

I need not ask *thee* to forget
Each word or thought unkind;
Thy loving heart I know too well—
Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
That smiling little elf,
Dear to my heart because so like
Thy own sweet self.
Ay, bring her near me—let me look
My last in her dear face,
Where all her mother's gentle charms
I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
That I am torn away.
Poor infant, to be fatherless
Ere one short day.
But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
Into a heavenward road,
And lead her from this world of sin,
Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all thy bitter grief
Be stifled and suppressed.
Weep out thy poor afflicted soul
On this fond breast
'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
We'll meet in world more bright,
And live forever in those realms
Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
Were misery and woe,
Compared to those beyond this scene
We yet shall know
Then live for that bright world of bliss,
And feed thy drooping heart
On hopes of that blest hour when we
Shall never part.

CELESTE BERTIN.

THE incidents which I am about to relate took place in the year 18—, shortly after I had taken out my diploma in Paris. I had just exchanged the gay *insouciance* of student-life for the forced decorum of the physician.

My resources were far from ample; indeed, I had often great difficulty in scraping together the few francs necessary for my weekly rent, and I have known what it was, occasionally, to take a walk instead of a dinner. I led a dull life: with no amusements, no friends. This year, however, a patient had chanced to give me a season-ticket for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. It was my sole recreation, and I went every night.

A *débutante* was advertised to appear in a new play. Author and actress were alike unknown: report spoke vaguely and variously of their merits: the theatrical world was thrown into a fever of anticipative excitement, and I among the rest.

The Porte St. Martin was *my* theatrical world. The Odéon and the Variétés were become to me as unknown regions: I was an alien to the Ambigu, and sighed in vain for the Opéra Comique. As you may suppose, this announcement was

full of interest for me—I had nothing else to think of for weeks before the event.

The evening came: I was one of the first arrivals, and succeeded in obtaining my usual seat in the centre of the pit. The house was crowded long before the musicians made their appearance; and during the long half-hour before the play commenced, I amused myself with trying to discover the new author, by the anxious expression which must, of course, be visible in his face. I fixed upon one individual, in the nearest stage-box, as the candidate for dramatic fame. He was a pale young man, dressed with faultless taste, and was gazing earnestly round the house—not like a theatrical *habitué*, who stares languidly about him to single out his acquaintances with a nod—but nervously and apprehensively, as one who dreads a critic in every spectator. He was alone, and I observed that every now and then he wiped his forehead, or folded his arms resolutely across his chest, as if to keep down the agitation that possessed him. When the overture began, he retired behind the draperies of the box, and when the curtain rose I forgot him.

The first and second scenes were decidedly dull. Bocage played the hero, a young Spanish *caballero*; but he could produce no effect in it—the house was cold and silent—the applause that welcomed Bocage was for the actor, and not the piece. The *débutante*, however, had not yet made her appearance, and the audience began to whisper to each other that if the lady were no better than the play, and the play no better than at present, the whole must be a failure. The third scene began: the stage represented the environs of Granada, in the time of Boabdil el Chico; a party of Moors, ignorant of the near approach of the Spanish invaders, were carousing under some trees. Wine and fancied security rendered them insensible of danger: far away was heard the faint echoing tread of the hostile troops; in front, the song, the wine-cup, and the dance. On a sudden, a wild and beautiful form bounded into the circle of revelers! Her arms extended, her hair floating on the wind, one hand grasping a lance—fire, disdain, inspiration in her eye: so stood Celeste Bertin. A thrill of admiration ran through the audience: Celeste spoke—words of energy and reproach. Her voice filled the theatre, and rang upon the ear like martial music. She pointed to the distant hills, and to the coming foe; she bade them rise and save the city of their fathers; the Spaniard and slavery was at hand; day waned, and night was coming fast; back, back to Granada while yet was time; to arms! to arms! to arms!

One look, one gesture, one word of proud command—and she was gone! The curtain instantly fell: it was the close of the first act.

For a moment there was a pause—and then an overwhelming tempest of applause. All rose simultaneously; the house shook with the sound, and even the band partook of the general enthusiasm.

Her triumph was complete: at the end of

every act she was twice called upon the stage; and with every act she rose in power and sublimity. As the Moorish dancing-girl who devotes herself to the defense of her people—who inspires her countrymen with fearlessness—who raises the drooping courage of the indolent Boabdil himself—who sacrifices even her love to her patriotism—and who, at the last, herself leads on the Moors to the last fatal engagement, and dies by the sword of her lover, Bertin carried the hopes and fears of the whole audience along with her. Heroism, nobleness, and devotedness, were painted by her with a truth such as I had never beheld on a stage before. Nine times she was summoned before the curtain at the end of the play; flowers and even jewels were cast to her from the boxes: Paris had never before so rapturously greeted a *débutante*!

For the ninth time she had bowed and retired, when some one called for the author. The cry was taken up; the curtain moved again, and—I had guessed aright!—the occupant of the stage-box stepped forward, and acknowledged, in a few words, the favors of the public. He was sensible, he said, that for his success he was entirely indebted to Mdlle. Bertin; he was proud—glad—grateful—he knew not how to express all that he felt, but he thanked them respectfully and sincerely.

There were a couple of *vaudevilles* to follow, but I left directly, for I could see nothing after Celeste Bertin, and returned home in a rapture of admiration.

Night after night all Paris flocked to the Porte St. Martin to worship the divine actress—I among the throng of her followers. Every glance, every gesture, and tone of the beautiful *artiste* was treasured in my memory, and my chief delight after leaving the theatre was to study the play attentively, and endeavor to recall the enchantment of her voice and eyes in every passage.

She was the subject of every conversation. The strangest stories were afloat respecting her. From the highest gentleman to the poorest *garçon de boutique*, all had some vague report to circulate. But all agreed in one point, that she was betrothed and tenderly attached to M. Victor, the young author in whose play she had made her first appearance.

Six weeks had passed away: the season was at its height, and matters were the same at the Porte St. Martin. Still Celeste Bertin rose in public estimation with every character that she performed. One night, after she had surpassed all her former grandeur, and taken us by storm in the *Phèdre* of Racine, I had returned home, as usual, to read the piece, and endeavor to reproduce in my memory the inspired interpretation of the *tragédie*. I had drawn my chair to the fire; my reading-lamp stood on a table beside me, and I was bending over a volume of the great dramatic poet, when a sudden and violent knocking at the outer door startled me: I listened—it was repeated; and as I opened the window, a voice cried loudly:

"Holà! holà! is there a surgeon in this house?"

"I am a physician," I replied.

"Yes, yes, come down—come instantly, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* quick! there is no time to be lost!"

I seized my hat, ran to the door, and there found a man, who, the moment that I appeared, beckoned to me to follow, and set off running down the street. I had no resource but to run also, and so I chased him down two neighboring streets, till he stopped before the gate of a small house, and there paused for me to come up. Both gate and door were standing open, probably as he had left them in his haste: through these he quickly led me up a flight of stairs and into a small bedchamber. There were three persons in the room: a female on the bed, an old man crouching in a chair by the fireside, weeping bitterly, and a woman-servant, who was bathing the forehead of the sufferer.

"She has been undergoing great excitement," said my guide, pointing hurriedly to the bed; "she had scarcely reached home when she complained of giddiness and exhaustion; about half an hour ago she became suddenly convulsed, and—"

I seized a candle and crossed rapidly to the patient. Heavens! It was Celeste Bertin! pale and motionless; dressed in the gorgeous robes in which I had beheld her a couple of hours since, brilliant with genius and power, on the boards of the theatre. There she lay—her eyes closed—her splended hair, yet glittering with jewels, unbound and scattered in wild disorder—her hands contracted—her whole form rigid and cold. Blood-stains were on her lips, and on the pillow: she had ruptured a vessel on the lungs.

For an instant, consternation almost deprived me of the power of thought: I trembled to think that the very life of this wonderful being depended on my promptitude and skill. I turned to my conductor—it was M. Victor, her lover. The expression of agony and entreaty upon his face restored me to myself: I hastened to apply the proper restoratives, and to release the patient from some of the incumbrances of her theatrical costume. After a time, I had the satisfaction to find warmth and consciousness return—she would have spoken, but I forbade the exertion; I explained to her that she had had a sudden attack of illness, that the utmost quiet was necessary, and that I should remain all night beside her couch, in order that no requisite attention should be wanting.

I did so, and dismissed all but the female attendant for the night. M. Victor pressed my hand gratefully on retiring, and thanked me with intense earnestness. The old man, whom I took to be her father, seemed stupid with grief, and scarcely sensible of what was passing.

During the whole night she slept so stilly and motionless, that many times I bent over her to listen if she really breathed. All seemed to me like a strange dream, as I sat hour after hour

watching her pale and lovely face, and contrasting her, as she lay there, with the terrible and thrilling *Phedre* that had, but a few brief hours since, transfixed me with her appalling beauty.

The servant sitting at the other side of the bed fell asleep: the feeble lamplight shed a pallid glare upon the face of my patient; not a sound in the house, save the ticking of my watch; not a whisper in the quiet street without. The silence, the solitude, the mental exertion which I had gone through, all oppressed me; things around me were beginning to yield to the influence of extreme lassitude, and to assume strange and indistinct forms. My eyes closed—my breathing became heavy—I was just falling into a deep, calm sleep, when I felt my wrist grasped tightly, and heard a movement in the bed.

She was sitting upright, turned toward me, and looking at me with a strangely mingled expression of anger and alarm.

"Monsieur, awake!"

"For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, be still!" I cried, bewildered and roused: "you may not exert yourself; you know not what you do."

"Exert myself! It is of that I would speak. Hear me. I must play to-morrow night."

"Impossible!" I ejaculated.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous me dites?* Impossible? I must!"

"Madame," I said, firmly, "lie down. I will not answer for your life unless you obey me in this."

"I must play."

"You shall not. My reputation is at stake: I value that, if you do not value your life."

"I must! it is necessary—you do not know how necessary. Ah, monsieur," she went on, with a sudden change to gentleness and entreaty—"Ah, monsieur, but this one night, by your art give me strength and power to play this one, only night, and I care not if I never live another."

"Madame, lie down."

She obeyed me. I administered a few drops of cordial, took my seat, and looking steadily in her face, went on:

"Repose and silence are the conditions on which you live. Declamation and excitement would be your death. If I permit you to infringe the slight and fragile tenure on which your existence depends—if I assist you to your destruction, I am, in effect, a murderer. I know of no right by which mademoiselle dares to commit self-murder: it is my duty to prevent her, and I will."

What a fierce gleam was that that shot from her dark eyes as I said these words! Impatience, disdain, almost hatred, flashed upon me in their lustrous glance. But she was silent, if not conquered: she turned her face hastily from me, and we spoke no more.

Day dawned at last—gray, cold, sunless day. Heavy clouds shut in the sky; not a bird sang; not a leaf stirred; not a stray beam made its appearance. She slept. Silently her father and lover came and went; silently the attendant summoned me down to the *salon* for refresh-

ment; silently many times that day we stood around her couch in hope and fear, and still she slept on. It was a fortunate slumber, and during its long continuance we had the unspeakable joy of witnessing the returning bloom—of hearing the calm and regular breath; and from it we hoped and foretold good.

The shades of evening fell. All day she had reposed in that life-giving oblivion, and yet showed no sign of waking. I thought that I might venture to my lodgings for a few moments to read any letters that might have arrived for me. Promising to return in an hour, I went.

A man was pacing up and down my apartment when I entered. His back was turned toward me: he was tall and well-formed: a hat and gloves were thrown upon the table, and a large cloak was cast carelessly upon a chair. I stopped and observed him. I felt sure that he was a stranger; and yet it was somewhat familiar thus to take possession of my rooms. He stopped—looked out of the window—so stood for some minutes—then turned, and seeing me, bowed with perfect self-possession, and addressed me.

“Monsieur H——, I believe?”

I assented.

“Monsieur is the medical adviser of Mdlle Bertin?”

“I have that honor.”

“Will Monsieur favor me with his unreserved opinion of the lady’s illness—if it be likely [here his voice altered slightly] to—to have a fatal termination?”

I replied briefly that the symptoms had been highly favorable, and that I believed rest and seclusion might, in a few weeks, effect a perfect cure.

He took a card from his pocket, and wrote some words on it in a small, concise hand. While he was doing this, I had leisure to observe his pale, dark countenance, his firm lip, his easy, aristocratic grace. A brilliant intense lustre glittered on his finger; the rest of his attire was fastidiously plain.

“Oblige me, monsieur,” he said, “by giving this to your patient. Good-evening.” He threw his cloak round him, seized his hat, and was gone. In another moment I heard the wheels of a carriage drive to the door, saw him step in, and, ere a second had elapsed, the vehicle had turned the corner of the street, and disappeared. There was a coronet upon the panels. I turned to the table, and took up the card. It bore the name of the Prince de C——. A folded paper was laid beneath it, on which was written a draft for one thousand francs!

Pride and Poverty had a hard struggle that evening, and Poverty conquered. I was poor—very poor. The prince had paid me for my attendance on his friend; I might, on this ground, refuse payment from her, and so balance the obligation. My present need was great, and—I put the draft in my pocket-book. The heroic reader may condemn me for having thus accepted money from an entire stranger—

mais, le pauvreté est dure! Let him first be in my position, and then pass judgment upon me.

But to my narrative. Time was flying, and I had promised to return to the Rue St. P—— in an hour. Half that time was already past! I had several things to arrange, some change of attire to effect, a note to write, and a consultation to hold with my landlady. With my utmost speed, these occupied me an hour beyond the appointed time: at last I left the house, and hastened with nervous rapidity in the direction of my patient. When I was more than half-way, I remembered the card of the Prince de C——, and was forced to turn back again, for I had left it on the table. I am not superstitious, but this return and my delay seemed ominous to me. I fell into an unusual trepidation, and when within a yard or two of my own door, felt an anxious haste, that appeared to summon me back again without delaying even then to go in.

“Bah!” I exclaimed, to myself, “this is mere childishness!”

And I went in, up-stairs, and taking from the table the prince’s card, observed, for the first time, that the writing with which the back was closely lined was in cipher. I was surprised, and, I confess it, somewhat curious; but I thrust it into my pocket, ran down-stairs, and presently was running once more in the direction of the Rue St. P——

And now, as I approached it, my agitation returned in tenfold power. The nearer I drew, the less I dared to go forward: some horrible influence was upon me—some vague and formless dread that moved my inward soul with apprehension, and seemed to clog my footsteps to the ground.

The door stood open. I had not left it so. I went up. The door of her chamber stood open likewise. I paused upon the threshold, and then walked noiselessly in.

I had half-expected the shock. She was gone!

Gone! and not a soul was there to tell me whither! I rang the bell furiously: I cried aloud; I opened every door and closet; I entered every room, from attic to kitchen.

Father, lover, servant, patient—all gone! Every place silent and empty.

She was gone—gone to the theatre—to her death! And the empty house? The rest were gone upon a vain search for her. I alone knew the fatal direction of her steps!

Till this moment I had never known I loved her. All unquestioned, I had suffered my heart to cherish and garner up a hopeless passion. I was paralyzed, body and mind—plunged into a dreamy wilderness of grief, without the power to think or act.

The time-piece in the dressing-room struck seven. In another half-hour she would be again upon the stage delighting all hearers with the last inspiration of her genius. I started up—

“Perhaps even now I may rescue her from

the fatal excitement of performance! perhaps even now prevail upon her to return!"

My foot was already at the threshold, when I fancied, as my glance just rested on the bed, that I saw a paper lying beside her pillow. I stopped, turned back, and drew forth a crumpled letter, all blotted and blistered over with tears. These words were written upon it in a bold, firm hand, and were, in some places, almost illegible.

"Celeste Bertin. You are mistaken in the Prince de C——. He does not mean to wed you. He is engaged to another. The king and the court will be in the theatre to-morrow evening, and *she* will be among them. You will perceive a dark, handsome woman, to whom will be given a seat at the right hand of the queen. That is the Duchessa da G——, an Italian of birth and fortune—your rival. Wretched woman! why were you not content with one faithful lover? Victor *does* love you. The Prince de C—— loves you also—as he would a horse, a hound, or a falcon—for his amusement! Watch them narrowly to-morrow night. Convince yourself of the truth, and break your heart, if you will. Celeste Bertin, how did you dare to forget that you were only an actress?"

Here then was the secret! Hence her agitation, her illness, her frantic determination to perform! An anonymous and cruel letter—a secret love-affair kept hidden from her father and her betrothed husband—a resolute intention to judge for herself and know the worst!

In five minutes I was at the stage-door of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, urging the officials to let me speak with Mdlle. Bertin.

"Impossible—Mademoiselle is in her dressing-room."

"But I must see her—my business is of the utmost importance."

"At the end of the first act I will deliver Monsieur's request."

"It must be now! Go to her—say that it is I—M. H——, her physician. I am sure that she will speak with me."

The man hesitated, and was about to seek her, when a well-dressed person stepped from behind a desk and addressed me:

"M. H——," here he referred to a paper in his hand—"Mdlle. Bertin desired particularly that if a gentleman of that name should ask to see her, he should on no account be admitted. I am very sorry, monsieur, but such were mademoiselle's commands."

"But I tell you that I will enter—she will die without you admit me! nay, she is dying even now!"

They smiled, and closed the door in my face. I know not how I got there, but I next found myself in the theatre. It was crowded: there was scarce room for me to stand: the last notes of the overture were thundering from the orchestra—the curtain rose.

The play was one that had been written for her by M. Victor, and this was but the second or third time of its performance. Strangely

appropriate in plot, it painted the career of an actress beloved by a nobleman, whom she, in return, loves with all her heart and her genius! This nobleman is also loved by a princess of the court, and who mortally detests her rival in his affections. The princess is a married woman; and it is the double discovery of her lover's seeming infidelity and the unworthy nature of his attachment that goads the actress to despair. Finally, by a perfidious stratagem, she dies from inhaling the fatal perfume of a poisoned bouquet, at the moment when her lover explains all, and offers her his hand and fortune. During the first act I saw and heard nothing. She did not play in it. The second act commenced, and a welcoming burst of applause told me that she had appeared upon the stage. I did not dare to look upon her. For some moments there was silence: then her voice, in all its depth and melody, fell upon my ear, and I turned my eyes toward her. How beautiful and pale she stood! Robed all in white garments; her black hair parted on her brow; her hand grasping a roll of paper; and a wild, boding illumination in her eyes, which I alone in all that house could interpret!

During the first few scenes she was subdued and calm: several times she pressed her hand to her breast, as if in pain, but still she went on. Then doubt, then jealousy began to possess her. It was fearful to witness the workings of these passions struggling with woman's gentleness, and woman's faith—to hear the low, suppressed cry of agony—to see the quivering lip, the blanched cheek, the slow, unwilling belief of wrong and infidelity.

She confronts her rival—meets her face to face, and the actress and princess read each others' souls. In a recitation which she is requested to give, she pours forth all her wrongs and her reproaches. Under the vail of a fiction, she lays bare the guilty love of the high lady, overwhelms her with hatred and disdain.

Ha! Celeste, thou art no longer acting—thou takest this scene to thyself! Thine eyes dilate and burn; thy voice, gathering in power, withering with scorn, utters sarcasm and defiance; whither is that terrible look directed?

To the royal box, where sit the rulers of the land. There sat the Duchessa da G——, interested, delighted, unsuspecting; and there, too, sat the Prince de C——, pale, guilty, trembling—withdrawn into a corner of the box, conscious and abashed.

It was no acted play: it was a life-drama—a true tragedy!

The last act commenced. Her voice now seemed weaker, and her step faltered; but a hectic color, that defied even the glaring stage-lamps, suffused her cheeks, and fiercer still glowed the dark fires of her eyes. A strange air of exultation and triumph was apparent in her voice and gestures; her tones had a thrilling, a penetrating significance that made itself felt in every breast. The audience were breathless with suspense. I sat spell-bound and trem-

bling. The reconciliation came: with what exquisite tenderness she loved and trusted again—with what grace and delicacy accorded her generous pardon and her gentle love! Where was now the haughty actress, the injured woman! All melted into love and forgiveness!

I looked involuntarily at the prince. He held his handkerchief to his face: perhaps his heart was touched—perhaps he wept.

At last, she inhales the poison, and slowly it begins to take effect. Visible first in the tremulous tones, and the languid postures; then in the failing memory and the ghastly cheek; then in the wandering mind, the extended hands, the seeking glance, and the unseeing eye!

Could this be art?

Hark! she speaks words that are not in the part—broken, wailing words of intense agony.

There is an outcry in the royal box:

“Help! help! she is dying!”

It is the Prince de C—, losing his presence of mind with terror and conviction, stretching forth his hand—pointing wildly to the stage, regardless of king or queen, or any thing but the terrible truth of what he sees before him.

She sprang to her feet. Her face was still beautiful, but convulsed with pain, lit with unnatural excitement, vivid with the dawn of immortality. She turned that face, that look, upon him, and so stood for a few seconds; then the light faded from her eyes, her lips moved, her arms were tossed wildly above her head—she fell.

In an instant the stage was covered; gentlemen from the boxes, stalls, *parterre*, all crowded round her in consternation—and among them, myself. I pushed through the wondering throng, crying loudly that I was a physician. They made way for me: I knelt down beside her: a crimson stream was bubbling from her lips; her hands were firmly clenched, her eyes closed. She uttered no sound—a shudder passed through her frame—her heart beat no longer: all was over!

I never again beheld any of the actors in this tragedy of real life. Her father, I was told, survived his child but a few months. M. Victor entered the church, and is now an abbé and a devotee. The Prince de C— left Paris instantly for foreign service. For myself, I am an old bachelor, striving humbly to be as useful in the world as wealth and good-will can make me. I go little into society, and never into the theatres. I have not married, and I never shall. Celeste Bertin was my first love and my last.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

THESE are few of you, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of glittering pearls on the points of the grass, and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields,

the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you in excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart, and every thing looks smiling around you; for—

“Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going.”

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, you have thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them, imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And doubtless this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We can not wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive of no other way to account for the dew if they did not admit that it had come down from above. Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are, perhaps, few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under-surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper. So, too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the bottom plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterward the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapor which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime; but, though these observations were all

correctly made, it was afterward proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and, in hot weather, would become so burning and pestilential, that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it every where, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increasingly, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, on a warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended in it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; so part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry, will know that very often, when solutions of a salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew

on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the day-time; so hot, indeed, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the day-time warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiate its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains, that the air is always much colder high up in the sky than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and caves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that the moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass we spoke of before first had dew settle upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed—viz., the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in the meadows, and has the appearance of rising out of the ground as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

"Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,
O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute

and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day ; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it ; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air can not be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest cambric handkerchief, spread near the ground, is sufficient to prevent the formation of dew on the ground beneath it ; by which you will at once understand how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of night, by covering them with a thin, light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm—

“When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o’ercasts the solemn scene.”

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space ; and if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then every thing is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work—such as the screws and hinges—than upon the wood-work. There will also be much more on glass than on any metal ; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that whatever prevents heat from accumulating serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mould, and the garden mould cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold ; and that of wool or swan’s-down, laid on the snow, is still colder. These soft, loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling ; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold, frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows ; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And if your window has a close shutter, there will

be the more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold ; for nothing is worse than that cold chilling dampness which pervades the air when dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is far less danger ; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain ; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But at the first touch of the sun’s rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew ; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

BERTHA'S LOVE.

I was a pleasant evening, and I ran through the garden and along the narrow path that wound down the cliff to the beach. I held in my hand the flowers he had given me, and the soft breeze that tossed my hair over my face was laden with their perfume. I was so happy—I did not ask myself why, but a new and strange sense of blessedness was throbbing in my heart ; and as I stood still and looked at the great sea stretched out before me—at the gorgeous calm of the August sunset—I felt as I had never felt since I was a little child, saying my prayers at my mother’s knees.

I wandered along close to where the waves came rippling over the red pebbles. The dark rocks looked glorified in the western radiance, and the feathery clouds floated dreamily in the blue space, as if they were happy too. How strange it was that the beauty of the world had never spoken to my heart till that evening !

I climbed to my favorite seat in the recess of that great black rock which abutted on the sea even at ebb of tide, and where the fantastic peaks of brown stone rise on all sides, save where the incessant beating of the waves have worn them away. All the world was shut out, save ocean and sky ; and in the vast mysterious sea heaving in the glow reflected from the heavens, I seemed to find a sympathy with the great happiness that thrilled within me. My hands clasped over the flowers—I raised my head to the still heaven, where a quiet star seemed watching me—and a thanksgiving rose from my very soul to the God who had made the world so fair, and me so happy !

Gentle thoughts arose in my mind :—I thought of my dead mother, and of the great love I had borne her, which, since she died had laid dormant in my heart—*till now !* Ah, how that heart leaped at those little words whispered to

itself. I thought of my olden self—of what I had been but two short weeks before, with a kind of remorse, chastened by pity. If I had had any one to love during all these years, I thought, I should surely never have become the woman I was—whom people called unbending—*austere*—and cold. Cold! Little they guessed of the passionate yearning for love that had for so long been rudely crushed back into my desolate heart, till all its tenderer feelings were, from their very strength, turning into poison. Little they knew of the fierce impulses subdued—the storms of emotion oftentimes concealed beneath that frigid reserve they deemed want of feeling. But I had always been misunderstood, and harshly judged—I had always been lonely—uncared for—unsympathized with.

Till now!

Now I had some one to love—some one who cared for my love, and who loved me again, as I knew, I felt assured he loved me, though no lover's word or vow had ever passed between us. How holy this new happiness made me! How it sanctified and calmed the troubled heart, so restless, so stormy in its unsatisfied longing heretofore—restoring to it the innocent repose it had not known since it ceased to be a child's heart and became a woman's!

How tenderly I felt to all the world—to my very self, even! I looked down into a deep pool of water formed by a break in the rock: the dark waters gave to my view my face, with its firm, hard outlines, the large, steadfast eyes, and the black hair which I loved, because yesterday Geoffrey had said it was beautiful. I took a curl tenderly into my hand—kissed it—and felt my glad tears fall on it:—what a child I was!

The sunset was fading when I returned home. As I ascended the cliff, I saw a figure that I knew, leaning over the shrubby gate—a head bent forward with waving hair tossed in his own careless fashion over his brow. His voice reached my ears at the same moment:

"I am watching for you, Bertha; you truant, to stay away so long!"

Who had ever watched for me before? Who had ever taken such note of my absence, or thought the time long when I was away? I felt all this as I quietly pursued my way toward him; keeping my eyes fixed on the rugged pathway, not daring—God help me!—to look up at him when I knew his gaze was on my face.

He opened the gate for me, drew my arm within his, and we slowly walked toward the house.

"We have had visitors this evening," said he; "and one of them remains with Mrs. Warburton to-night. A Miss Lester;—do you know her?"

"I have heard my father speak of her, but I have never seen her."

"Mr. Lester, it seems, knew my father in his young days," he resumed, "and claimed acquaintance with me on that ground. He is a

courtly, precise, well-expressed elderly gentleman of the old school. I like him;—a real, thorough-bred formalist nowadays is so rare."

He idly switched with his hand the flower-laden branches of the *syringa* trees we were sauntering among.

"Mrs. Warburton"—in speaking to me he never called my step-mother by any other name—"Mrs. Warburton is going back with Miss Lester to-morrow, to stay two or three days with her at F——. Then, Bertha, we can have the horses and gallop over the downs, as we have often promised ourselves."

I was silent, and he looked at me curiously.

"Ah—you will like that, little Bertha!" he cried, patting my hand which lay on his arm; "your eyes are not so cautious as your tongue, and I can read what they say, quite well. Why are you hurrying on so fast? They are all in the green-house, looking at the miserable specimens of horticultural vegetation that you savages here call *florers*. As if tender blossoms born under a southern sky could survive when brought to a bleak precipice like this."

He looked at me again, in laughing surprise. "What, Bertha! not a word to say for your Cornish Cliffs? I expected to have been fairly stunned with your indignation at my impertinence. Are you tired of defending the beloved scenes of your childhood, or do you begin to doubt my sincerity in abusing them?"

I murmured something in reply.

"You know very well that I love them too," he pursued—"that every old tor on the down, every rugged rock on the shore is dear to me. I little thought, when your father insisted on bringing me home with him, that I should spend such a happy time in this wild country. Still less that in the quiet, dark-browed child I just remembered years ago, I should find a dear companion—a friend. Ah, Bertha, you yourself don't know how much you have been my friend—what good you have done me. I am a better man than I was a month ago. If I had had a mother or a sister all these years, I should have done more justice to the blessings God has given me. Nay, Bertha, don't go in yet. I tell you they are showing Miss Lester the poor little geraniums and things that Mrs. Warburton is so proud of; they won't be ready for tea this half-hour, and it is so pleasant out here."

We were standing on the terrace which skirted the southern side of the house. It was the highest part of the ground, and commanded a view of the coast for some miles. I shall never forget the sea as it looked that minute; the moon's first faint rays trembling over the waters—the white foam enlightening the broad colorless waste, where the waves were dashing over the rocks near shore. Again, my spirit was strangely softened within me, and hot tears rose to my eyes. He saw them, and gently pressed my hand in sympathy. He thought he understood what I felt, but he did not know—he never knew; I scarcely comprehended my

self, I was so bewildered by the fullness of happiness that was bounding within me.

"Bertha, you are chilled—you are shivering," said Geoffrey, at length; "perhaps it is too late for you to be out. The dew is falling, and your curls have quite drooped; so we will go in. Good-by to the moon—and sea—and stars!—and, ah, Bertha, good-by for to-night to our pleasant talk together;—now we must be sociable, and agreeable, and conventional, I suppose. Is it wrong to wish this intruding Miss Lester at—Calcutta, or Hyderabad, or any other place sufficiently removed from our quiet family circle? No happy evening for us, Bertha; *this* evening! Your father won't go to sleep over his newspaper, and Mrs. Warburton won't doze over her embroidery, and we shan't have the piano to ourselves. Con—oh, I could swear!"

When I entered the drawing-room, my father called me to him, and presented me to the young lady who stood by his side.

"This is Mary Lester, the daughter of my old schoolfellow, of whom you must often have heard me speak, Bertha. They have come to stay some months at F—, and Mary is anxious to know you."

With a gesture of girlish cordiality, half eager, yet half shy, Miss Lester took my hand (how brown it looked in the clasp of her white fingers!) and gazed up into my face with her own sweet, loving expression, that I afterward learned to know so well. I was always reserved, repellent perhaps, to strangers; but now—I wondered at myself—at my softened manner—at the gentle feelings stirred within me, as I bent toward her, and pressed her hand.

My father was as much pleased as he was surprised, I could see.

"That's well—that's well," said he, as he resumed his seat; "you two ought to be friends, as your fathers were before you."

"I hope so," murmured Mary, in a timid voice, clinging to my hand as I moved to my usual seat at the tea-table. She sat close beside me, and I could see Geoffrey watching us from the window where he was standing, with a displeased expression. I understood so well that twitching of his lip. I, who could interpret every change in his face, every flash of his eye, every turn of his haughty head, I knew that he did not approve of my unwonted amiability to my new friend—that he had a jealous dislike of her in consequence. How happy it made me to know it!—how doubly tender I grew toward the unconscious girl beside me;—what an overflowing satisfaction I found in the reserve and coldness which suddenly came over him! He remained silent for some time, during which my father was reading his newspaper, and my step-mother counting the stitches in her embroidery, while Mary Lester and I conversed together. At length my father's attention was aroused.

"Why, Geoffrey!" cried he, "what ails you? This is a day of metamorphoses, I believe. Here is our quiet Bertha chattering gayly, while you,

our enlivener-general and talker *par excellence*, sit silent and uncompanionable as a mummy."

"Talkers are like clocks, sir, I think," he answered, laughing lightly, "and one is enough for a room. Especially when that one does duty so admirably." This last was accompanied by a quick glance at me, as he rose from his chair, and sauntered to the window again.

"Bertha, come and look at this star," he cried presently, and I left Mary to my step-mother, and joined him.

"Are you going to be fast friends with that pale-faced little thing all in a minute?" said he, in a low tone; "because, if so, I am *de trop*, and I will go back to London to-morrow morning."

"Dear Geoffrey," I remonstrated, "I must be kind to her; she is our guest. Come and talk, and help me to amuse her."

"I can't amuse young ladies. I detest the whole genus. I dare say she will make you as missish as she is, soon; and then, when I have you to myself again, you'll be changed, and I shan't know you. We were so happy till this visitor came," he added, regretfully, "and now she will spoil our pleasant evening, and our music, and our astronomical lecture, and our metaphysical discussions. How can you like her, Bertha?"

I felt quite a pity for the poor girl he thus unjustly regarded.

"She is gentle and lovable," I urged; "you would like her yourself, Geoffrey, if you would talk to her, and be sociable."

"Sociable!—ah, there you are! I hate sociability, and small parties of dear friends. In my plan of Paradise, people walk about in couples, and three is an unknown number."

I could see that he was recovering his wonted spirits, which, indeed, rarely left him for long.

"Do be good," I persisted, "and come with me, and talk to her."

"And ignore Paradise, for once?" He tossed back his hair with a gesture peculiar to him when he was throwing aside some passing irritation, and then smiling at my serious face—his own frank, sunshiny smile—"Ah, Bertha!" said he, "you put all my peevishness to flight. I had so determined to be ill-tempered and disagreeable—but I can't, it seems. It is impossible to resist your persuasive little voice, and those great, earnest, entreating dark eyes. So we will leave Paradise, and be mundane for the nonce."

We went and sat by Miss Lester. I was glad to be relieved of the necessity of talking much, and I leaned back in my chair, and listened to Geoffrey's animated voice, which was occasionally, but not often, interrupted by a few words from Mary. He was very "good." He threw off all his coldness and reserve, and appeared bent on making atonement for his previous ill-behavior, by being quite friendly with the obnoxious visitor. It was now dusk, and I could only see the shadowy outlines of the two figures—Geoffrey, with his head stretched slightly for-

ward, and his hands every now and then uplifted with an emphasizing gesture; and Mary sitting farther in the shadow. I had thought her very lovely; her beauty was of that species that I especially admired in a woman; perhaps because the golden hair, the regular classic features, and the soft eyes, were all so utterly different to my own. I remembered the face I had seen that day reflected in the rocky pool—the face I had, till lately, thought so forbidding, so unlovely. I should never think so again—never! What a blessed thing it was to know that there was one who looked on it with tenderness, as none had done before since my mother died.

As I mused in the quiet twilight, with his voice murmuring in my ears, and the sense of his presence gladdening me, I again thanked God for sending me such happiness—happiness in which, like as a river in the sunshine, the dark and turbid waters of my life grew beautiful and glorified.

The next morning, immediately after the departure of my step-mother with Miss Lester, Geoffrey and I rode out upon the moors.

It was a tempestuous day. The wind blew fiercely; the clouds careered over the sky in heavy, troubled masses, and not a gleam of sunshine lit up the great waste of moorland as we sped over it.

I reveled in the wildness of the weather and the scene—in the blank desolation of the moor—in the vast tumult of the darkened sea, checkered with foam, which stretched far away, till it joined the louring heavens at the horizon. The great gusts of wind, the general agitation which pervaded earth, sea, and air, inspired me with a sense of keen and intense vitality that I had never felt before. There is no mood of nature that comes amiss to a soul overflowing with its own happiness. I was silently thinking thus when Geoffrey's first words smote me with a strange idea of contrast to the thoughts busy in my mind.

"What a dreary day!" said he; "how forlorn this great barren plain looks! And the wind! It cuts and slashes at one with a vindictive howl, as if it were a personal enemy. Is it possible you can stand against it, Bertha? What an Amazon you are! Fighting with these savage sea-breezes of yours requires all my masculine endurance and fortitude."

"Shall we go back?" I asked him, feeling a vague pain. And, somehow, as I looked round again, the moor *did* look drear and monotonous, and the wind had a wailing sound which I had not noted before. "You are not used to the rough weather we have in the west," I added; "perhaps we had better return, and reserve our ride for a more fitting season."

"No, we won't be so cowardly; and, after all, a day like this is perhaps experienced under its least gloomy aspect in the present circumstances. That is to say, mounted on gallant steeds, and galloping over a broad tract of land, which, Bertha, whatever its shortcomings in

picturesque beauty, is, I allow you, first-rate riding-ground."

He urged his horse forward as he spoke, and we dashed on at full speed for some time. The clouds above our heads grew denser and darker every moment. At length a large rain-drop fell, then another, and another. Geoffrey reined in his horse with a suddenness that threw the animal on its haunches.

"A new feature this in the delights of the day," said he, laughing, with a slight touch of peevishness; "a down-pour of rain (steady, old boy!) under the energetic direction of this furious gale, will be a fit culmination to the *agrément* of our ride. There is enough water in that big round cloud there, to drown us three times over, horses and all. And here it comes."

As, indeed, it did, with steady and gradually increasing violence. Fortunately, I remembered we were near one of those huge masses of stone, which, from their size and eccentric arrangement, form such objects of curiosity on our Cornish downs. To this we hurried, and, dismounting, secured, with some difficulty, our horses under one projection, and sheltered ourselves under another.

"Welcome retreat!" cried Geoffrey. "I do really wish that the long vexed question, as to how these queer heaps of granite got perched here, were satisfactorily decided, if only that we might bestow our gratitude in the right quarter. Heavens! how the wind blows!"

We were now on high ground, and the gusts came with furious force. I had to catch hold by the stone to keep my footing, once or twice.

"Little Bertha, you will be blown away, you are so tiny!" and he drew my arm through his own. "I must take care of you. Why, you look quite pale! You are not frightened?"

"No, oh no!"

"We are quite safe here; and, after all, this is a fine specimen of the wild and grand. How, the sea rolls and throbs in the distance, and what a hollow roar the wind makes among these stones! I am half reconciled to this kind of weather and this kind of scene, Bertha; I begin to see grandeur in this great barren waste of land, and the waste of waters beyond, and the broad heavens meeting that again. The infinitude of monotony absolutely becomes sublime. Ah, you look satisfied; I see you approve of my enthusiastic eloquence. I feel rather proud of it myself, in the teeth of this Titanic wurd, too, which," he added, as a fresh gust thundered in upon us, "will certainly carry you off, if you don't hold closely to my arm. It's an awful day! Any other girl would be frightened out of her wits."

Frightened!—I had never known such serene contentment, such an ineffable sense of security, as I felt then, when, clinging to Geoffrey's arm, I looked out on the stormy world without.

There was a silence. A certain timid consciousness constrained me to break it, lest he should observe my taciturnity.

"I trust my step-mother and Miss Lester have

reached F—— in safety," said I; "their road was a very unsheltered one, in case the storm overtook them."

"They went in the phaeton," he rejoined, carelessly, "and they are sure to be all right. Fortunately so, for I am sure that delicate little girl would never stand against such a tempest as this. If she wasn't caught up, bodily, in one of the blasts of this hurricane, which seems to have a great fancy for trying to carry away young ladies, she would expire of sheer terror. You know, we inland dwellers are not accustomed to proceedings like these."

A furious burst of wind, which seemed almost to shake the huge mass of stone we were leaning against, interrupted him; and then came a perfect torrent of large hailstones, which the wind drove in upon us, and which effectually stopped all conversation for the time. Suddenly amid the confusion of sounds, I fancied I heard a cry, as of a human voice, at some little distance; but when I told Geoffrey, he only laughed.

"Isn't our position romantic enough as it is, you insatiable person, but you want, in your genius for dramatic construction, to bring in an underplot—an exciting episode—a sharer in our adventure; a young and lovely girl, who mistakes these hailstones for bullets ('faith, she might be forgiven the blunder !') and shrieks for mercy! or, would you prefer a gallant cavalier, who——"

"Nay," I persevered, "it is quite possible for others besides ourselves to seek shelter among these stones. The F—— road across the moor is not so far distant, remember."

"I prefer a supernatural solution of the problem," he answered, still laughing, "and we will, if you please, attribute the sound in question to the ghostly inhabitant of this wilderness, who is distracted and bewildered by human society, and therefore——"

"I hear voices, Geoffrey—I do, indeed," interrupted I. The hail-storm had subsided, and even the wind, within the last few minutes, had lulled slightly. I ventured outside our rude refuge, and looked around. At a little distance, I saw the dejected head of a thoroughly drenched horse, which I recognized at once as our own "Colin," which had that morning conveyed away my step-mother and our guest, in the phaeton. The carriage itself, and those in it, were hid by the quaint granite heap they were sheltering against. *

"Colin, by all that's wonderful!" cried Geoffrey, looking with me. "I beg you a thousand pardons—I'll never question your suppositions again. What melodrama ever hit on a more startling coincidence than this! How did they ever get here, I wonder! Shall I go and ask them?"

We went without waiting my assent, and I watched him fighting his way against the wind to where the little carriage stood. I heard his frank laugh, and the exclamations of surprise from the two ladies and the attendant servant. Then the voices lowered, so that I could not

hear. The fury of the storm had now passed, and, in my experience of the weather incident to our western coast, I knew the wind would soon drop, and a calm evening end a turbulent day.

It seemed a long time before Geoffrey returned, running, and with a face expressive of some concern.

"Poor Miss Lester!" he cried; "in jumping from the phaeton, she missed her footing, and has twisted her ankle, in some way. She can't walk, and she is in very great pain. Come to her, Bertha. Your mysterious cry, you see, is thus unluckily accounted for."

I found Mary Lester crouched among chaise-cushions and warm wraps, her cheeks paler than usual, and her eyes closed, as if in exhaustion. She opened them, however, and smiled affectionately on me, as I approached. My step-mother was sighing and regretting, in a perfectly inane and incoherent manner.

"Had not Miss Lester better be lifted into the chaise and conveyed at once to our house?" I suggested; "it is much nearer, and you will not be expected at F—— after this storm."

"Quite right," pronounced Geoffrey, with his usual air of decision; and while Mrs. Warburton was still in a hazy state of incertitude and despondency, he and I proceeded to take measures for carrying my plan into execution.

Miss Lester had to be fairly carried into the phaeton: Geoffrey, with a few half apologetic words, took her in his strong arms as though she had been a child, and carefully deposited her among the cushions. As he did so, I saw a faint crimson dawning over her pale face, and thought how lovely and how lovable she was. That was my only thought.

We waited till they had driven off, and then Geoffrey and I mounted our horses and followed them. We were both very silent; but I did not care to talk, and therefore did not notice his abstraction. The storm had passed off—the wind was dying away minute by minute, with a low wail that sounded as though it were singing its own requiem. We galloped swiftly over the moor, as I was anxious to reach home before the others, that I might prepare for Miss Lester's reception.

I love to dwell on the recollection of that day. I was so happy, and my happiness made every passing vexation seem as nothing, steeping all the ordinary occurrences of the day in its own sweet calm.

I remember how, after I had carefully settled Miss Lester on a sofa in the pleasant little room leading to the greenhouse, Geoffrey came in, sat down, and took a book. After awhile, I asked him to read aloud, and Mary added her entreaties. And he complied, drew near the sofa, and began. The invalid, resting her head on her hand, looked sometimes half shyly at his face, as if liking to watch unobserved its ever-changing expression; and I sat busying my fingers in some light work, on which I kept my eyes fixed; I did not need to look up at his face, I saw it always—always!

It was a German story he was reading, about a brother and sister who loved each other so dearly, that when another love came to the girl she renounced it, and clave to the brother, who had but her in the world for his happiness. When the story was finished I saw tears in Mary Lester's eyes, and so did Geoffrey. He tried to laugh away her pensiveness.

"Do you ladies approve of such a wholesale massacre of people's happiness as this principle would involve, carried out to its fullest extent? 'The greatest misery of the greatest number,' seems to me to be the motto of this school of moralists. Poor Hildegunde—poor Karl—poor Ludwig! Poor every body! One is sick with pity after reading such a story. Isn't it so, Miss Lester?"

She smiled, and drooped her head with a childish bashfulness to hide the moistened eyes.

"I like it," she said, presently; "I like stories about brothers and sisters. I have a brother whom I love very dearly."

"As dearly as Hildegunde loved Ludwig?" questioned Geoffrey, half sportively; "would your affection go so far—sacrifice so much?"

Innocently she looked up, as if scarcely comprehending his meaning—then the dark lashes fell again over her flushing cheek. I watched her face—in my keen sense of the beautiful, taking delight in her changeful loveliness—in her artless grace and girlishness.

"I love my brother very much," she murmured, without further answering Geoffrey's question, "and he loves me—dearly."

"I could envy you!" I cried, impulsively; "you must be very happy. The tie between a brother and sister that love one another must be so close—so tender! I can imagine it."

"Imagine it!" echoed Geoffrey, reproachfully. "Ah, Bertha! I do not need recourse to my imagination to know what it is to have a sister." He spoke in a low tone. Somehow, the words smote me with a vague pang. Confused and momentary, for it was gone before I could recognize it. Then I was content to blindly bask in the sunshine of his affectionate glance, while the meaning of his words floated from me and only the music of the caressing tone remained to gladden me. Afterward I remembered.

We sat long into the evening beside Miss Lester's sofa. She grew more familiar with us—less shy and reserved. The innocent girlishness of her nature, as it grew more apparent, ineffably interested me, as I saw it did Geoffrey. I did not wonder at the softened manner, and almost tender tone he seemed involuntarily to assume in speaking to her, as he would have done, I thought, with a child. She was like a child, with all a child's winning ways, and, now that her shyness was gone, all a child's easy, unconventional familiarity.

We were completely to ourselves. During the long August twilight we sat talking gayly—always gayly. The themes of conversation which Geoffrey and I chose when we were alone we each seemed tacitly to agree were too

deep—perhaps too sad, for the sunshiny spirit of our visitor; his favorite songs seemed too plaintive, and he whispered me to sing my merriest ballads. I—poor fool, as I moved to the piano, felt an inward delight in thinking that he, as well as I, had a repugnance to our usual converse being shared by any one besides ourselves. After I had finished my song, I still sat at the piano, and the feelings that had been leaping up within me all the day found vent, almost unconsciously to myself, in wild, dreamy music, such as it was often my habit to improvise. Suddenly it was interrupted by Geoffrey, who came hastily to my side, and whispered in my ear—

"Don't, Bertha! Your mournful music saddens her. She does not understand it—the innocent child! Sing another of those quaint old ballads."

I obeyed contentedly. He went back to his seat beside the sofa. As I sang, looking on them both—for his face was turned toward her and away from me, so that I could gaze on him—I thought how good he was—how kind! How, with all the nobility and loftiness of manhood, he combined those gentler, tenderer qualities so rarely existing in a masculine nature.

I did him no more than justice: I have always known that, and gloried in knowing it.

I finished singing, went to the window, and looked out on the cold, gray evening sky, and the leaden sea. Every thing rested in a heavy, stony calm. No sign remained of the tumult that was past, except in the trees, which had been shaken nearly bare by the fierce wind—the leaves lying thickly on the ground even before they had caught the autumn tint.

"The world seems absolutely stunned after its fit of passion this morning," said Geoffrey, joining me in my survey; "not a breath of air stirring, and the heavens presenting one blank, moveless mass of cloud. Which do you consider the finest specimen of weather, Bertha, storm or calm?"

"I like them both," said I, smiling, "in their season."

"Oh, you are an imperturbable lassie on all these questions. If an earthquake were to visit us, I believe you would defend it as being especially Cornish." He spoke in an absent, abstracted way, very different from his usual manner. Presently he resumed—

"This very hour last night, Bertha, do you remember we were talking together at the drawing-room window, and you were persuading me to be 'good,' and talk to Miss Lester?"

"Yes, I remember. Are you not convinced now of my reasonableness? Don't you feel inclined to take my advice another time?"

"I don't know, Bertha," he said slowly, and with strange seriousness; "I am not sure if—

He paused.

"Surely your unfounded prejudice has fairly vanished? You like her now, do you not, as well as I do? At least I judged you did from your manner. No one can help liking her."

He was still silent—his eyes looking far out into the sky, his lip moving as it had a trick of doing when he was thoughtful. I watched him quietly for a while, then I could not forbear asking what troubled him.

“Troubles me!” he echoed, looking down with his old kind smile. “What made you think I was troubled, Bertha?”

“You looked so serious—so thoughtful.”

“Am I such a rattle-pate, then, that the appearance of thoughtfulness sits so strangely on my face as to awaken wonder? This is the penalty one pays for having habitually a large fund of animal spirits, and a knack of always speaking and looking gayly. It seems to be considered an impertinence in a fellow like me when he doffs the cap and bells, and presents the graver side of his nature to the world.”

I could not comprehend why he spoke thus, with a degree of bitterness which seemed altogether unjustified by the occasion.

“You, at least, should know me better, Bertha,” he resumed, before I could again speak. “You have seen—” He stopped suddenly. Mary Lester’s voice was heard from her remote corner.

“We must not leave her to herself, poor child,” said Geoffrey, turning away from me and hastening to his old seat by the sofa.

When I joined them, he was talking merrily, and appearing to take great pleasure in the silvery laughter his sallies evoked from Miss Lester. I was accustomed to his fitful changes of mood, yet I could not quite account for this. However, all trace of discontent or bitterness had vanished now. Never had I known him more completely himself than he was during that evening, until the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Warburton interrupted us.

Eager inquiries as to Miss Lester’s condition then poured in upon her, mingled with scraps of information, from which, at length, we gathered that Mr. and Mrs. Lester would bring their carriage the next day to remove their daughter.

“If she is well enough to go, I suppose?” said Geoffrey, hastily, on hearing this; “that proviso is necessary, is it not?” Then turning to Mary he added, “or are you very anxious to leave your present quarters?”

She returned his smile and shook her head.

“I dare say papa and mamma wish to have me with them,” she said; “but I shall be sorry to leave Bertha;—and every body,” she continued, after a pause, “who has been so kind to me.”

“As for Bertha,” said my step-mother, “she can, if you like, accompany you to F—— for a day or two. Mrs. Lester has been good enough to invite her.”

I was completely confounded by this. I was always averse to leaving home and going among strangers, and now to leave Cliffe—to leave Geoffrey—to lose, even for a time, my new happiness! I scarcely heard Mary’s eager entreaties—I took no heed of her caressing hands

clasping mine, as she urged me to return with her next day, and stay at F—— for awhile.

“You don’t say a word—you won’t look at me. You will never be so cruel as to refuse?” She turned to Geoffrey—“You ask her,” she said, “tell her she must come. You see, she is so silent and stern I am afraid to ask for myself any more.”

Geoffrey looked dissatisfied. I could see he was not pleased at this new proposition, though he replied laughingly to Mary’s appeal.

“I feel flattered that you rate my disinterestedness so highly. You actually, with the fullest confidence, require me to bring about my own bereavement. What is to become of me when you are both gone?”

“Polite, that!” muttered my father, in a perfectly audible growl, “very, to your host and hostess.”

“When my time is so short, too. I have been here two months already, and I must soon think of returning.” His voice grew melancholy, and he stopped abruptly. I stood—my mind alternating confusedly between joy and pain.

“But you know, F—— is not so far off,” said Mary, blushing and hesitating, “and if—if—”

“Poor little Mary isn’t used to giving invitations to stray young gentlemen,” interrupted my father, laughing; “but I’ll come to the rescue, in spite of Geoffrey’s civility to me just now. In brief, then, Mr. Lester charged me with a very cordial invitation to you, Geoffrey, understanding that you took an interest in such marine exploits, to stay a day or two at F—— during the pilchard fishing. And as I heard some very portentous murmurings as I came through the town to-day, to the effect that ‘pilchards are up,’ I doubt not Mr. Lester will press his welcome on you in person, to-morrow.”

“I am much obliged; it will give me great pleasure,” returned Geoffrey, and the hackneyed expressions bore their full meaning in the earnest sincerity with which he uttered them.

“And now will you ask Bertha?” cried Mary in glee. I reddened—I felt conscious of the interpretation the girl had put upon his previous hesitation.

“You have no need to seek such intercession,” I said quietly; “your own request would be sufficient. If you really wish me to return with you to-morrow, I will do so. But I am unused to leaving home, and—”

“You sha’n’t say any more, since you have consented,” broke in Mary; “it is all settled happily, and I shall sleep in peace.”

“She is very fond of you, Bertha,” whispered Geoffrey; “she loves you already. That is well. And I dare say we shall be quite content staying at F—— for a day or two. I am glad you have agreed to go.”

I was glad, too, when I saw he was satisfied. When I saw Mary to her room, she kissed me, and caressingly nestled her head in my bosom.

“Dear Bertha,” she said, in her own low,

pling tone, "do love me! I have never had a friend till now, and—and if you will let me I shall love you dearly. Will you?"

Reserved as was my nature, my heart yearned to the innocent child.

"Ah!" I murmured to myself, as I pressed my lips on her mouth, trembling as it was with girlish eagerness, "you will never ask for love, and be denied." There was a kind of sadness, but no bitterness, no thought of envy, in my mind: I felt too proudly secure in my own happiness.

"What do you say, Bertha?" asked the timid voice.

"I say, dear," I replied, as I turned to leave the room, "that you are one of those blessed creatures whom it is impossible to help loving. Thank God for it, child."

And I left her.

The next morning came. It was a bright day, and when Mary and Geoffrey appeared, they seemed in keeping with the day, so full of joyous life were they both. For myself I was unquiet, disturbed, I knew not why. The serenity of the previous day was gone; and without being able to fix on any tangible cause, I felt restless and almost anxious. I thought it accounted for when my father entered the breakfast room, and stated that Mrs. Warburton was so unwell as to be unable to leave her bed, desiring me to go and see her.

I did so, and found my step-mother—always prone to magnify passing disorders in herself or others—languidly settling herself as a thorough invalid, and declaring that she should not attempt to rise that day, she felt herself so ill.

"And so, Bertha," said she, "you have a very good excuse for not going to F—— with Miss Lester, which no doubt you will be glad of. Of course, no one could think of your leaving home while I am in such a state. The giddiness in my head is intolerable. Reach me that smelling-bottle."

As I left the room, and returned down stairs, I wondered within myself whether it was disappointment or relief that I felt fluttering perturbedly in my heart; but I could not determine whether I was glad or sorry that I was not going to leave home. I felt sorry when, directly I re-appeared, Mary called piteously on me to re-assure her.

"Mr. Warburton says you won't be able to go with me to-day. Oh Bertha, say he is wrong."

"I am grieved," I said, "but Mrs. Warburton wishes me to remain, and of course I can not think of leaving her."

Nothing could be said to this. There was a blank silence. I could see Mary's eyes grow lustrous with the tears, which to her came as readily as to a child. And I saw Geoffrey, who had been standing by, turn quickly to the open window, and commence pulling the leaves from the honeysuckle branches that twined about the walls.

I was a strange girl, always. I felt no impulse to draw near Mary, and soothe away her

disappointment. Very quietly I passed in and out of the room, superintending various domestic arrangements which, from my step-mother's illness, devolved on me. All the while, Mary lay on her sofa, with drooped head and sorrowful eyes, absently turning over the pages of a book; my father leaned back in his easy chair, utterly absorbed by his newspaper; and Geoffrey still stood by the window, and plucked the honeysuckle branch nearly bare.

I went up again to visit the invalid; when I returned to the breakfast-room, Mr. and Mrs. Lester were there.

Mrs. Lester kindly expressed her regret at my inability to return with them, and of course, her concern at its cause.

I murmured some indefinite reply to her civilities. I was straining my ear to catch the conversation of the three gentlemen.

"The extreme beauty of the weather," Mr. Lester was formally saying, "offers a favorable opportunity for excursions about F——, and the pilchard fishing began yesterday. As your father's son, Mr. Latimer, I was anxious to have you as a guest; and I can not but think, under all the circumstances, this present time is the very best adapted for my having that pleasure."

"You are all kindness, sir," said Geoffrey; and his eyes wandering about the room while he spoke, fixed on me. He came to my side.

"Dear Bertha," he whispered, "I scarcely like leaving you, even for a few days. What do you say? Should you like me to stay?"

"No, no," I returned, in perfect sincerity; "pray go: you can not refuse so cordial an offer."

Yet after all, it was with a pang that I heard him decisively accept Mr. Lester's invitation, and prepare to leave with them. But I thought the pang was natural enough. For a long time the world had seemed darker to me when he was absent. Nay, the very look of a room was altered by his entering or leaving it. It never occurred to me to wonder that all his reluctance in leaving was on my account; and if it had, I should only have seen in it his unselfish tenderness to me, as I do now.

"If I were not a poor, helpless, lame little thing," said Mary, as she clung to me, before entering the carriage, "I would not leave you, Bertha, in the midst of sickness and trouble. No, that I wouldn't."

She glanced, with a kind of indignant reproof, at Geoffrey, who stood at the carriage door waiting to assist her into it. I could not bear that any one should, for a moment, judge hardly of him.

"Supposing I sent you off, and wouldn't let you stay with me," said I, smiling; "then you would be obliged to go. And I assure you I should do so. I am much better without any body."

"Good-by, Mary," cried my father, as he lifted her to her seat in the carriage. "You carry off one visitor with you, at any rate. Make

yourself very agreeable, Geoffrey, to make up for the defalcation of the other."

"I can not hope to do that," said Geoffrey, as he bade me farewell, adding, in a lower tone, "take care of yourself, dear Bertha. I shall think about you. I shall be anxious; but I shall see you again soon."

He pressed my hand, bent his frank, loving gaze on my face, and sprang into the carriage, repeating—"I shall see you again soon."

And I went back into the house, and with the sound of the departing carriage wheels grinding in my ears, I tried to still the disquietude throb-bing in my breast, by dreaming over that last look, and the earnest affection of his last words.

Blessed are they that are beloved, for they possess a power almost divine of creating happiness! What else but that little look, those few words, could have sent such a tide of joy thrilling through me, as drowned for the time even the dreary pain of parting, and made the house less desolate—the utter weariness and blankness of the day that was to go by without him less insupportable?

It was a strange day. I passed it in reading a novel to my step-mother; attending to the various household duties, the mechanical performance of which is oftentimes such a blessing to a woman; and, toward evening, pacing through the shrubberies, thoughtfully. And then I stood on the brow of the cliff, and with the waves' low music murmuring in my ears, I watched the sun set in a glory of purple and gold, on the first day of Geoffrey's absence.

In the evening of the next day he came. I was sitting alone, listlessly turning over the pages of a book I was not reading. I was lost in reverie, and when he burst in at the door I hastily and confusedly pushed the book aside, as if that would betray the subject of my thoughts.

"Dear Bertha, how are you? You look flushed and worried. Tell me, do you feel ill?"

I could only falter out a negative. I had been expecting him all the day, and yet, now he was come, it gave me all the throbbing excitement of a surprise. I was obliged to lean my head on my hand, I felt so dizzy.

"I am sure you are not well. Surely, as Mrs. Warburton's illness is not of a serious nature, you might be spared for a day or two. It would be such a happiness to us all; and I have here a note, pleading the request—from—Mary."

He took from the breast pocket of his coat a tiny epistle, on which he looked for a minute before he gave it out of his hands into mine. I opened it, and read it. With a great effort I succeeded in composing myself sufficiently to comprehend its contents—an earnest and affectionate appeal to me and to my father and step-mother, to let Mary fetch me the next day in the little carriage, and drive me back to F—. There was a postscript, in which she said—"We have planned an excursion to show Mr. Latimer — Castle, on the day after to-morrow, and no one will enjoy it if you are not with us." When

I had finished reading the note, I laid it on the table beside me.

"May I read it?" asked Geoffrey, hesitatingly: and on my assent, he took up the dainty little sheet of paper, and began to decipher the delicate Italian handwriting, bending his head lowly over it. When he came to the postscript he smiled, and seemed to examine very curiously some of the words.

"She was going to write 'Geoffrey,'" cried he, at last, "and altered it into 'Mr. Latimer.' Ah! the child!—the child!"

I thought it strange that he should notice the circumstance. I had not. But I did not at the time observe the strange tone in which he murmured the last words, while he carefully refolded the note, smoothed it, and peered at the device upon the seal; and he still kept it in his hand, I remember, while he went on talking.

"Should not you like to come and stay with her? It would make her so happy; she is thoroughly in love with you, Bertha. She won't be repulsed, even if you could repulse her, which I know you can't. I wish you would come."

"It does not rest with me," I answered.

"She wants you so much," he continued, abstractedly, and without appearing to notice what I said; "and not only that—I want you," he cried, suddenly, raising his head, and looking at me. "Oh Bertha, I have so much to say to you—so much—"

"So, so! the bird's flown back to his old nest!" cried my father, entering the room, newspaper in hand. "Do they treat you so ill at F— that you can't stand another night of it? I protest you look pale and thin! Do they starve you—limit your diet to pilchard soup and potato pasties? Order up something luxuriously edible, Bertha, to revive his sinking energies. Come, have you any thing to say, or is your organ of speech famished to death, and have you infected Bertha with dumbness?"

"If it were so," answered Geoffrey, with a loud laugh that startled me, "I am sure you would infect us both back again into a capability of talking. Dear sir," he added, while he cordially grasped his hand, "I need not ask how you are. When you grow loquacious we may be sure all is well. I begin to hope you will accede to the petition I come charged with."

But my father shook his head, and would not listen to the proposed plan. More from habit than affection, for alas! only child of his dead wife though I was, I had never succeeded in endearing myself to him; he was always averse to my leaving home; and hitherto his humor, in this respect, had harmoniously chimed in with my own. But I felt it hard now, and harder yet when Geoffrey, after fruitlessly arguing the point on all sides, and being invariably met by the same quiet but positive shake of the head, rang the bell for his horse, and took leave.

"You outdo the very stones," he said, with a vexed laugh. "Cornish rocks are not so firmly fixed as your Cornish will. They move, some of them—but you—! I defy any power to make

you swerve one millionth part of an inch from your equilibrium of still, stern opposition and refusal. Good-by, Bertha!"—then, in a subdued tone—"I shall come *again* very soon—very soon. I wish much to have a long talk, and—shall I carry any message to Mary?"

My father caught the last words, and prevented my reply—

"My love to little Mary," he cried; "and, I say, Geoffrey, don't you flirt with her. I take a great interest in Mary Lester, and I won't have her peace of mind disturbed for all the gay young fellows in Christendom."

"Flirt—with her!"—muttered Geoffrey, with a rising color, and then he forced a laugh, pressed my hand with nervous vehemence, and was gone.

"He seems to be in a marvelous hurry," remarked my father. "I wonder if the pilchard fishing is the real attraction. Don't go, Bertha; here's a speech I want you to read to me; it's in small print, and the light is failing. Take it to the window, and throw out your voice, that I may hear every word."

Three days passed, and I saw nothing of Geoffrey; nor did we hear anything from F——. Looking back on those three days, it seems to me that I passed them in a kind of dream, mechanically fulfilling the duties of the time, and willfully blinding myself to all that might have awakened me from my trance. I was a girl—I had never known what love was, till now. I had never known what absence was, till now. And, moreover, I had all my life been wont, not to subdue my feelings, but only to conceal them; and only God, who sees into the hearts that he created, knows how a hidden passion, a hidden anguish, multiplies and dilates in the dark silence of its prison.

On the fourth day, Mrs. Warburton left her room for the first time, and in the afternoon my father drove her out to see some friends who lived some miles away. Left to myself, I took a book, and hurried down the cliff to my favorite haunt among the rocks. Vividly do I remember the sunshiny glory of that September afternoon, the golden transparency of the air, the peculiar clearness of the sea, which, near shore, appeared one mass of liquid emerald, gave where the rocks cast their quaint shadows, like frowns upon its still surface. The brown, jagged line of coast, stretching boldly out on either hand, the curved bay of F—— smiling in the distance, with the gray ruin of the castle on its own steep cliff, sternly outlined against the soft blue sky—all is impressed on my mind more keenly than any thing I can see now with bodily vision. I recollect the aromatic odor which rose from the beach, the choughs clustering here and there on the cliffs—and one shining-sailed little fishing-boat, which the lazy breeze scarce caused to move on the quiet sea. I have forgotten nothing.

I sat down on my throne, so high up among the labyrinth of rocks that less accustomed feet than mine would have found it difficult to pen-

trate thereto. I felt safely alone—and solitude was felicity to me then. I folded my hands on my lap, gazed out into the broad ocean, and floated forth into the yet broader sea of my happy thoughts.

It might have been hours—or only minutes that had elapsed, when the stillness was broken by another sound than the drowsy music of the ebbing tide. A voice, the very echo of which made my heart leap, called on my name.

"Bertha! Bertha! are you here? Answer, if you are."

What was it that choked the answer ere it passed my lips? It may have been fate that held me silent—motionless. Another voice, low, and very sweet, spoke next.

"I am quite tired, climbing these terrible precipices. Let me sit down awhile; may I?"

"May you?"

Something in the tone with which those two little words were repeated smote on my dormant sense, and woke it to keen life. They were very near me now, but the tall peaks of the rocks completely hid them from me. Still they were so near that I could hear every word that passed, though they spoke softly, gently, as lovers, happy lovers should.

"There! That is a proper seat for you, up there, and this is no less fit for me—at your feet. If I raise my eyes I see you—and heaven beyond. Nothing else."

I stood fixed. I listened—I heard all they said; I can hear it now.

"Ah, Geoffrey!" it was Mary spoke next: "shall I wake presently? This sunshine, and this emerald sea, and the cloudless sky, it is like what I have seen in dreams—only;" there was a hesitating pause, and then the voice grew trembling and low: "I should never have dreamed you—you loved me."

"Why not? Do you only dream of what you desire?"

She was silent.

"Did you ever dream of loving me, Mary?"

"I never thought of it till—till you asked me. And then I asked myself, and—I knew!"

"And did you never guess I loved you?"

"Never, never! I thought you cared for Bertha. If I had discovered my own secret before I knew yours—oh, Geoffrey, what should I have done?"

"Child, child! as if you could ever love in vain!"

"But if I had been right. I thought you loved Bertha."

"What could make you think so? Bertha is my dear friend, my sister. It is so different."

"I am ignorant—inexperienced—I could not detect the difference. And you *do* love her very much; you own it. I could almost be jealous, though I love her myself. I am a foolish little thing. Tell me you love *me* the best!"

"The best! There is no room for positives and comparatives in the world you occupy, Mary: you fill it all. It is with another and

distinct being, it seems to me, that I care for the few others I know and love. Rest easy, little jealous heart! You have a realm to yourself—it is your own, and can never belong to any one besides."

"Never, never? Are you quite sure? If I were to die—"

"Hush!"

"It is so strange. I wonder if Bertha knew—"

"Dear Bertha! To think that the first evening you spent at Cliffe she had to coax me into coming to talk with you, Mary! I did not like strangers, and I was cross and cold, and resolved to find you disagreeable. Ah! what an age seems past since then."

"Yes."

"It makes me very happy to know that Bertha and you will love one another. She is so good, so noble! The true, earnest character of a woman I would choose from all others to be the friend of my—my wife."

There was a silence. How merrily the waves sang, as they dashed on the rocks, and how the sunshine glared, reflected in the emerald sea! Then chimed in again the soft girlish voice:

"I shall be glad when Bertha knows. I hope she will love me—will be my friend, as you say."

"She will, she will, for my sake, as well as for yours, Mary. I was near telling her all the other evening when I was here. I so yearned to confide in her what I had not then told even to you. But some interruption occurred, and afterward I was glad I had said nothing. For, in case I had found that—you did not love me—I could not have endured that even Bertha should have known—"

"Ah, don't look so stern, Geoffrey! You frighten me."

"Am I so terrible?" he rejoined, with a light laugh. "Well, then, we will think of the happiness it will be now, when I tell Bertha, and lead you to her kind arms—"

Somehow, the next words floated from me. It was as if a great tide of roaring waters rushed up into my brain, and drowned all sense for a time. Upon this dull blank, consciousness slowly broke. Piercing the hollow murmur yet resounding in my ears, came a voice, gradually growing more distant. They were going:

"Let me hold your hand, darling. I must guide you over these rocks. Take care, child, take care!"

And then, nothing disturbed the stillness. The waves sang on, the little pebbles glittered in the sunshine, the silver-sailed boat nodded to its shadow in the glassy sea, and I stood gazing in a kind of wonder at my hands, all torn and bleeding, where I had clutched fierce hold of the sharply-pointed rocks beside which I had been standing.

At the shrubbery gate stood a servant watching for me. She told me that Miss Lester and Mr. Latimer had been waiting for me all the afternoon—that they were now in the drawing-room at tea. I passed through the garden,

crossed the lawn, and stood for a moment at the open window before entering. My father and my step-mother were there with them. Mary was leaning back in a great arm-chair—Geoffrey seated opposite to her—his eyes restlessly wandering about the room, yet ever returning to her face. A pale, fragile face it was, with the drooped eyes, and the long tresses of fair hair floating round it. There was a trembling consciousness in the quivering mouth—in the downcast eyes. I did not dare look longer on her—I stepped into the room.

"Ah, Bertha!" Geoffrey sprang to my side, and clasped my hand; and Mary timidly stole up, and tried to wind her arms round me.

"Go away, all of you!" I cried, releasing myself, with a loud laugh; "don't you see I'm wounded, and must be delicately handled." I held out my hands in testimony. "This comes of climbing rocks in a hurry."

"Did you fall? did you hurt yourself?" anxiously asked Geoffrey.

"Yes; both; I should like some tea," I added, passing to the tea-table, and sitting beside my step-mother.

"Poor thing; I dare say it has shaken you," observed she, ever compassionate to physical ailments.

"Shaken her—Bertha!" repeated my father. "Stuff! I defy any amount of tumble to ruffle Bertha's equanimity. She's a thorough Cornish woman—bred among the cliffs and rocks of our rough coast, till she's almost rock herself. Arn't you, Bertha?"

"Quite, sir."

"Not quite," said Geoffrey, seating himself beside me. "Ah, those poor little hands—how terribly they have been cut by the cruel rocks. Why don't you bind them up, Bertha?"

"Ah, let me—let me!" cried Mary. She knelt down at my feet, and drew forth her delicate little cambric handkerchief, and gently took hold of my hand. I held my breath—I might have borne it only I saw the look of his eyes as they were fixed on her. I snatched the hand away, and drew back my chair from her as she leaned against it. She would have fallen forward, but that Geoffrey's arm was quick to support her, and to raise her to her feet.

"Dear Bertha, did I hurt you?" she inquired—and she would persist in hovering round me, looking at me with her affectionate eyes—while he watched her, and loved her more, I knew, for her care of me.

"I can not bear to be touched," I answered; "I am afraid I must forfeit my character of being perfect flint after all—for you see this casualty has somewhat disordered my nerves."

"Nerves!" growled my father; "the first time I ever heard the words from your lips. Don't you take to nerves, for mercy's sake!"

"There is no fear of that," cried I, laughing; "and pray don't let any one alarm themselves about me," I added, looking mockingly on the anxious faces of Geoffrey and Mary, "I am perfectly able to take care of myself, wounded

though I am. I ought to apologize for occupying so much of your time and attention."

"Don't talk like that, Bertha," said Geoffrey, gravely; "you know what concerns you, concerns us!"

Us! The word stung me into fury, and I could not trust myself to speak.

"I so regret," said the polite, equable tones of my step-mother, as she turned to her guests, "that we should all have been out when you came. You must have waited here some hours. Such a pity!"

"We went down to the shore to look for Bertha among the rocks," said Geoffrey; "I wonder we did not see you," he continued, addressing me, "since you were there. We called you—we hunted for you. You must have wandered very far."

"Yes," I replied, briefly, "I had."

"I am afraid you are tired," he pursued, in a lower tone, "and yet I do so wish that we may have one of our happy twilight loiterings up and down the shrubbery walk this evening. Will you, Bertha?"

"No, I can not—I am weary," I said. My own voice smote strangely on my ear, it was so harsh. But he did not notice it—for Mary was speaking to him.

"Mrs. Warburton has no objection—she may come."

"Ah, Bertha, will you come back with us to F—— this evening?" said Geoffrey, with great animation; "that will be better still. Will you come?"

"It is impossible," said I, still quietly; "I can not leave home."

"I had to meet the entreaties of Mary—the anxious remonstrances of Geoffrey. At length they left me, and talked apart together. It was about me, I knew. He was uneasy about me—thought that my confinement to the house during Mrs. Warburton's illness had been too much for me. He said so, when he came up to me again.

"And I have been thinking that you ought to have some one to take care of you, dear Bertha; and if you do not feel well enough to leave home, Mary shall stay here with you, and nurse you. She wishes to do so."

I yet retained enough of reason to keep calm in order to prevent *that* plan's accomplishment. I had half anticipated it—I dreaded that I might presently encourage it—and then! No, I dared not have her left with me. So I whispered to Geoffrey that he must not propose such a scheme—that it would ruffle my step-mother to have an unpremeditated guest in the house that evening—that it could not be.

"Ah, poor Bertha!" he said tenderly; "dear Bertha! Some day she shall be better cared for."

His pity—his tenderness—maddened me. I started from my seat, and went out into the cool evening air. Mary followed me.

"See, the moon is rising!" cried I, merrily. "Did you ever see the moon rise over the sea

from our rocks, down there? Our beautiful rocks!"

"No—let us go there and watch it. Papa and mamma won't be here with the carriage for a whole hour yet, and your papa is going to carry off Mr. Latimer to look at some horses. And I love the rocks—don't you?"

"Ay—the happy, beautiful rocks!"

"Come, then, I know the way." She ran on before; I followed slowly, vaguely feeling that the air was pleasant and cool to my brow, and that it was easier to breathe out of the house. Before I reached the wicket, through which Mary had already disappeared, I was joined by Geoffrey.

"You said you were too tired to walk with me," he said in smiling reproach; "but you are going with Mary. Well, I forgive you. And, ah! Bertha, let me tell you now—"

"No, no, I can't wait," I cried; "besides—don't you hear my father calling you? He is impatient—you must go to him directly."

"Soit!" He turned away shrugging his shoulders with an air of forced resignation. I watched him till a turn in the path hid him, and the sound of his footsteps ceased. I was quite alone in the solemn stillness of the twilight. A faint odor stole from the flowers that nodded on their stems in the evening breeze; the murmur of the waves flowing in on the shore below came hushingly to my ears; and the moon was just breaking from a great white cloud—its beams lay on the sea in a long trembling column of light. The purity, the peace of the time fell on my heart like snow upon a furnace. There was that within me which was fiercely at war with every thing calm or holy. I turned away from the moonlight—from the flowers; and with eyes bent fixedly on the ground, I trod the garden path to and fro—to and fro—thinking! —

"Bertha—Bertha! oh, come!"

A voice, strained to its utmost yet still coming faintly, as from a distance, called upon my name. I know I must have heard it many times before it penetrated the chaos of my mind, and spoke to my comprehension. Then I knew it was Mary, who had long ago hastened down among the rocks, and who wondered, doubtless, that I did not join her. I paused and listened again.

"Oh, come! Bertha, Bertha, help me!"

The voice sunk with a despairing cadence. What could it mean—that earnest supplicating cry? I was bewildered, at first; and then I thought it must have been my own fancy that invested the dim sounds with such a wild and imploring tone. But I hurried through the wicket and down the path, when, midway, I was arrested by another cry, more distinct now, because nearer.

"Save me! Bertha, Bertha—help!"

Then I understood all. Her inexperienced steps had wandered into one of those bewildering convolutions of the rocks, and the advancing tide now barred her egress. I stood motionless

as the conviction flashed upon me. Quick, shrill, despairing came the cries, now.

"Come to me, oh, come and save me! I shall be drowned—drowned. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! help me! Don't let me die—come to me, Geoffrey!"

Even in her desperation her voice took a tenderer tone in calling on his name. And I did not move. Shriek upon shriek smote on the stillness; but well I knew that all ears save mine were far away; that the loudest cry that could come from the young, delicate girl, would never be heard, except by me. Soon, exhausted by her own violence, her voice died away into a piteous wailing, amid which I could catch broken words—words that rooted anew my stubborn feet to the ground; words that scorched and seared me, and hardened into a purpose the bad thoughts, that at first only confusedly whirled and throbbed at my heart.

"Geoffrey! come quickly to me. I shall die. Oh, Geoffrey! it is so hard to die now! Where are you, that you do not come to save me? Oh, Geoffrey! my Geoffrey!"

"He will never hear, he is far away," I said to myself; "there is no help for her, none." I felt myself smiling at the thought.

"I am drowning! Oh, the cruel sea—the dreadful, dreadful rocks!" shrieked the voice.

"The beautiful rocks," I muttered, "you said you loved them, but a little while ago. It was there that you and he— Ay, shriek on!"

The advancing tide was not more cruel, the hard rocks more immovable, than I, as I stood listening, till again the cries subsided into a moaning that blended with the rush of the waves.

"Oh, my mother! my mother! Heaven help me—have mercy on me!"

The voice was suddenly quite hushed. I shivered, and a strange, awful, deadly feeling stole over me. In that minute what an age passed.

"I know how murderers feel. But God is merciful—most merciful. Again the supplicating voice rose to my ears, this time like music. I sprang from the ground where the moment before I had crouched, and dashed down the cliff.

My mind was perfectly clear. It has been a blessed thought to me, since, that it was no delirious impulse turned me on my way to save her. I might have been mad before, I was not now. I had full command of my reason, and as I clambered along, I at once decided on the only plan by which I could rescue her. I knew every turn and twist of the rocks, and very soon I gained a high peak, above where she stood, at the farthest corner of a little creek, into which the tide was driving rapidly. There was no time to lose. I slid down the steep, smooth rock to her side. She was nearly unconscious with terror, yet when she saw me she uttered a glad cry, and wound her arms round my neck in her old caressing way. I let them stay there. I tried to arouse her courage. I told her I would save her, or we would die together. I bade her cling fast to me, and fear nothing; and then, with

one arm strongly holding her slender, childish form, and with the other, grasping the rocks for support, I waded with her through the waters.

Before we rounded the chain of steep rocks which had shut her in from the shore, she fainted. I was very strong. I raised her in my arms, and clasped her close. I climbed my way with vigor, I never felt her weight. I felt nothing, except thanksgiving that she was living, breathing, safe!

A sound of voices came confusedly from the cliff. I answered with all the power I could, and I was heard. Ere I gained the foot of the cliff, I saw, in the clear moonlight, a figure rushing toward us—Geoffrey. It yet rings in my ears, the terrible cry which burst from him, as he beheld the figure lying lifeless in my arms.

"She is living, she is safe!" I cried. I saw the change in his face, as he snatched her from me to his heart. Then I fell at his feet, and knew no more.

UNCLE BERNARD'S STORY.

"H! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner, for the winter was howling against the windows, looked up from his large-print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book."

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Ycs! yes! Uncle Bernard," chomped the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen.

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, whose name was *Sthenos*. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off and lost himself among the shadows of the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair; his nails were like claws, and he could climb the trees or swim in the water as easily as walk on the ground. Gigantic in height, his shoulders were broad and his limbs sturdy. He could outrun the swiftest deer, hit with a stone the flying bird, and kill with his knotty club the fiercest beasts. He ate only what he won in the chase, with some pleasant herbs or fruits, or honey which he found in hollow trunks and among the rocks; and he drank only water

from springs, or the deep river which flowed through the valley. He slept in caves or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts should catch him unawares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a certain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him as superior to the brutes around him, and made them acknowledge him as their lord. Thus he lived, lonely and unhappy, and, notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day as he was pushing through a thicket to reach the river, he heard singing sweeter than any he had ever heard. He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of all birds, and that this was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wonder, trembling with a new feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant where his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky. While she sung, she looked upward as if some one was hearing her, whom Sthenos could not see, and then she listened as if to a voice he could not hear. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, and said: 'Sthenos, our good God whom you have so long forgotten has not forgotten you; but pitying your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love.'

"As she spoke she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had parted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole being seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inexpressible happiness.

"And now that I am to dwell with you, dear Sthenos, lead me to your home!"

"Home!" replied he, "I know not what you mean!"

"Where do you rest after the chase, or amid the darkness? Where do you eat your food, and where do you most delight to be? That is home."

"I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where weariness or night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have killed the deer then I eat. I have never thought of a home."

"Come, then," said she, sweetly, "let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;" and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on until they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before

which a sunny meadow spread itself toward the southwest, blooming with harebells and daisy-cups, and pansies, and many more wild flowers. "Is it not charming?" said she; "the spring shall give us water, and the rock guard us from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows as they float mingled together over the green grass and the flowers that spring up through the verdure."

"Sthenos smiled, and, though he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm of nature he had never before known.

"Now," she said, "the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too hotly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed birches." This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the mean time she had gathered heaps of dry mosses, and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf-covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved bark, overlapping in successive and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and said: "This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;" and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, trailing, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

"The simple meal, soon prepared by her skillful hands, he thought more savoury than he had ever had; but before she suffered him to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God the giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless Preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him soft garments out of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skillful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the hut constantly received new conveniences and ornaments from his strong or her cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return bearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a goat with full udders to his home, dear because hers.

"On waking one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender, holy thoughts, and said, "You called me Sthenos, but have never told me the name by which I am to call you, my dearest."

"You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sthenos, whenever you are in trouble, in need, or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and whatever love can do, I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessing of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when you shall have learned to sing and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall leave the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, far more beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago."

"O happy hope," replied Sthenos; "I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts."

"Say not so, Sthenos," answered she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; "our highest joy will be to dwell with our good God."

From that moment Sthenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; three daughters like their mother, graceful. But one fair morning the father and the mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling): their children went anxiously in to seek them, but they found them not. Sthenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): "I point out the way to them and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden."

"And I," said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, "bore them up on my wings."

"And I," joyfully exclaimed the third, who had eyes like the first spring violets washed with rain, "have made them both one forever."

Then turning to her sister angels, she said: "Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united being with immortal happiness."

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude, "that is better than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sthenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?"

"I made them out of the Greek," answered the old man: "and by Sthenos, I mean man left to himself, when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to holy wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," adds Robert, "for faith gives pious people courage."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love lives forever," whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child! you look like her," whispers back Uncle Bernard.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"WHEN you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes, for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonizing those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, &ny love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves—and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but, after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours."

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said, sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me."

The frank, joyous husband, was, as he ex-

pressed it, "shut up for the evening." And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the "family kill-joy."

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel's whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit: yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equalled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love, as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth her life was one long weak wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die! What sin had she committed to be so sorely tried?

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifl with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and, even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day; come into my study."

Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in the other her lover's despair.

"He says, Bell, that you have been engaged above a year. We must not be hard on him. He is naturally desirous to have the affair settled. What do you say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage?"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.

"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"

"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma" (her head sorrowfully bent down).

"That is the trial of life, my child," said Mr. Gray, in a low tone; his face full of that quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We can not expect to keep you with us always; and although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell: what answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling, and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half-sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said: "There, go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave, and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me, and meanwhile—go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from this terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but," sighed the lady, "no man ever loved as much as woman loves!"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk? Can you not understand the duty of silence? Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said, "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland." They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble, too—much more than was

necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long, which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold, and her grief, and her weariness made her the most painful companion, especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations, plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savored less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, and who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half-distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once, to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting-fits performed by her mother.

It wanted only a week now to the marriage when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.

"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Doctor Melville if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time: but she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger!" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door, and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly round the room, expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; send for your father." A new nature seemed to be roused in Isabel. Agitated and frightened as she was, a womanly self-posse-

sion seemed to give her double power, both of act and vision, and to bury forever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell, and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said, quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face gently; and, without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then, as her father entered, she drew back the curtains, and opened the window, saying, softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that every thing was already done which could be done without professional advice; and, giving his wife's pale cheek a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying, simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man could have done it, was at Doctor Melville's door.

All this self-possession seemed to Mrs. Gray only intense heartlessness; and she lay there brooding over the indifference of her husband and child with such bitterness, that at last she burst into a fit of hysterical tears, and threw herself into such agitation, that she brought back the bleeding from the ruptured vessel to a more alarming extent than before. She would have been more comforted, ten thousand times, if they had both fallen to weeping and wailing, and had rendered themselves useless by indulgence in grief. Love with her meant pity and caresses.

"Oh, child!" gasped Mrs. Gray, "how little you love me!"

Isabel said nothing for a moment. She kissed her mother's hand, and with difficulty repressed her tears; for it was a terrible accusation, and almost destroyed her calmness. But, fearing that any exhibition of emotion would excite and harm her mother, she pressed back the tears into her inmost heart, and only said, "Dearest mother, you know I love you more than my life!"

But Mrs. Gray was resolved to see in all this calmness only apathy. She loosened her daughter's hand pettishly, and sobbed afresh. If Isabel had wept a sea of tears, and had run the risk of killing her with agitation, she would have been better pleased than now. Isabel thought her mind was rather affected, and looked anxiously for her father.

"Don't stay with me, Isabel! Go—go—you want to go!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, at long, long

intervals. "Go to your lover, he is the first consideration now."

"Dear mamma, why do you say such terrible things!" said the girl, soothingly. "What has come to you?"

"If you loved me," sighed Mrs. Gray, "you would act differently!"

At this moment Herbert Gray and Dr. Melville entered. Having examined the patient, the doctor at once said,

"You have done every thing, Miss Isabel, like the most experienced nurse. You deserve great praise. Had you been less capable or less self-possessed, your mother might have lost her life."

He said this to comfort the patient; but she turned away sadly, and murmured,

"My child does not love me; she has done her duty; but duty is not love!"

Mrs. Gray recovered from this phase of her illness only to fall into another more dangerous. In a few weeks she was pronounced in a deep decline, which might last for some years, or be ended in comparatively a few days—one of those lingering and capricious forms of consumption, that keeps every one in a kind of suspense, than which the most painful certainty would be better.

Of course Isabel's marriage was postponed to an indefinite time, and Charles Houghton murmured sadly, as was natural. He proved to Isabel in most conclusive logic, that the kindest thing she could do for her mother, and the most convincing proof of love she could give her, was to marry him at once, and then she would have a great deal more time to attend on her; for now his visits took up so much time, and all that would be saved. His logic failed; and then he got very angry. So that between her mother and her lover, the girl's life was not spent among roses. She went on, however, doing her duty steadily; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but acting as she felt to be right.

Her mother's querulous complaints used always to be most severe after some terrible scene with Charles, when perhaps he had been beseeching Isabel not to kill him with delay.

One day Charles came to the house, looking very pale.

"You are ill!" she said, anxiously.

"I am, Isabel, very ill."

She took his hand and caressed it in both her own, looking fondly into his face. He left his hand quite passive. To say the truth frankly, although he looked ill he looked also sulky.

"Can I do any thing for you?"

"Every thing, Isabel," he said, abruptly: "Marry me."

She tried to smile, but her lover's gravity chilled her.

"You can do all for me, and you do nothing."

"I will do all I can. But if a greater duty—"

"A greater duty!" Charles interrupted. "What greater duty can you have than to

the man you love and who loves you, and whose wife you have promised to be!"

"But Charley, if I were your wife, I should then have, indeed, no greater duty than your happiness. As it is, I have more sacred ties—though none dearer," she added, in her gentlest voice.

"I also have superior duties, Isabel."

She started; but after a moment's pause, she said,

"Certainly." The young man watching her face intently.

"And how will you feel, Isabel, when I place those ties far above your love, and all I owe you, and all that we have vowed together?"

"Nothing unkind toward you, Charles," Isabel answered, her heart failing her at the accusing tone of her lover's voice.

"But Isabel, you will not let me go alone!" he cried, passionately. "You can not have the heart to separate from me—perhaps forever!"

He threw his arms round her.

"Go alone—separate—what do you mean? Are you going any where? or are you only trying me?"

"Trying you, my dear Isabel? no, I am too sadly in earnest!"

"What do you mean, then?" tears filling her eyes.

"You know that my father's affairs have been rather embarrassed lately?"

"No," she said, speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, his West India property is almost a wreck. He has just lost his agent of yellow fever, and must send out some one immediately to manage the estate. It is all he has to live on, unless he has saved something—and I don't think he has—when he can no longer practice at the bar. It is too important to be lost."

"Well, Charles?"

"I must go."

There was a deep pause. Isabel's slight fingers closed nervously on the hand in hers; she made a movement as if she would have held him nearer to her.

"And now what will you do, my Isabel? will you suffer me to go alone? will you let me leave you, perhaps forever—certainly for years—without the chance of meeting you again, and with many chances of death? Will you virtually break your engagement, and give me back my heart, worn, and dead, and broken? or will you brave the world with me, become my wife, and share my fortunes?"

"Charles; how can I leave my mother, when every day may be her last; yet when, by proper care and management, she may live years longer? What can I do?"

"Come with me. Listen to the voice of your own heart, and become my wife."

Isabel sunk back in deep thought. "No," she whispered, "my mother first of all—before you."

He let her hand fall from his. "Choose, then," he said; coldly.

She clung to him; weeping now and broken. He pressed her to his heart. He believed that he had conquered.

"Choose," he again whispered. "If you have not chosen already;" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Charles! you know how dearly I love you."

At that moment her mother's cough struck her ear. The windows were open, and it sounded fearfully distinct in the still summer air. Isabel shuddered, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, resting it there for many minutes.

"I have chosen," she then said, after a long, long pause. She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes. Although pale as a marble statue, but quiet and resolved, she never looked so lovely, never so lovely. There was something about her very beauty that awed her lover, and something in the very holiness of her nature that humbled and subdued him—only for a moment; that passed, and all his man's eagerness and strength of will returned, and he would have given his life to destroy the very virtues he revered.

He besought her by every tender word love ever framed, to listen to him and to follow him. He painted scenes of such desolation and of such abject misery without her, that Isabel wept. He spoke of his death as certain, and asked how she would feel when she heard of his dying of a broken heart in Jamaica, and how could she be happy again when she had that on her conscience? And although she besought him to spare her, and once was nearly fainting in his arms from excessive emotion, yet he would not; heaping up her pile of woes high and still higher, and telling her throughout all, "that she did not love him now."

After a fearful scene the girl tore herself away; rushing as if for refuge from a tempting angel, and from herself, into her mother's room; busying herself about that sick bed with even greater care and tenderness than usual.

"You have been a long time away, Isabel," Mrs. Gray said, petulantly.

"Yes: I am very sorry, dearest mamma. I have been detained." Isabel kissed her withered hand.

"Detained—you don't deny it, Isabel."

"I am very sorry."

Tears trembled in her mother's eyes as she murmured, "Sorry! Don't stay with me, child, if you wish to go. I am accustomed to be alone."

"I entreat you not to think that I wish to leave you for a moment."

"Oh, yes, you do, Isabel! I daresay Charles is below stairs—he seems to be always here since I have been ill. You have a great deal to say to him, I am sure."

"I have said all I had to say," answered Isabel, quietly.

She was sitting in the shadow of the window-curtains; and, as she spoke, she bent her head

lower over her work. Her mother did not see the tears which poured down fast from her eyes.

"Oh, then it was Charles who kept you! I can easily understand, my love, the burden I must be to you. I am sure you are very good not to wish me dead—perhaps you do wish me dead, often—I am in your way, Isabel. If I had died, you would have been happily married by this time; for you would not have worn mourning very long, perhaps. Why have I been left so long to be a burden to my family?"

All this, broken up by the terrible cough and by sobs and tears, Isabel had to bear and to soothe away, when she herself was tortured with real grief.

Charles departed for Jamaica. The thick shadow of absence fell between their two hearts. Henceforth she must live on duty, and forget love; now almost hopeless. A stern decree this for a girl of nineteen.

For the youth himself, the excitement of the voyage, the novelty of his strange mode of life, and the distractions of business, were all so many healing elements which soon restored peace to his wounded heart. Not that he was disloyal, or forgetful of his love, but he was annoyed and angry. He thought that Isabel might have easily left her mother to go with him, and that she was very wrong not to have done so. Between the excitement of new scenes and new amusements, and the excitement of anger and disappointment, Charles Houghton recovered his serenity, and flourished mightily on Jamaica hospitality.

By the end of that year the invalid grew daily weaker and weaker. She could not leave her bed, now; and then she could not sit up even; and soon she lay without motion or color—and then, on the first day of spring, she died. She died on the very same day that Charles Houghton entered the house of the rich French planter, Girard, and was presented to his heiress, Pauline.

Pauline Girard! a small, dark, gleaming gem—a flitting humming-bird—a floating flower—a firefly through the night—a rainbow through the storm—all that exists in nature most aerial, bright and beautiful; these Charles compared her to and a great deal more; that is—when they first met. Charles, with his great Saxon heart fell in love with her at first sight. It was not love such as he had felt for Isabel. It struck him like a swift disease. It was not the quiet, settled, brother-like affection which had left him nothing to regret and little to desire; but it was a wild fierce fever that preyed on his heart and consumed his life. He would fly; he would escape; he was engaged to Isabel. It must be that she did not love him, else she never could have suffered him to leave her; yet he was bound to her. Honor was not to be lightly sacrificed. Would Pauline, with her large passionate eyes, have given up her lover so coldly? Still he was engaged, and it was a sin and a crime to think of another. He would fly from

the danger while he could; he would fight the battle while he had strength. He was resolved, adamant. One more interview with Pauline and—but Pauline presented herself accidentally in the midst of these indomitable projects. One glance from her deep sapphire eyes put all his resolutions to flight—duty like a pale ghost, passing slowly by in the shade.

When fully awake to the truth of his position, Houghton wrote to Isabel. He wrote to her like a madman, imploring her to come out to him immediately; to lay aside all foolish scruples, to think of him only as her husband, to trust to him implicitly, and to save him from destruction. He wrote to her with a fierce emphasis of despair and entreaty that burned like fire in his words.

This letter found Isabel enfeebled by long attendance on her mother; unable to make much exertion of mind or body, and requiring entire repose. That she should be restored to her lover; that she should be happy as his wife, was, for a moment like a new spring-tide in her life to dream. Then she remembered her father, her dear, patient, noble, self-denying father, to whom she was now every thing in life; and she wrote and told Charles that she could not go out to him; but reminded him that his term of absence had nearly expired; and that, when he returned, they should be married, never to be parted again. Why should they not be married in England rather than in Jamaica?

"Thank God I am free!" Houghton exclaimed when he had read the letter. It dropped from his nerveless hand. He ordered his horse, and rode through the burning tropical sun to Pauline Girard. Not two hours after the receipt of Isabel's letter he was the accepted lover of the young French heiress.

Poor Isabel! at that instant she was praying for him in her own chamber.

News came to England in due time. Charles himself wrote to Isabel, gently and kindly enough; but unmistakably. It stood in plain, distinct words, "I am to be married to Pauline Girard;" and no sophistry could soften the announcement. He tried to soothe her wounded feeling by dealing delicately with her pride. He had been, he urged, only secondary in her heart. She placed others before him, and would make no sacrifice for him. What had happened was her own doing entirely; she had not cared to retain him, and he had only acted as she would have him act, he was sure of that, in releasing her. And then he was "her very affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less among even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

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BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVII.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

I HAD gone to bed and fallen asleep, when my Guardian knocked at the door of my room and begged me to get up directly. On my hurrying to speak to him and learn what had happened, he told me, after a word or two of preparation, that there had been a discovery at Sir Leicester Dedlock's. That my mother had fled; that a person was now at our door who was empowered to convey to her the fullest assurances of affectionate protection and forgiveness if he could possibly find her, and that I was sought for to accompany him, in the hope that my entreaties might prevail upon her, if his failed. Something to this general purpose, I made out; but I was thrown into such a tumult of alarm, and hurry and distress, that in spite of every effort I could make to subdue my agitation, I did not seem, to myself, fully to recover my right mind until hours had passed.

But I dressed and wrapped up expeditiously without waking Charley or any one, and went down to Mr. Bucket, who was the person intrusted with the secret. In taking me to him my Guardian told me this, and also explained how it was that he had come to think of me. Mr. Bucket, in a low voice, by the light of my Guardian's candle, read to me, in the hall, a letter that my mother had left upon her table, and I suppose within ten minutes of my having been aroused, I was sitting beside him, rolling swiftly through the streets.

His manner was very keen and intent, and yet considerate, when he explained to me that a great deal might depend on my being able to answer without confusion a few questions that he wished to ask me. These were, chiefly, whether I had had much communication with my mother (to whom he referred as Lady Dedlock), when and where I had spoken with her last, and how she had become possessed of my handkerchief. When I had satisfied him on these points, he asked me particularly to consider—taking time to think—whether within my knowledge, there was any one, no matter where, in whom she might be at all likely to confide, under circumstances of the last necessity. I could think of no one but my Guardian. But, by-and-by, I mentioned Mr. Boythorn. He came into my mind as connected with his old chivalrous manner of mentioning my mother's name, and with what my Guardian had informed me of his engagement to her sister, and his unconscious connection with her unhappy story.

My companion had stopped the driver while we held this conversation, that we might the better hear each other. He now told him to go on again, and said to me, after considering within himself for a few moments, that he had made up his mind how to proceed. He was quite willing to tell me what his plan was; but I did not feel clear enough to understand it.

* Continued from the Augus. Number.

We had now driven very far from our lodgings, when we stopped in a by-street, at a public-looking place lighted up with gas. Mr. Bucket took me in and sat me in an arm-chair, by a bright fire. It was now past one, as I saw by the clock against the wall. Two police officers, looking in their perfectly neat uniform not at all like people who were up all night, were quietly writing at a desk, and the place seemed very quiet altogether, except for some beating and calling out at distant doors underground, to which nobody paid any attention.

A third man in uniform, whom Mr. Bucket called, and to whom he whispered his instructions, went out, and then the two others advised together, while one wrote from Mr. Bucket's subdued dictation. It was a description of my mother that they were busy with; for Mr. Bucket brought it to me when it was done, and read it in a whisper. It was very accurate indeed.

The second officer, who had attended to it closely, then copied it out, and called in another man in uniform (there were several in an outer room) who took it up and went away with it. All this was done with the greatest dispatch and without the waste of a moment, yet nobody was at all hurried, or made any kind of show. As soon as the paper was sent out upon its travels, the two officers resumed their former quiet work of writing with great neatness and care. Mr. Bucket thoughtfully came and warmed the soles of his boots, first one and then the other, at the fire.

"Are you well wrapped up, Miss Sunnernson?" he asked me, as his eyes met mine. "It's a desperate sharp night for a young lady to be out in."

I told him I cared for no weather, and was warmly clothed.

"It may be a long job," he observed; "but so that it ends well, never mind, miss."

"I pray to heaven it may end well," said I.

He nodded comfortingly. "You see, whatever you do, don't you go and fret yourself. You keep yourself cool and equal for any thing that may happen; and it'll be the better for you, the better for me, the better for Lady Dedlock, and the better for Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

He was really very kind and gentle; and as he stood before the fire warming his boots and rubbing his face with his forefinger, I felt a confidence in his sagacity which re-assured me. It was not yet a quarter to two when I heard horses' feet and wheels outside. "Now Miss Sunnernson," said he, "we are off, if you please!"

He gave me his arm, and the two officers courteously bowed me out, and we found at the door a phaeton or barouche, with a postillion and post horses. Mr. Bucket handed me in, and took his own seat on the box. The man in uniform, whom he had sent to fetch this equipage, then handed him up a dark lantern at his request; and when he had given a few directions to the driver we rattled away.

I was far from sure that I was not in a dream for we rattled with great rapidity, through such

a labyrinth of streets that I soon lost all idea of where we were, except that we had crossed and re-crossed the river, and still seemed to be traversing a low-lying water-side dense neighborhood of narrow thoroughfares, checkered by docks and basins, high piles of warehouses, swing-bridges, and masts of ships. At length we stopped at the corner of a little slimy turning, which the wind from the river—rushing up it—did not purify, and I saw my companion, by the light of his lantern, in conference with several men, who looked like a mixture of police and sailors. Against the mouldering wall by which they stood, there was a bill, on which I could discern the words, "FOUND DROWNED;" and this, and an inscription about Drags, possessed me with the awful suspicion shadowed forth in our visit to that place.

I had nobody to remind myself that I was not there, by the indulgence of any feeling of mine, to increase the difficulties of the search, or to lessen its hopes, or enhance its delays, and I remained quiet; but what I suffered in that dreadful spot I never can forget. And still it was like the horror of a dream. A man, yet dark and muddy, in long, swollen, sodden boots, and a hat like them, was called out of a boat, and whispered with Mr. Bucket, who went away with him down some slippery steps—as if to look at something secret he had to show. They came back, wiping their hands upon their coats, after turning over something wet—but thank God it was not what I feared!

After some further conference, Mr. Bucket (whom every body seemed to know and defer to) went in with all the others at a door, and left me in the carriage, while the driver walked up and down by his horses, to warm himself. The tide was coming in, as I judged from the sound it made, and I could hear it break at the end of the alley with a little rush toward me. It never did so; and I still thought it did so, hundreds of times, in what can have been at the most a quarter of an hour, and probably was less; but the thought shuddered and rushed through me that it would cast my mother at the horses' feet.

Mr. Bucket came out again, exhorting the others to be vigilant, darkened his lantern, and once more took his seat. "Don't you be alarmed, Miss Sunnernson, on account of our coming here," he said, turning to me. "I only want to have every thing in train, and to know that it is in train by looking after it myself. Get on, my lad!"

We appeared to retrace the way we had come. Not that I had taken note of any particular objects in my perturbed state of mind, but judging from the general character of the streets. We called at another office or station for a minute, and crossed the river again. During the whole of this time, and during the whole search, my companion, wrapped up on the box, never relaxed in his vigilance a single moment; but when we crossed the bridge, he seemed, if possible, to be more on the alert than before. He stood up to

look over the parapet; he alighted, and went back after a shadowy female figure that flitted past us, and he gazed into the profound black pit of water with a face that made my heart die within me. The river had a fearful look, so overcast and secret, creeping away so fast between the low, flat lines of shore, so heavy with indistinct and awful shapes, both of substance and shadow, so deathlike and mysterious. I have seen it many times since then, by sunlight and by moonlight, but never free from the impressions of that journey. In my memory the lights upon the bridge are always burning dim, the cutting wind is eddying round the homeless woman whom we pass, the monotonous wheels are whirling on, and in the light of the carriage lamp reflected back, looks palely in upon me a face rising out of the dreaded water.

Clattering and clattering through the empty streets, we came at length from the pavement on to dark smooth roads, and began to leave the houses behind us. After a while, I recognized the familiar way to St. Albans. At Barnet fresh horses were ready for us, and we changed and went on. It was very cold indeed, and the open country was white with snow, though none was falling then.

"An old acquaintance of yours, this road, Miss Summerson?" said Mr. Bucket, cheerfully.

"Yes," I returned. "Have you gathered any intelligence?"

"None that can be quite depended on as yet," he answered; "but it's early times as yet."

He had gone into every late or early public-house where there was a light (they were not a few at that time, the road being then much frequented by drovers), and had got down to talk to the turnpike-keepers. I had heard him ordering drink, and chinking money, and making himself agreeable and merry every where; but whenever he took his seat upon the box again, his face resumed its watchful, steady look, and he always said to the driver in the same business tone, "Get on, my lad!"

With all these stoppages, it was between five and six o'clock, and we were yet a few miles short of Saint Albans, when he came out of one of those houses and handed me in a cup of tea.

"Drink it, Miss Summerson, it'll do you good. You're beginning to get more yourself now, ain't you?"

I thanked him, and said I hoped so.

"You was what you may call stunned at first, you see," he returned; "and Lord! no wonder. Don't speak loud, my dear. It's all right. She's on ahead."

I don't know what joyful exclamation I made, or was going to make, but he put up his finger and I stopped myself.

"Passed through here on foot, this evening, about eight or nine. I heard of her first at the archway toll, over at Highgate, but couldn't make quite sure. Traced her all along, on and off. Picked her up at one place, and dropped her at another; but she's before us now, safe.

Take hold of this cup and saucer, hostler. Now, if you wasn't brought up to the butter trade, look out and see if you can catch half-a-crown in your t'other hand. One, two, three, and there you are. Now, my lad, try a gallop!"

We were soon in Saint Albans, and alighted a little before day, when I was just beginning to arrange and comprehend the occurrences of the night, and really to believe that they were not a dream. Leaving the carriage at the posting-house, and ordering fresh horses to be ready, my companion gave me his arm and we went toward home.

"As this is your regular abode here, Miss Summerson, you see," he observed, "I should like to know whether you've been asked for by any stranger answering the description, or whether Mr. Jarndyce has? I don't much expect it, but it might be."

As we ascended the hill, he looked about him with a sharp eye; the day was now breaking, and reminded me that I had come down it one night, as I had reason for remembering, with my little servant and poor Jo—whom he called Touhey.

I wondered how he knew that.

"When you passed a man upon the road, just yonder, you know," said Mr. Bucket.

Yes, I remembered that too, very well.

"That was me," said Mr. Bucket.

Seeing my surprise he went on.

"I drove down in a gig that afternoon, to look after that boy. You might have heard my wheels when you came out to look after him yourself, for I was aware of you and your maid going up, when I was walking the horse down. Making an inquiry or two about him in the town, I soon heard what company he was in, and was coming among the brick-fields to look for him, when I observed you bringing him home here."

"Had he committed any crime?" I asked.

"None was charged against him," said Mr. Bucket, coolly lifting off his hat, "but I suppose he wasn't over-particular. No, what I wanted him for was in connection with keeping this very matter of Lady Dedlock quiet. He had been making his tongue more free than welcome, as to a small accidental service he had been paid for by the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn, and it wouldn't do at any sort of price to have him playing those games. So having warned him out of London, I made an afternoon of it to warn him to keep out of it, now he was away, and go farther from it, and maintain a bright look-out that I didn't catch him coming back again."

"Poor creature," said I.

"Poor enough," assented Mr. Bucket, "and trouble enough, and well enough away from London or any where else. I was regularly thrown upon my back when I found him taken up by your establishment, I do assure you."

I asked him why? "Why, my dear?" said Mr. Bucket. "Naturally there was no end to his tongue then. He might as well have been

born within twenty yards of it, and a remnant over."

Although I remember this conversation now, my head was in confusion at the time, and my power of attention hardly did more than enable me to understand that he entered into these particulars to divert and entertain me. With the same kind intention, manifestly, he often spoke to me of indifferent things, while his face was busy with the one object that we had in view. He still pursued this subject as we turned in at the garden gate.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bucket. "Here we are, and a nice retired place it is. Puts a man in mind of the country house in the Woodpecker tapping, that was known by the smoke which so gracefully curled. They're early with the kitchen fire, and that denotes good servants. But what you've always got to be careful of with servants, is, who comes to see 'em; you never know what they're up to, if you don't know that. And another thing, my dear. Whenever you find a young man behind the kitchen door, you give that young man in charge on suspicion of being secreted in a dwelling-house with an unlawful purpose."

We were now in front of the house; he looked attentively and closely at the gravel for footprints, before he raised his eyes to the windows.

"Do you generally put that elderly young gentleman in the same room, when he's on a visit here, Miss Summerson?" he inquired, glancing at Mr. Skimpole's usual chamber.

"You know Mr. Skimpole!" said I.

"What do you call him again?" returned Mr. Bucket, bending down his ear. "Skimpole, is it? I've often wondered what his name might be. Skimpole. Not John, I should say, nor yet Jacob?"

"Harold," I told him.

"Harold. Yes. He's a queer bird is Harold," said Mr. Bucket, eying me with great expression.

"He's a singular character," said I.

"No idea of money," observed Mr. Bucket. "He takes it though!"

I involuntarily returned for answer, that I perceived Mr. Bucket knew him.

"Why, now I'll tell you, Miss Summerson," he rejoined. "Your mind will be all the better for not running on one point too continually, and I'll tell you, for a change. It was him as pointed out to me where Toughey was. I made up my mind, that night, to come to the door and ask for Toughey, if that was all; but, willing to try a move or so first, if any such was on the board, I just pitched up a morsel of gravel at that window where I saw a shadow. As soon as Harold opens it and I have had a look at him, thinks I, you're about the man for me. So I smoothed him down a bit, about not wanting to disturb the family, after they was gone to bed and about its being a thing to be regretted that charitable young ladies should harbor vagrants; and then, when I pretty well understood his rig, I said, I should consider a fypunnote well bestowed if I

could relieve the premises of Toughey without causing any noise or trouble. 'There,' says he, lifting up his eyebrows in the gayest way, 'it's no use mentioning a fypunnote to me, my friend, because I'm a mere child in such matters, and have no idea of money.' Of course I understood what his taking it so easy meant, and being now quite sure he was the man for me, I wrapped the note round a little stone and threw it up to him. Well! He laughs and leans, and looks as innocent as you like, and says, 'But I don't know the value of these things. What am I to do with this?' 'Spend it, sir,' says I. 'But I shall be taken in,' he says, 'they won't give me the right change, I shall lose it, it's no use to me.' Lord, you never saw such a face as he carried it with! Of course he told me where to find Toughey, and I found him."

I regarded this as very treacherous on the part of Mr. Skimpole toward my Guardian, and as passing the usual bounds of his looseness of principles.

"Bounds, my dear?" returned Mr. Bucket. "Bounds? Now, Miss Summerson, I'll give you a piece of advice that your husband will find useful when you are happily married, and have got a family about you. Whenever a person says to you that they are as innocent as can be in all concerning money, look well after your own money, for they are dead certain to collar it, if they can. Whenever a person proclaims to you 'In worldly matters I'm a child,' you consider that that person's just a-crying off from being held accountable, and that you have got that person's number, and it's Number One. Now I am not a poetical man myself, except in a vocal way when it goes round a company, but I'm a practical one, and that's my practical experience. So's this rule. Fast and loose in one thing, Fast and loose in every thing. I never knew it fail. No more will you. Nor no one. With which caution to the unwary, my dear, I take the liberty of pulling this here bell, and so go back to our business."

I believe it had not been for a moment out of his mind, any more than it had been out of my mind, or out of his face. The whole household were amazed to see me, without any notice, at that time in the morning, and so accompanied; and their surprise was not diminished by my inquiries. No one, however, had been there. It could not be doubted that this was the truth.

"Then, Miss Summerson," said my companion, "we can't be too soon at the cottage where them brickmakers are to be found. Most inquiries there I leave to you, if you'll be so good as to make 'em. The naturallest is the best way, and the naturallest is your own way."

We set off again immedately. On arriving at the cottage, we found it shut up, and apparently deserted; but one of the neighbors who knew me, and who came out when I was trying to make some one hear, informed me that the two women and their husbands now lived together in another house made of loose rough bricks, which stood on

the margin of the piece of ground where the kilns were, and where the long rows of bricks were drying. We lost no time in repairing to this place, which was within a few hundred yards, and as the door stood ajar I pushed it open.

There were only three of them sitting at breakfast; the child lying asleep on a bed in the corner. It was Jenny, the mother of the dead child, who was absent. The other woman rose on seeing me; and the men, though they were, as usual, sulky and silent, each gave me a morose nod of recognition. A look passed between them when Mr. Bucket followed me in, and I was surprised to see that they evidently knew him.

I had asked leave to enter, of course. Liz (the only name by which I knew her) rose to give me her own chair, but I sat down on a stool near the fire, and Mr. Bucket took a corner of the bedstead. Now that I had to speak, and was among people with whom I was not familiar, I became conscious of being hurried and giddy. It was very difficult to begin, and I could not help bursting into tears.

"Liz," said I, "I have come a long way in the night and through the snow to inquire after a lady—"

"Who has been here, you know," Mr. Bucket struck in, addressing the whole group, with a composed propitiatory face, "that's the lady the young lady means. The lady that was here last night, you know."

"And who told you as there was any body here?" inquired Jenny's husband, who had made a surly stop in his eating, to listen; and now measured him with his eye.

"A person of the name of Michael Jackson, in a blue velvet waistcoat with a double row of mother of pearl buttons," Mr. Bucket immediately answered.

"He had as good mind his own business, whoever he is," growled the man.

"He's out of employment, I believe," said Mr. Bucket, apologetically for Michael Jackson, "and so gets talking, you see."

The woman had not resumed her chair, but stood faltering with her hand upon its broken back, looking at me. I thought she would have spoken to me privately if she had dared. She was still in this attitude of uncertainty when her husband, who was eating with a lump of bread and fat in one hand, and his clasp-knife in the other, struck the handle of his knife violently upon the table, and told her with an oath to mind her business at any rate, and sit down.

"I should like to have seen Jenny very much," said I, "for I am sure she would have told me all she could about this lady, whom I am very anxious indeed—you can not think how anxious—to overtake. Will Jenny be here soon? Where is she?"

The woman had a great desire to answer, but the man, with another oath openly kicked at her with his heavy boot. He left it to Jenny's husband to say what he chose, and after a dogged silence the latter turned his shaggy head toward me.

"I'm not partial to gentlefolks coming into my place as you've heard me say afore now, I think, miss. I let their places be, and it's curious they can't let my place be. There'd be a pretty shine made if I was to go a-visiting them, I think. However, I don't so much complain of you as of some others, and I'm agreeable to make you a civil answer, though I give notice that I'm not a-going to be drawed like a badger. Will Jenny be here soon? No she won't. Where is she? She's gone up to Lunnum."

"Did she go last night?" I asked.

"Did she go last night? Ah! she went last night," he answered, with a sulky jerk of his head.

"But was she here when the lady came? And what did the lady say to her? And where is the lady gone? I beg and pray you to be so kind as to tell me," said I, "for I am in great distress to know."

"If my master would let me speak, and not a word of harm—" the woman timidly began.

"Your master," said her husband, muttering an imprecation with slow emphasis, "will break your neck if you meddle with what don't concern you."

After another silence the husband of the absent woman, turning to me again, answered me with his usual grumbling unwillingness.

"Was Jenny here when the lady came? Yes she was here when the lady came. Wot did the lady say to her? Well, I'll tell you wot the lady said to her. She said, 'You remember me as come one time to talk to you about the young lady as had been a-visiting of you? You remember me as give you somethink handsome for a hankecher wot she had left?' Ah, she remembered; so we all did. Well, then, was that young lady up at the house now. No, she warn't up at the house now. Well, then, lookee here. The lady was upon a journey all alone, strange as we might think it, and could she rest herself where you're a-setten for a hour or so. Yes she could, and so she'd did. Then she went—it might be at twenty minutes past eleven, and it might be at twenty minutes past twelve; we arn't got no watches here to know the time by—nor yet clocks. When did she go? I don't know when she go'd. She went one way, and Jenny went another; one went right to Lunnum, and t'other went right from it. That's all about it. Ask this man. He heerd it all, and see it all. He knows."

The other man repeated, "That's all about it."

"Was the lady crying?" I inquired.

"Devil a bit," returned the first man. "Her shoes was the worse, and her clothes was the worse, but she warn't—not as I see."

The woman sat with her arms crossed, and her eyes upon the ground. Her husband had turned his seat a little so as to face her, and kept his hammer-like hand upon the table, as if it were in readiness to execute his threat if she disobeyed him.

"I hope you will not object to my asking your wife," said I, "how the lady looked?"

"Come then!" he gruffly cried to her, "You hear wot she says. Cut it short and tell her."

"Bad," replied the woman. "Pale and exhausted. Very bad."

"Did she speak much?"

"Not much, but her voice was hoarse."

She answered looking all the while at her husband for leave.

"Was she faint?" said I. "Did she eat or drink here?"

"Go on!" said the husband, in answer to her look. "Tell her, and cut it short."

"She had a little water, miss, and Jenny fetched her some bread and tea. But she hardly touched it."

"And when she went from here"—I was proceeding, when Jenny's husband impatiently took me up.

"When she went from here, she went right away Nor'ard by the high road. Ask on the road if you doubt me, and see if it warn't so. Now, there's the end. That's all about it."

"I glanced at my companion, and finding that he had already risen and was ready to depart, thanked them for what they had told me, and took my leave. The woman looked full at Mr. Bucket as he went out, and he looked full at her.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me as we walked quickly away. "They've got her ladyship's watch among 'em. That's a positive fact."

"You saw it?" I exclaimed.

"Just as good as saw it," he returned. "For why should he talk about his 'twenty minutes past,' and about his having no watch to tell the time by? Twenty minutes! He don't usually cut his time so fine as that. If he comes wharf hours, it's as much as he does. Now, you see, either her ladyship gave him that watch, or he took it. I think she gave it him. Now, what should she give it him for? What should she give it him for?"

He repeated this question to himself several times, as we hurried on; appearing to balance between a variety of answers that arose in his mind.

"If time could be spared," said Mr. Bucket—"which is the only thing that can't be spared in this case—I might get it out of that woman; but it's too doubtful a chance to trust to under present circumstances, for they are up to keeping a close eye upon her; and, besides, any fool knows that a poor creature like her, beaten and kicked and scarred and bruised from head to foot, will stand by the husband that ill uses her, through thick and thin. There's something kept back. It's a pity but what we had seen the other woman."

I regretted it exceedingly, for she was very grateful, and I felt sure would have resisted no entreaty of mine.

"It's possible, Miss Summerson," said Mr. Bucket, pondering on it, "that her ladyship sent her up to London with some words for you, and it's possible that her husband got the watch to let her go. It don't come out altogether so plain as to please me, but it's on the cards. Now I don't take kindly to laying out the money of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, on these Roughs, and

I don't see my way to the usefulness of it at present. No! So far, our road, Miss Summerson, is on for'ard—straight ahead—and keeping every thing quiet!"

We called at home once more, that I might send a hasty note to my Guardian, and then we hurried back to where we had left the carriage. The horses were brought as soon as we were seen coming, and we were on the road again in a few minutes.

It had set in snowing at daybreak, and it now snowed hard. The air was so thick with the darkness of the day and the density of the fall, that we could see but a very little way in any direction. Although it was extremely cold, the snow was but partially frozen, and it churned—with a sound as if it were a beach of small shells—under the hoofs of the horses, with mire and water. They sometimes slipped and floundered for a mile together, and we were obliged to come to a standstill to rest them. One horse fell three times in this first stage, and trembled so, and was so shaken, that the driver had to dismount from his saddle and lead him at last.

I could eat nothing, and could not sleep; and I grew so nervous under these delays and the slow pace at which we traveled, that I had an unreasonable desire upon me to get out and walk Yielding to my companion's better sense, however, I remained where I was. All this time kept fresh by a certain enjoyment of the work in which he was engaged, he was up and down at every house we came to; addressing people whom he had never beheld before as old acquaintances; running in to warm himself at every fire he saw; talking and drinking and shaking hands at every bar and tap; friendly with every wagoner, wheelwright, blacksmith, and toll-taker; yet never seeming to lose time, and always mounting to the box again with his watchful, steady face, and his business-like "Get on, my lad!"

When we were changing horses the next time, he came from the stable yard, with the wet snow encrusted upon him, and dropping off him—plashing and crashing through it to his wet knees, as he had been doing frequently since we left Saint Albans—and spoke to me at the carriage side.

"Keep up your spirits. It's certainly true that she came off here, Miss Summerson. There's not a doubt of the dress by this time, and the dress has been seen here."

"Still on foot!" said I.

"Still on foot. I think the gentleman you mentioned must be the point she's aiming at; and yet I don't like his living down in her own part of the country neither."

"I know so little," said I. "There may be some one else nearer here, of whom I never heard."

"That's true. But whatever you do, don't you fall a-crying, my dear, and don't you annoy yourself more than you can help. Get on my lad!"

The sleet fell all that day unceasingly, a thick mist came over early, and it never rose or lightened for a moment. Such roads I had never seen. I sometimes feared we had missed the way, and

got into the plowed grounds, or the marshes. If I ever thought of the time I had been out, it presented itself as an indefinite period, of great duration; and I seemed in a strange way never to have been free from the anxiety under which I then labored.

As we advanced, I began to feel misgivings that my companion lost confidence. He was the same as before with all the roadside people, but he looked graver when he sat by himself on the box. I saw his finger uneasily going across and across his mouth, during the whole of our long weary stage. I overheard that he began to ask the drivers of coaches and other vehicles coming toward us, what passengers they had seen in other coaches and vehicles that were in advance. Their replies did not encourage him. He always gave me a re-assuring beck of his finger, and lift of his eyelid as he got upon the box again, but he seemed perplexed now, when he said, "Get on, my lad!"

At last, when we were changing, he told me that he had lost the track of the dress so long that he began to be surprised. It was nothing, he said, to lose such a track for one while, and to take it up for another while, and so on; but it had disappeared here in an unaccountable manner, and we had not come upon it since. This corroborated the apprehensions I had fanned, when he began to look at direction-posts, and to leave the carriage at cross roads for a quarter of an hour at a time, while he explored them. But I was not to be down-hearted he told me, for it was as likely as not that the next stage might set us right again.

But the next stage ended as that one ended; we had no new clew. There was a spacious inn here, solitary, but a comfortable substantial building, and as we drove in under a large gateway, before we knew it, where a landlady and her pretty daughters came to the carriage door, entreating me to alight and warm myself while the horses were making ready, I thought it would be uncharitable to refuse. They took me up-stairs to a cheerful room and left me there.

It was at the corner of the house, I remember, looking two ways. On the one side, to a stable-yard open to a by-road, where the hostlers were unharnessing the splashed and tired horses from the muddy carriage; and beyond that, to the by-road itself across which the sign was heavily swinging; on the other side, to a wood of dark fir trees. Their branches were encumbered with snow, and it silently dropped off in wet heaps while I stood at the window. Night was setting in, and its bleakness was enhanced by the contrast of the pictured fire glowing and gleaming in the window-pane. As I looked among the stems of the trees, and followed the discolored masses in the snow where the thaw was sinking into it and undermining it, I thought of the motherly face brightly set off by daughters that had just now welcomed me, and of my mother lying down in such a wood to die.

I was frightened when I found them all about

me—I sitting on the floor, crying—but I remembered that before I fainted I tried very hard not to do it; and that was some little comfort. They cushioned me up, on a large sofa by the fire; and then the cornely landlady told me that I must travel no further to-night, but must go to bed. But this put me into such a tremble lest they should detain me there, that she soon recalled her words and compromised for a rest of half-an-hour.

A good endearing creature she was. She and her three fair girls all so busy about me. I was to take hot soup and boiled fowl, while Mr. Bucket dried himself and dined elsewhere; but I could not do it when a snug round table was presently spread by the fireside, though I was very unwilling to disappoint them. However, I could take some toast and some hot negus, and as I really enjoyed that refreshment it made some recompence.

Punctual to the time, at the half-hour's end the carriage came rumbling under the gateway, and they took me down, warmed, refreshed, comforted by kindness, and safe (I assured them) not to faint any more. After I had got in and had taken a grateful leave of them all, the youngest daughter—a blooming girl of nineteen, who was to be the first married, they had told me—got upon the carriage step, reached in, and kissed me. I have never seen her from that hour, but I think of her to this hour as my friend.

The transparent windows with the fire and light—looking so bright and warm from the cold darkness out of doors—were soon gone, and again we were crushing and churning the loose snow. We went on with toil enough, but the dismal roads were not much worse than they had been, and the stage was only nine miles. My companion smoking on the box—I had thought at the last inn of begging him to do so, when I saw him standing at a great fire in a comfortable cloud of tobacco—was as vigilant as ever, and as quickly down and up again when we came to any human abode or any human ergature. He had lighted his little dark lantern, which seemed to be a favorite with him for we had lamps to the carriage; and every now and then he turned it upon me, to see that I was doing well. There was a folding-window to the carriage-head, but I never closed it, for it seemed like shutting out hope.

We came to the end of the stage, and still the lost trace was not recovered. I looked at him anxiously when we stopped to change; but I knew by his yet grave face, as he stood watching the hostlers, that he had heard nothing. Almost in an instant afterward, as I leaned back in my seat, he looked in, with his lighted lantern in his hand, an excited and quite different man.

"What is it?" said I, starting. "Is she here?" "No, no. Don't deceive yourself, my dear. Nobody's here. But I've got it!"

The crystallized snow was in his eyelashes, in his hair, lying in ridges on his dress. He had to shake it from his face and get his breath before he spoke to me.

"Now, Miss Summerson," said he, beating his finger on the apron, "don't you be disappointed at what I'm a-going to do. You know me. I'm Inspector Bucket, and you can trust me. We've come a long way; never mind. Four horses out there for the next stage up! Quick!"

There was a commotion in the yard, and a man came running out of the stables to know "if he meant up or down?"

"Up, I tell you! up! An't it English? Up!"

"Up," said I, astonished, "to London! Are we going back?"

"Miss Summerson," he answered, "back—straight back as a die. You know me. Don't be afraid. I'll follow the other by G—."

"The other?" I repeated. "Who?"

"You called her Jenny, didn't you? I'll follow her. Bring those two pair out here for a crown a mare. Wake up, some of you!"

"You will not desert this lady we are in search of; you will not abandon her on such a night, and in such a state of mind as I know her to be in!" said I, in an agony, and grasping his hand.

"You are right my dear, I won't. But I'll follow the other. Look alive here with them horses. Send a man for'ard in the saddle to the next stage, and let him send another for'ard again, and order for'ard up, right through. My darling, don't you be afraid!"

These orders, and the way in which he ran about the yard, urging them, caused a general excitement that was scarcely less bewildering to me than this sudden change. But in the height of the confusion, a mounted man galloped away to order the relays, and our horses were put to with great speed.

"My dear," said Mr. Bucket, jumping to his seat, and looking in again—"you'll excuse me if I'm too familiar—don't you fret and worry yourself no more than you can help. I say no more at present; but you know me, my dear; now, don't you?"

I endeavoured to say that I knew he was far more capable than I of deciding what we ought to do; but was he sure that this was right? Could I not go forward by myself in search of—I grasped his hand again in my distress and whispered it to him—of my own mother.

"My dear," he answered, "I know—I know—and would I put you wrong do you think? Inspector Bucket. Now you know me, don't you?"

What could I say but yes!

"Then you keep up as good heart as you can, and you rely upon me for standing by you, no less induced by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. Now are you right there?"

"All right, sir!"

"Off she goes then. And get on, my lads!"

We were again upon the melancholy road by which we had come; tearing up the miry street and thawing snow, as if they were torn up by a water-wheel.

CHAPTER LVIII.—A WINTRY DAY AND NIGHT.

STILL impassive, as behooves its breeding, the Dedlock town-house carries itself as usual toward the street of dismal grandeur. There are powdered heads from time to time in the little windows of the hall, looking out at the untaxed powder falling all day from the sky; and in the same conservatory there is peach blossom turning itself exotically to the great hall fire from the nipping weather out of doors. It is given out that my Lady has gone down into Lincolnshire, but is expected to return presently.

Rumor, busy overmuch, however, will not go down into Lincolnshire. It persists in flitting and chattering about town. It knows that that poor unfortunate man Sir Leicester has been sadly used. It hears, my dear child, all sorts of shocking things. It makes the world, five miles round, quite merry. Not to know that there is something wrong at the Dedlocks' is to augur yourself unknown. One of the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throats is already apprised of all the principal circumstances that will come out before the Lords, on Sir Leicester's application for a bill of divorce.

At Blaze and Sparkle's the jewelers, and at Sheen and Gloss's the mercers, it is and will be for several hours the topic of the age, the feature of the century. The patronesses of those establishments, albeit so loftily inscrutable, being as nicely weighed and measured there as any other article of the stock-in-trade, are perfectly understood in this new fashion by the hands behind the counter. "Our people, Mr. Jones," said Blaze and Sparkle, to the hand in question on engaging him, "our people, sir, are sheep—mere sheep. Where two or three marked ones go, all the rest follow. Keep those two or three in your eye, Mr. Jones, and you have the flock." So likewise Sheen and Gloss to their Jones, in reference to knowing where to have the fashionable people, and how to bring what they (Sheen and Gloss) choose, into fashion. On similar unerring principles, Mr. Sladddy the librarian, and indeed the great farmer of gorgeous sheep, admits this very day, "Why yes, sir, there certainly are reports concerning Lady Dedlock, very current indeed among my high connection, sir. You see my high connection must talk about something, sir, and it's only to get a subject into vogue with one or two ladies I could name, to make it go down with the whole. Just what I should have done with those ladies, sir, in the case of any novelty you had left to me to bring in, they have done of themselves in this case through knowing Lady Dedlock, and being perhaps a little innocently jealous of her too, sir. You'll find, sir, that this topic will be very popular among my high connection. If it had been a speculation, sir, it would have brought money. And when I say so, you may trust to my being right, sir; for I have made it my business to study my high connection, and well able to wind it up like a clock, sir."

Thus rumor thrives in the capital, and will not

go down into Lincolnshire. By half-past five, post meridian, Horse Guards' time, it has even elicited a new remark from the Honorable Mr. Stables, which bids fair to outshine the old one, on which he has so long rested his colloquial reputation. This sparkling sally is to the effect that although he always knew she was the best groomed woman in the stud, he had no idea she was bolter. It is immensely received in turf-circles.

At feasts and festivals also: in firmaments she has graced, and among constellations she outshone but yesterday, she is still the prevalent subject. What is it? Who is it? When was it? Where was it? How was it? She is discussed by her dear friends with all the gentlelest slang in vogue, with the last new word, the last new manner, the last new drawl, and the perfection of polite indifference. A remarkable feature of the theme is, it is found to be so inspiring that several people come out upon it who never came out before, positively say things! William Doodle carries one of these sinartnesses from the place where he dines down to the House, where the Whip for his party hands it about with his snuff-box to keep men together who want to be off, with such effect that the Speaker (who has had it privately insinuated into his own ear under the corner of his wig) cries "Order at the bar!" three times without making an impression.

And not the least amazing circumstance connected with her being vaguely the town talk, is, that people hovering on the confines of Mr. Sladler's high connection, people who know nothing and never did know nothing about her, think it essential to their reputation to pretend that she is their topic too, and to retail her with the last new word and the last new manner, and the last new drawl, and the last new indifference, and all the rest of it, in inferior systems and to fainter stars. If there be any man of letters, art, or science, among these, how noble in him to support the feeble sisters on such majestic crutches!

So goes the wintry day outside the Dedlock mansion. How within it?

Sir Leicester lying in his bed can speak a little, though with difficulty and indistinctness. He is enjoined to silence and to rest, and they have given him some opiate to lull his pain; for his old enemy is very hard with him. He is never asleep, though sometimes he seems to fall into a dull waking doze. He caused his bedstead to be moved out nearer to the window when he heard it was such inclement weather, and his head to be so adjusted that he could see the driving snow and sleet. He watches it as it falls, through the whole wintry day.

Upon the least noise in the house—which is kept hushed—his hand is at the pencil. The old housekeeper, sitting by him, knows what he would write, and whispers, "No, he has not come back yet, Sir Leicester. It was late last night when he went. He has been but a little time gone yet."

He withdraws his hand, and falls to looking at

the sleet and snow again, until they seem, by being long looked at, to fall so thick and fast, that he is obliged to close his eyes for a minute on the giddy white flakes and ice blots.

He again looks at them as soon as it is light. The day is not yet far spent when he conceives it to be necessary that her rooms should be prepared for her. It is very cold and wet. Let there be good fires. Let them know that she is expected. Please see to it yourself. He writes to this purpose on his slate, and Mrs. Rouncewell with a heavy heart obeys.

"For I dread, George," the old lady says to her son, who waits below to keep her company when she has a little leisure; "I dread, my dear, that my Lady will never more set foot within these walls."

"That's a bad presentiment, mother."

"Nor yet within the walls of Chesney Wold, my dear."

"That's worse. But why, mother!"

"When I saw my Lady yesterday, George, she looked to me—and I may say at me too—as if the step on the Ghost's Walk had almost walked her down."

"Come, come! You alarm yourself with old-story fears, mother."

"No I don't, dear. No I don't. It's going on for sixty years that I have been in this family, and I never had any fears for it before. But it's breaking up, my dear, the great old Dedlock family is breaking up."

"I hope not, mother."

"I am thankful I have lived long enough to be with Sir Leicester in this illness and trouble, for I know I am not too old nor too useless to be a welcomer sight to him than any body else in my place would be! But the step on the Ghost's Walk will walk my lady down, George; it has been many a day behind her, and now it will pass her, and go on."

"Well, mother, dear, I say again, I hope not."

"Ah, so do I, George," the old lady returns, shaking her head, and parting and raising her folded hands. "But if my fears come true, and he has to know it, who will tell him?"

"Are these her rooms?"

"These are my Lady's rooms, just as she left them."

"Why, now," says the trooper, glancing round him, and speaking in a lower voice, "I begin to understand how you come to think as you do think, mother. Rooms get an awful look about them when they are fitted up, like these, for one person you are used to see in them, and that person is away under a shadow—let alone being God knows where."

He is not far out. As all partings foreshadow the great final one, so, empty rooms, bereft of a familiar presence, mournfully whisper what your room and what mine must one day be. My Lady's stall has a hollow look, thus gloomy and abandoned; and in the inner apartment, where Mr. Bucket last night made his secret perquisition, the traces of her dresses and her ornaments—even

the mirrors accustomed to reflect them when they were a portion of herself, have a desolate and vacant air. Dark and cold as the wintry day is, it is darker and colder in these deserted chambers than in many a hut that will barely exclude the weather; and though the servants keep great fires in the grates, and set the couches and the chairs within the warm glass screens, that let their ruddy light shoot through them to the furthest corners, there is a heavy cloud upon the rooms which no light dispels.

The old housekeeper and her son remain until the preparations are complete, and then she returns up-stairs. *Volumnia* has taken Mrs. Rouncewell's place in the mean time, though pearl necklaces and rouge pots, however calculated, to embellish rank, are but indifferent comforts to the invalid under present circumstances. *Volumnia* not being supposed to know (and indeed not accurately knowing) what is the matter, has found it a trying task to offer appropriate observations, and consequently has supplied their place with distracting smoothings of the bed-linen, elaborate locomotion on tiptoe, vigilant peeping at her kinsman's eyes, and one exasperating whisper to herself of "He is asleep," in despite of which superfluous remark Sir Leicester has indignantly written on the slate, "I am not."

Yielding, therefore, the chair at the bedside to the quaint old housekeeper, *Volumnia* sits at a table a little removed, sympathetically sighing. Sir Leicester watches the sleet and snow, and listens for the returning steps that he expects. In the ears of his old servant, looking as if she had stepped out of an old picture-frame to attend a summoned *Dedlock* to another world, the silence is fraught with echoes of her own words, "Who will tell him?"

He has been under his valet's hands this morning to be made presentable; and is as well got up as the circumstances will allow. He is propped with pillows, his gray hair is brushed in its usual manner, his linen is arranged to a nicety, he is wrapped in a responsible dressing-gown, and wears his signet-ring. His eye-glass and his watch are ready to his hand. It is necessary—less to his own dignity now, perhaps, than for her sake—that he should be seen as little disturbed and as much himself as may be. Women will talk, and *Volumnia*, though a *Dedlock*, is no exceptional case. He keeps her here, there is little doubt, to prevent her talking somewhere else. He is very ill, but he makes his present stand against distress of mind and body, most courageously.

The fair *Volumnia* being one of those sprightly girls who can not long continue silent without imminent peril of seizure by the dragon *Boredom*, soon vindicates the approach of that monster with a series of undisguisable yawns. Finding it impossible to suppress those yawns by any other process than conversation, she abruptly compliments Mrs. Rouncewell on her son; declaring that he positively is one of the finest figures she ever saw, and as soldierly a looking person, she should think, as what's his name, her favorite Life Guardsman

—the man she doats on—the dearest of creatures—who was killed at Waterloo.

Sir Leicester hears this tribute with so much surprise, and stares about him in such a confused way, that Mrs. Rouncewell feels it necessary to explain.

"Miss *Dedlock* don't speak of my eldest son, Sir Leicester, but my youngest. I have found him. He has come home."

Sir Leicester breaks silence with a harsh cry. "George? Your son George come home, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

The old housekeeper wipes her eycs. "Thank God. Yes, Sir Leicester."

Does this discovery of some one lost, this return of some one so long gone, come upon him as a strong confirmation of his hopes? Does he think, "Shall I not, with the aid I have, recall her safely after this; there being fewer hours in her case than there are years in his?"

It is of no use entreating him; he is determined to speak now, and he does—in a thick crowd of sounds, but still intelligibly enough to be understood.

"Why did you not tell me this, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"It happened only yesterday, Sir Leicester, and I doubted your being well enough to be talked to of such things."

Besides, the giddy *Volumnia* now remembers with her little scream that nobody was to have known of his being Mrs. Rouncewell's son, and that she wasn't to have told. But Mrs. Rouncewell protests with warmth enough to swell the stomach, that of course she would have told Sir Leicester as soon as he got better.

"Where is your son George, Mrs. Rouncewell?" asks Sir Leicester.

Mrs. Rouncewell, not a little alarmed by his disregard of the doctor's injunctions, replies, in London.

"Where in London?"

Mrs. Rouncewell is constrained to admit that he is in the house.

"Bring him here to my room. Bring him directly."

The old lady can do nothing but go in search of him. Sir Leicester, with such power of movement as he has, arranges himself a little, to receive him. When he has done so, he looks out again at the falling sleet and snow, and listens again for the returning steps. A quantity of straw has been tumbled down in the street to deaden the noises there, and she might be driven to the door, perhaps, without his hearing the wheels.

He is lying thus, apparently forgetful of his newer and minor surprise, when the housekeeper returns, accompanied by her trooper son. Mr. George approaches softly to the bedside, makes his bow, squares himself, and stands, with his face flushed, very heartily ashamed.

"Good Heaven, and it is really George Rouncewell!" exclaims Sir Leicester. "Do you remember me, George?"

The trooper needs to look at him, and to separate this sound from that sound before he knows what he has said; but doing this, and being a little helped by his mother, he replies :

"I must have a very bad memory, indeed, Sir Leicester, if I failed to remember you."

"When I look at you, George Rouncewell," Sir Leicester observes with difficulty, "I see something of a boy at Chesney Wold—I remember him well—very well."

He looks at the trooper until tears come into his eyes, and then he looks at the sleet and snow again.

"I ask your pardon, Sir Leicester," says George, "but would you accept of my arms to raise you up. You would lie easier, Sir Leicester, if you would allow me to move you."

"If you please, George Rouncewell; if you'll be so good."

The trooper takes him in his arms like a child, and lightly raises him, and turns him with his face more toward the window. "Thank you. You have your mother's gentleness," returns Sir Leicester, "and your own strength. Thank you."

He signs to him with his hand not to go away. George quietly remains, at the bedside, waiting to be spoken to.

"Why did you wish for secrecy?" It takes Sir Leicester some time to ask.

"Truly I am not much to boast of, Sir Leicester, and I—I should still, Sir Leicester, if you wasn't indisposed—which I hope you will not be long—I should still hope for the favor of being allowed to remain unknown in general. That involves explanations not very hard to be guessed at, not very well timed here, and not very creditable to myself. But however opinions may differ on a variety of subjects, I should think it would be universally agreed, Sir Leicester, that I am not much to boast of."

"You have been a soldier," observes Sir Leicester, "and a faithful one."

George makes his military bow. "As far as that goes, Sir Leicester, I have done my duty under discipline, and it was the least I could do."

"You find me," says Sir Leicester, whose eyes are much attracted toward him, "far from well, George Rouncewell."

"I am very sorry both to hear it and to see it, Sir Leicester."

"I am sure you are. No. In addition to my older malady, I have had a sudden attack—a bad attack. Something that deadens—" making an endeavor to pass one hand down one side; "and confuses—" touching his lips.

George, with a look of assent and sympathy, makes another bow. The different times when they were both young men (the trooper much the younger of the two), and looked at one another down at Chesney Wold, arise before them both and soften both.

Sir Leicester, evidently with a great determination to say, in his own manner, something that is on his mind before relapsing into silence, tries to raise himself among his pillows a little more.

George, observant of the action, takes him in his arms again, and places him as he desires to be. "Thank you, George. You are another self to me. You have often carried my spare gun at Chesney Wold. George, you are familiar to me in these strange circumstances, very familiar." He has put Sir Leicester's sounder arm over his shoulder in lifting him up, and Sir Leicester is slow in drawing it away again, as he says these words.

"I was about to add," he goes on, "I was about to add, respecting this attack, that it was unfortunately simultaneous with a slight misunderstanding between my Lady and myself. I do not mean that there was any difference between us (for there has been none), but that there was a misunderstanding of certain circumstances important only to ourselves, which deprives me, for a little while, of my Lady's society. She has found it necessary to make a journey—I trust will shortly return. Volumnia, do I make myself intelligible? The words are not quite under my command, in the manner of pronouncing them."

Volumnia understands him perfectly, and in truth he delivers himself with far greater plainness than could have been supposed possible a minute ago. The effort by which he does so, is written in the anxious and laboring expression of his face. Nothing but the strength of his purpose enables him to make it.

"Therefore, Volumnia, I desire to say in your presence—and in the presence of my old retainer and friend, Mrs. Rouncewell, whose truth and fidelity no one can question—and in the presence of her son George, who has come back like a familiar recollection of my youth in the home of my ancestors at Chesney Wold—in case I should relapse, in case I should not recover, in case I should lose both my speech and the power of writing, though I hope for better things—"

The old housekeeper weeping silently; Volumnia in the greatest agitation, with the freshest bloom on her cheeks; the trooper, with his arms folded and his head a little bent, respectfully attentive.

"Therefore I desire to say, and to call you all to witness—beginning, Volumnia, with yourself, most solemnly—that I am on unaltered terms with Lady Dedlock. That I assert no cause whatever of complaint against her. That I have ever had the strongest affection for her, and that I retain it undiminished. Say this to herself and to every one. If ever you say less than this, you will be guilty of deliberate falsehood to me."

Volumnia tremblingly protests that she will observe his injunctions to the letter.

"My Lady is too high in position, too handsome, too accomplished, too superior in most respects to the best of those by whom she is surrounded, not to have her enemies and traducers, I dare say. Let it be known to them as I make it known to you, that being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, I revoke no disposition I have made in her favor. I abridge nothing I

have ever bestowed upon her. I am on unaltered terms with her, and I recall—having the full power to do it if I were so disposed, as you see—no act I have done for her advantage and happiness."

His formal array of words might have at any other time, as it has often had, something ludicrous in it, but at this time it is serious and affecting. His noble earnestness, his fidelity, his gallant shielding of her, his generous conquest of his own wrong and his own pride for her sake, are simply honorable, manly, and true. Nothing less worthy can be seen through the lustre of such qualities in the commonest mechanic, nothing less worthy can be seen in the best-born gentleman. In such a light both aspire alike, both rise alike, both children of the dust shine equally.

Overpowered by his exertions, he lays his head back on his pillows, and closes his eyes for not more than a minute, when he again resumes his watching of the weather and his attention to the muffled sounds. In the rendering of those little services, and in the manner of their acceptance, the trooper has become installed as necessary to him. Nothing has been said, but it is understood. He falls a step or two backward to be out of sight, and mounts guard a little behind his mother's chair.

The day is now beginning to decline. The mist, and the sleet, into which the snow has all resolved itself, are darker, and the blaze begins to tell more vividly upon the room walls and furniture. The gloom augments; the bright gas springs up in the streets, and the pertinacious oil lamps, which yet hold their ground there, with their source of life half frozen and half thawed, twinkle gaspingly, like fiery fish out of water as they are. The world, which has been rumbling over the straw and pulling at the bell "to inquire," begins to go home, begins to dress, to dine, to discuss its dear friend, with all the last new modes, as already mentioned.

Now does Sir Leicester become worse; restless, uneasy, and in great pain. Volumnia lighting a candle (with a predestined aptitude for doing something objectionable) is bidden to put it out again, for it is not yet dark enough. Yet it is very dark too; as dark as it will be all night. By-and-by she tries again. No, put it out. It is not dark enough yet.

His old housekeeper is the first to understand that he is striving to uphold the fiction with himself that it is not growing late.

"George," she whispers, softly, when Volumnia has gone down to dinner, "Sir Leicester don't like the thought of shutting out my Lady for another night. Go away a little while, my dear. I'll speak to him."

The trooper retires, and Mrs. Rouncewell takes her chair at the bedside.

"Sir Leicester."

"That's Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"Surely, yes, Sir Leicester."

"I was afraid you had left me."

His hand is lying close beside her. She kisses it.

"It's the dull one," says Sir Leicester. "But I feel that, Mrs. Rouncewell."

It is too dark to see him; she thinks, however, that he puts his other hand before his eyes.

"Where is your son, George? He is not gone? I want him here. I want only you and him; I would rather have no one else to-night."

"He hoped he might be of some use, and he is not gone, Sir Leicester."

"I thank him!"

"Dear Sir Leicester, my honored master," the old housekeeper pursues, "I must, for your own good, and my duty, take the freedom of begging and praying that you will not lie here in the lone darkness, watching and waiting, and dragging through the time. Let me draw the curtains and light the candles, and make things more comfortable about you. The church-clocks will strike the hours just the same, Sir Leicester, and the night will pass away just the same. My Lady will come back, just the same, too."

"I know it, Mrs. Rouncewell, but I am weak—and he has been so long gone."

"Not so very long, Sir Leicester. Not twenty-four hours yet."

"But that's a long time. Oh, it's a long time!"

He says it with a groan that wrings her heart.

She knows that this is not a period for bringing the rough light upon him; she thinks his tears too sacred to be seen, even by her. Therefore, she sits in the darkness for a while, without a word; then gently begins to move about; now stirring the fire, now standing at the window looking out. Finally he tells her, with recovered self-command, "As you say, Mrs. Rouncewell, it is no worse for being confessed. It is getting late, and they are not come. Light the room!" When it is lighted, and the weather shut out, it is only left to him to listen.

But they find that, however dejected and ill he is, he brightens when a quiet pretense is made of looking at the fires in her rooms, and being sure that every thing is ready to receive her. Many a time, consequently, the old housekeeper trots down stairs to see, as she tells George, with her own eyes, that nothing is neglected. Poor pretense as it is, it is very plain that these allusions to her being expected, keep up hope within him.

Midnight comes, and with it the same blank. The carriages in the streets are few, and other late sounds in that neighborhood there are none, unless a man so very nomadically drunk as to stray into the frigid zone, goes bawling and bellowing along the pavement. Upon this wintry night it is so still that listening to the intense silence is like looking at intense darkness. If any distant sound be audible in this case, it departs through the gloom like a feeble light without, and all is heavier than before.

The corporation of servants are dismissed to bed (not unwilling to go, for they were up all last

night), and only Mrs. Bouncewell and George keep watch in Sir Leicester's room. As the night lags tardily on—or rather when it seems to stop altogether, at between two and three o'clock—they find a restless craving on him to know more about the weather now he can not see it. Hence George, patrolling regularly every half hour to the rooms so carefully looked after, extends his march to the hall-door, looks about him, and brings back the best report he can make of the worst of nights. The mist still brooding, the sleet still falling, and even the stone footways lying ankle-deep in sludge.

Volumnia, in her room up a retired landing on the staircase—the second turning past the end of the carving and gilding—a cousinly room, containing a fearful abortion of a portrait of Sir Leicester, banished for its crimes, and commanding in the day a solemn yard, planted with dried-up shrubs, like antediluvian specimens of black tea—is a prey to horrors of many kinds. Not last nor least among them, possibly, is a horror of what may befall her little income in the event, as she usually expresses it, “of any thing happening” to Sir Leicester. Any thing, in this sense, meaning one thing only, and that the last thing that can happen to the consciousness of any baronet in the known world.

An effect of these horrors is, that Volumnia finds she can not go to bed in her own room, or sit by the fire in her own room, but must come forth with her head tied up in a profusion of shawl, and her fair form enrolled in drapery, and parade the mansion like a ghost, particularly haunting the rooms, warm and luxurious, prepared for one who still does not return. Solitude under such circumstances being not to be thought of, Volumnia is attended by her maid, who, impressed from her own bed for that purpose, extremely cold, very sleepy, and generally an injured maid, as condemned by circumstances to take office with a mere cousin, when she had resolved to be maid to nothing less than ten thousand a year, has not a sweet expression of countenance.

The periodical visits of the trooper to these rooms, however, in the course of his patrolling, is an assurance of protection and company, both to mistress and maid, which renders them very acceptable in the small hours of the night. Whenever he is heard advancing they both make some little decorative preparation to receive him; at other times, they divide their watches into short scraps of oblivion and dialogues, not wholly free from acerbity, as to whether Miss Dedlock, sitting with her feet upon the fender, was or was not falling into the fire when rescued (to her great displeasure) by her guardian genius the maid.

“How is Sir Leicester, now, Mr. George?” inquires Volumnia, adjusting her cowl over her head.

“Why, Sir Leicester is much the same, miss. He is very low and ill, and he even wanders a little sometimes.”

“Has he asked for me?” inquires Volumnia tenderly.

“Why no; I can't say he has, miss. Not within my hearing, that is to say.”

“This is a truly sad time, Mr. George.”

“It is indeed, miss. Hadn't you better go to bed?”

“You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock,” quoth the maid, sharply.

But Volumnia answers No! No! She may be asked for, she may be wanted at a moment's notice. She never should forgive herself “if any thing was to happen” and she wasn't on the spot. She declines to enter on the question, how the spot comes to be there, and not in her own room (which is nearer to Sir Leicester's), but stanchly declares that on the spot she will remain. Volumnia further makes a merit of not “having closed an eye”—as if she had twenty or thirty, though it is hard to reconcile this statement with her having most indisputably opened two within five minutes.

But when it comes to four o'clock, and still the same blank, Volumnia's constancy begins to fail her, or rather it begins to strengthen, for she now considers that it is her duty to be ready for the morrow, when much may be expected of her; that, in fact, howsoever anxious to remain upon the spot, it may be required of her, as an act of self-devotion, to desert the spot. So when the trooper reappears with his “Hadn't you better go to bed, miss?” and when the maid protests, more sharply than before, “You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock!” she meekly rises and says, “Do with me what you think best.”

Mr. George undoubtedly thinks it best to escort her on his arm to the door of her cousinly chamber, and the maid as undoubtedly thinks it best to hustle her into bed with mighty little ceremony. Accordingly, these steps are taken, and now the trooper, in his rounds, has the house to himself.

There is no improvement in the weather. From the portico, from the eaves, from the parapet, from every door-ledge and post and pillar, drips the thawed snow. It has crept, as if for shelter, into the lintels of the great door under it, into the corners of the windows, into every chink and crevice of retreat, and there wastes and dies. It is falling still; upon the roof, upon the skylight, even through the skylight now, and drip, drip, drip, with the regularity of the Ghost's Walk, on the stone below.

The trooper, his old recollections awakened by the solitary grandeur of a great house—no novelty to him once at Chesney Wold—goes up the stairs and through the chief rooms, holding up his light at arm's length, thinking of his varied fortunes within the last few weeks, and of his rustic boyhood, and of the two so brought together across the wide intermediate space of his life; thinking of the murdered man whose image is so fresh in his mind; thinking of the lady who has disappeared from these very rooms, and the tokens of whose recent presence are all here; thinking of the master of the house up-stairs, and of the foreboding “Who will tell him?” he looks here and looks there, and thinks how he might see

something now, which it would tax his boldness to walk up to, lay his hand upon, and prove to be a fancy. But it is all blank; blank as the darkness above and below as he goes up the great staircase again; blank as the oppressive silence.

"All is still in readiness, George Rouncewell?"

"Quite orderly and right, Sir Leicester."

"No word of any kind?"

The trooper shook his head.

"No letter that can possibly have been overlooked?"

But he knows there is no such hope as that, and lays his head down dejectedly without looking for an answer.

Quite familiar to him, as he said himself some hours ago, George Rouncewell lifts him into easier positions through the long remainder of the blank of a wintry night, and, equally familiar with his unexpressed wish, extinguishes the light, and even draws the curtains at the first late break of day. The day confronts them like a phantom. Cold, colorless, and vague, it sends a warning streak before it of a deathlike hue, as if it cried out, "Look what I am bringing you who watch there! Who will tell him?"

CHAPTER LIX.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the houses outside London did at last begin to exclude the country, and to close us in with streets. We had made our way along roads in a far worse condition than when we had traversed them by daylight, both the fall and the thaw having lasted ever since; but the energy of my companion had never slackened. It had only been, as I thought, of less assistance than the horses in getting us on, and it had often aided them. They had stopped exhausted halfway up hills, they had been driven through streams of turbulent water, they had slipped down and become entangled with the harness; but he and his little lantern had been always ready, and when the mishap was set right, I had never heard any variation in his cool "Get on, my lads!"

The steadiness and confidence with which he had directed our journey back, I could not account for. Never wavering, he never even stopped to make an inquiry until we were within a few miles of London. A very few words here and there were then enough for him, and thus we came at between three and four o'clock in the morning into Islington.

I will not dwell on the suspense and anxiety with which I reflected all this time, that we were leaving my mother further and further behind every minute. I think I had some strong hope that he must be right, and could not fail to have a satisfactory object in following this woman; but I tormented myself with questioning it, and discussing it, during the whole journey. What was to ensue when we found her, and what could compensate us for this loss of time, were questions also that I could not possibly dismiss; my mind was quite tortured by long dwelling on such reflections when we stopped.

We stopped in a high street where there was a coach-stand. My companion paid our two drivers, who were as completely covered with splashes as if they had been dragged along the roads like the carriage itself, and giving them some brief direction where to take it, lifted me out of it, and into a hackney-coach he had chosen from the rest.

"Why, my dear," he said, as he did this, "how wet you are!"

I had not been conscious of it. But the melted snow had found its way in; and I had got out two or three times when a fallen horse was plunging and had to be got up; and the wet had clung to me. I assured him it was no matter; but the driver who knew him, would not be dissuaded by me from running down the street to his stable, whence he brought an armful of clean dry straw. They shook it out and strewed it well about me, and I found it warm and comfortable.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Bucket, with his head in at the window after I was shut up. "We're a-going to mark this person down. It may take a little time, but you don't mind that. You're pretty sure that I've got a motive, ain't you?"

I little thought what it was—little thought in how short a time I should understand it; but I assured him that I had confidence in him.

"So you may have, my dear," he returned. "Now I tell you what, if you only repose half so much confidence in me as I repose in you, after what I've experienced of you, that'll do. Lord! you're no trouble at all. I never see a young woman in any station of society—and I've seen many elevated ones, too—conduct herself like you have conducted yourself, since you was called out of your bed. You're a pattern, you know, that's what you are," said Mr. Bucket, warmly, "you're a pattern."

I told him that I was very glad, as indeed I was, to have been no hindrance to him; and that I hoped I should be none now.

"My dear," he returned, "when a young lady is as mild as she's gains, and as gains as she's mild, that's all I ask, and more than I expect. She then becomes a Queen, and that's about what you are yourself."

With these encouraging words—they really were encouraging to me under those lonely and anxious circumstances—he got upon the box, and we once more drove away. Where we drove, I neither knew then nor have ever known since, but we appeared to seek out the narrowest and worst streets in London. Whenever I saw him directing the driver I was prepared for our descending into a deeper complication of such streets, and we never failed to do so.

Sometimes we emerged upon a wider thoroughfare, or came to a larger building than the generality, well-lighted. Then we stopped at offices like those we had visited when we began our journey, and I saw him in consultation with others. Sometimes he would get down by an archway or at a street corner, and mysteriously show the light of his little lantern. This would

attract similar lights from various dark quarters, like so many insects, and a fresh consultation would be held. By degrees we appeared to contract our search within narrower and easier limits. Single police-officers on duty could now tell Mr. Bucket what he wanted to know, and point to him where to go. At last we stopped for a rather long conversation between him and one of these men, which I supposed to be satisfactory from his manner of nodding from time to time. When it was finished he came to me, looking very busy, and very attentive.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me, "you won't be alarmed whatever comes off, I know. It's not necessary for me to give you any further caution than to tell you that we have marked this person down, and that you may be of use to me before I know it myself. I don't like to ask such a thing, my dear, but would you walk a little way?"

Of course I got out directly, and took his arm.

"It ain't so easy to keep your feet," said Mr. Bucket; "but take time."

Although I looked about me confusedly and hurriedly, as we crossed a street, I thought I knew the place. "Are we in Holborn?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Mr. Bucket. "Do you know this turning?"

"It looks like Chancery Lanc."

"And was christened so, my dear," said Mr. Bucket.

We turned down it, and as we went, shuffling through the sleet, I heard the clock strike half-past five. We passed on in silence, and as quickly as we could with such a foothold, when some one coming toward us on the narrow pavement, wrapped in a cloak, stopped and stood aside to give me room. In the same moment I heard an exclamation of wonder, and my own name, from Mr. Woodcourt. I knew his voice very well.

It was so unexpected, and so—I don't know what to call it, whether pleasant or painful—to come upon it after my feverish wandering journey, and in the midst of very night, that I could not keep the tears from my eyes. It was like hearing his voice in a strange country.

"My dear Miss Summerson, that you should be out at this hour, and in such weather."

He had heard from my Guardian of my having been called away on some uncommon business, and said so to dispense with any explanation. I told him that we had but just left a coach, and were going—but then I was obliged to look at my companion.

"Why, you see, Mr. Woodcourt," he had caught the name from me; "we are a-going at present into the next street—Inspector Bucket."

Mr. Woodcourt, disregarding my remonstrances, had hurriedly taken off his cloak, and was putting it about me. "That's a good move, too," said Mr. Bucket, assisting, "a very good move it is."

"May I go there with you?" said Mr. Wood-

court. I don't know whether to me or my companion.

"Why, lord!" exclaimed Mr. Bucket, taking the answer on himself. "Of course you may."

It was all said in a moment, and they took me between them, wrapped in the cloak.

"I have just left Richard," said Mr. Woodcourt. "I have been sitting with him since ten o'clock last night."

"O dear me, he is ill!"

"No, no, believe me; not ill, but not quite well. He was depressed and faint—you know he gets so worried and so worn sometimes—and Ada sent to me of course; and when I came home I found her note, and came straight here. Well, Richard revived so much after a little while, and Ada was so happy, and so convinced of its being my doing, though God knows I had little enough to do with it, that I remained with him until he had been fast asleep some hours. As fast asleep as she is now, I hope!"

His friendly and familiar way of speaking of them, his unaffected devotion to them, the grateful confidence with which I knew he had inspired my darling, and the comfort he was to her; could I separate all this from his promise to me? How thankless should I have been if it had not recalled the words he said to me when he was so moved by the change in my appearance. "I will accept him as a trust, and it shall be a sacred one!"

We now turned into another narrow street. "Mr. Woodcourt," said Mr. Bucket, who had eyed him closely as we came along, "our little-business takes us to a law-stationer's here; a certain Mr. Snagsby's. What, you know him, do you?" He was so quick that he saw it in an instant.

"Yes, I know a little of him, and have called upon him at this place."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mr. Bucket. "Will you be so good as to let me leave Miss Summerson with you for a moment, while I go and have half a word with him?"

The last police officer with whom he had conferred was standing silently behind us. I was not aware of it until he struck in, on my saying I heard some one crying.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he returned. "It's Snagsby's servant."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Bucket, "the girl's subject to fits, and she's got 'em bad upon her to-night. A most contrary circumstance it is, for I want certain information out of that girl, and she must be brought to reason somehow or other."

"At all events, they wouldn't be up yet, if it wasn't for her, Mr. Bucket," said the other man "She's been at it pretty well all night, sir."

"Well, that's true," he returned. "My light's burnt out. Show yours a moment."

All this passed in a whisper, a door or two from the house in which I could faintly hear crying and moaning. In the little round of light produced for the purpose, Mr. Bucket went up

to the door and knocked. The door was opened, after we had knocked twice, and he went in, leaving us standing in the street.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Woodcourt; "if, without obtruding myself on your confidence, I may remain near you, pray let me do so."

"You are truly kind," I answered. "I need wish to keep no secret of my own from you; if I keep any it is another's."

"I quite understand. Trust me. I will remain near you only so long as I can fully respect it."

"I trust implicitly to you," I said. "I know and deeply feel how sacred you keep your promises."

After a short time the little round of light shone out again, and Mr. Bucket advanced toward us in it with an earnest face. "Please to come in, Miss Summerson," he said, "and sit down by the fire. Mr. Woodcourt, from information I have received I understand you are a medical man. Would you look to this girl and see if any thing can be done to bring her round. She's got a letter somewhere that I particularly want. It's not in her box, and I think it must be somewhere about her, but she is so difficult to handle without hurting, twisted and clenched up."

We all three went into the house together; although it was cold and raw, it smelt close too from being shut up all night. In the passage, behind the door, stood a scared, sorrowful-looking little man in a gray coat, who seemed to have a naturally polite manner, and spoke meekly.

"Down-stairs, if you please, Mr. Bucket," said he. "The lady will excuse the front kitchen; we use it as our work-a-day sitting room. The back is Guster's bedroom, and in it she's a carrying on, poor thing, to a frightful extent!"

We went down stairs, followed by Mr. Snagsby, as I soon found the little man to be. In the front kitchen, sitting by the fire, was Mrs. Snagsby, with very red eyes, and a very severe expression of face.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, entering behind us, "to wave—not to put a fine point upon it, my dear—hostilities, for a single moment, in the course of this prolonged night, here is Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady."

She looked very much astonished, as she had good reason for doing, and looked particularly hard at me.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, sitting down in the remotest corner by the door, as if he were taking a liberty, "it is not unlikely that you may inquire of me why Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady call upon us in Cook's Court, Cursitor-street, at the present hour. I don't know. I have not the least idea. If I was to be informed, I should despair of understanding, and I'd rather not be told."

He appeared so miserable, sitting with his head upon his hand, and I appeared so unwelcome, that I was going to offer an apology, when Mr. Bucket took the matter to himself.

"Now, Mr. Snagsby," said he, "the best thing you can do, is to go along with Mr. Woodcourt, to look after your Guster—"

"My Guster, Mr. Bucket!" cried Mr. Snagsby. "Go on, sir, go on. I shall be charged with that next."

"And to hold the candle," pursued Mr. Bucket without correcting himself, "or hold her, or make yourself useful in any way you're asked. Which there ain't a man alive more ready to do, for you're a man of urbanity and suavity, you know, and you've got the sort of heart that can feel for another. (Mr. Woodcourt, would you be so good as see to her, and if you can get that letter from her, to let me have it as soon as ever you can?)"

As they went out, Mr. Bucket made me sit down in a corner by the fire, and take off my wet shoes, which he turned up to dry upon the fender; talking all the time.

"Don't you be at all put out, miss, by the want of a hospitable look from Mrs. Snagsby, because she's under a mistake altogether. She'll find that out sooner than will be agreeable to a lady of her generally correct manner of framing her thoughts, because I'm a-going to explain it to her." Here, standing on the hearth with his wet hat and shawls in his hand, himself a pile of wet, he turned to Mrs. Snagsby. "Now, the first thing that I say to you as a married woman possessing what you may call charms, you know—'Believe me, if all those endearing, and ceter'—you're well acquainted with the song, because it's in vain for you to tell me that you and good society are strangers—charms—attractions, mind you, that ought to give you confidence in yourself—in, that you've done it."

Mrs. Snagsby looked rather alarmed, relented a little, and faltered, what did Mr. Bucket mean?

"What does Mr. Bucket mean?" he repeated; and I saw by his face that all the time he talked he was listening for the discovery of the letter, to my own great agitation; for I knew then how important it must be.

"I'll tell you what he means, ma'am. Go and see Othello acted. That's the tragedy for you."

Mrs. Snagsby consciously asked why.

"Why?" said Mr. Bucket. "Because you'll come to that, if you don't look out. Now at the very moment while I speak, I know what your mind's not wholly free from respecting this young lady. But shall I tell you who this young lady is? Now, come, you're what I call an intellectual woman—with your soul too large for your body, if you come to that, and chafing it—and you know me, and you recollect where you saw me last, and what was talked of in that elevated circle. Don't you. Yes! Very well. This young lady is that young lady."

Mrs. Snagsby appeared to understand the reference better than I did at the time.

"And Toughey—him as you call Jo—was mixed up in the same business and no other; and the law-writer that you know of, was mixed up in the same business and no other; and your

THE NIGHT.



husband, with no more knowledge of it than your great-grandfather, was mixed up (by Mr. Tulk-
inghorn, deceased, his best customer) in the same business and no other; and the whole biling of
people was mixed up in the same business and no other; and yet a married woman, possessing
your attractions, shuts her eyes (and sparklers
too) and goes and runs her delicate-formed head
against a wall. Why, I am ashamed of you!
(I expected Mr. Woodcourt might have got it by
this time.)"

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Mrs. Snagsby shook her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Bucket. "No. See what happens. Another person mixed up in that business and no other; a person in a wretched state comes here to-night, and is seen a-speaking to your maid-servant; and between her and your maid-servant there passes a paper that I'd give a hundred pound for, down. What do you do? You hide and you watch 'em, and you pounce upon that maid-servant—knowing what she's

subject to, and what a little thing will bring 'em on—in that surprising manner, and with that severity, that, by the Lord, she goes off and keeps off, when a life may be hanging upon that girl's words!"

He so thoroughly meant what he said now, that I involuntarily clasped my hands, and felt the room turning away from me. But it stopped. Mr. Woodcourt came in, put a paper into his hand, and went away again.

"Now the only amends you can make, Mrs. Snagsby," said Mr. Bucket, rapidly glancing at it, "is to let me speak a word to this young lady in private here. And if you know of any help that you can give to that gentleman in the next kitchen there, or can think of any thing that's likelier than another to bring the girl round, do your swiftest and best!" In an instant she was gone, and he had shut the door. "Now, my dear, you're steady and quite sure of yourself?"

"Quite," said I.

"Whose writing's that?"

It was my mother's. A pencil-writing, on a crushed and torn piece of paper, blotted with wet. Folded roughly like a letter, and directed to me, at my Guardian's.

"You know the hand," he said; "and if you are firm enough to read it to me, do! But be particular to a word."

It had been written in portions at different times. I read what follows:

"I came to the cottage with two objects. First, to see the dear one, if I could, once more; but only to see her—not to speak to her, or let her know that I was near. The other object, to elude pursuit, and to be lost. Do not blame the mother for her share. The assistance that she rendered me she rendered on my strongest assurance that it was for the dear one's good. You remember her dead child. The men's consent I bought, but her help was freely given."

"I came." That was written; "said my companion, "when she rested there. It bears out what I made of it. I was right."

The next was written at another time:

"I have now wandered a long distance, and for many hours, and I know that I must soon die. These streets! I have no purpose but to die. When I left I had a worse; but I am saved from adding that guilt to the rest. Cold, wet, and fatigue, are sufficient causes for my being found dead; but I shall die of others, though I suffer from these. It was right that all that had sustained me should give way at once, and that I should die of terror and my conscience."

"Take courage," said Mr. Bucket. "There's only a few words more."

These, too, were written at another time. To all appearance, almost in the dark.

"I have done what I could to be lost. I shall be soon forgotten so, and shall disgrace him least. I have nothing about me by which I can be recognized. This paper I part with now. The place where I shall lie down, if I can yet get so

far, has been often in my mind. Farewell. Forgive."

Mr. Bucket, supporting me with his arm, carried me gently into my chair. "Cheer up! Don't think me hard with you, my dear, but, as soon as you feel equal to it, get your shoes on and be ready."

I did as he required; but I sat there a long time, praying for my unhappy mother. They were all occupied with the poor girl, and I heard Mr. Woodcourt directing them, and speaking to her often. At length he came in with Mr. Bucket, and said that as it was important to address her gently, he thought it best that I should ask her for whatever information we desired to obtain. There was no doubt that she could now reply to questions, if she were soothed, and not alarmed. The questions, Mr. Bucket said, were, how she came by the letter, what passed between her and the person who gave her the letter, and where the person went. Holding my mind as steadily as I could to these points I went into the next room with them. Mr. Woodcourt would have remained outside, but at my solicitation went in with us.

The poor girl was sitting on the floor where they had laid her down. They stood around her, though at a little distance, that she might have air. She was not pretty, and looked weak and poor; but she had a plaintive and a good face, though it was still a little wild. I kneeled on the ground beside her, and put her poor head on my shoulder; whereupon she drew her arm round my neck and burst into tears.

"My poor girl," said I, laying my face against her forehead; for indeed I was crying too, and trembling; "it seems cruel to trouble you now, but more depends on our knowing something about this letter than I could tell you in an hour."

She began piteously declaring that she didn't mean any harm, she didn't mean any harm, Mrs. Snagsby!

"We are all sure of that now," said I. "But pray tell me how you got it."

"Yes, dear lady, I will, and tell you true. I'll tell true, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

"I am sure of that," said I. "And how was it?"

"I had been out on an errand, dear lady—long after it was dark—quite late; and when I came home I found a common-looking person, all wet and muddy, looking up at our house. When she saw me coming in at the door she called me back, and said did I live here? and I said yes; and she said she knew only one or two places about here, but had lost her way, and couldn't find them.—'O what shall I do, what shall I do! They won't believe me!' She didn't say any harm to me, and I didn't say any harm to her, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

It was necessary for her mistress to comfort her, which she did, I must say, with a good deal of contrition, before she could be got beyond this.

"She could not find those places," said I.

"No!" cried the girl, shaking her head. "No! I couldn't find them. And she was so faint, and lame, and miserable, O so wretched! that if you had seen her, Mr. Snagsby, you'd have given her half-a-crown, I know!"

"Well, Guster, my girl," said he, at first not knowing what to say. "I hope I should."

"And yet she was so well spoken, dear lady," said the girl, looking at me with wide-open eyes, "that it made a person's heart bleed. And so she said to me did I know the way to the burying-ground? And I asked her which burying-ground? And she said the poor burying-ground. And so I told her I had been a poor child myself, and it was according to parishes. But she said she meant a poor burying-ground not very far from here, where there was an archway, and a step, and an iron gate."

As I watched her face, and soothed her to go

on, I saw that Mr. Bucket received this with a look which I could not separate from one of alarm

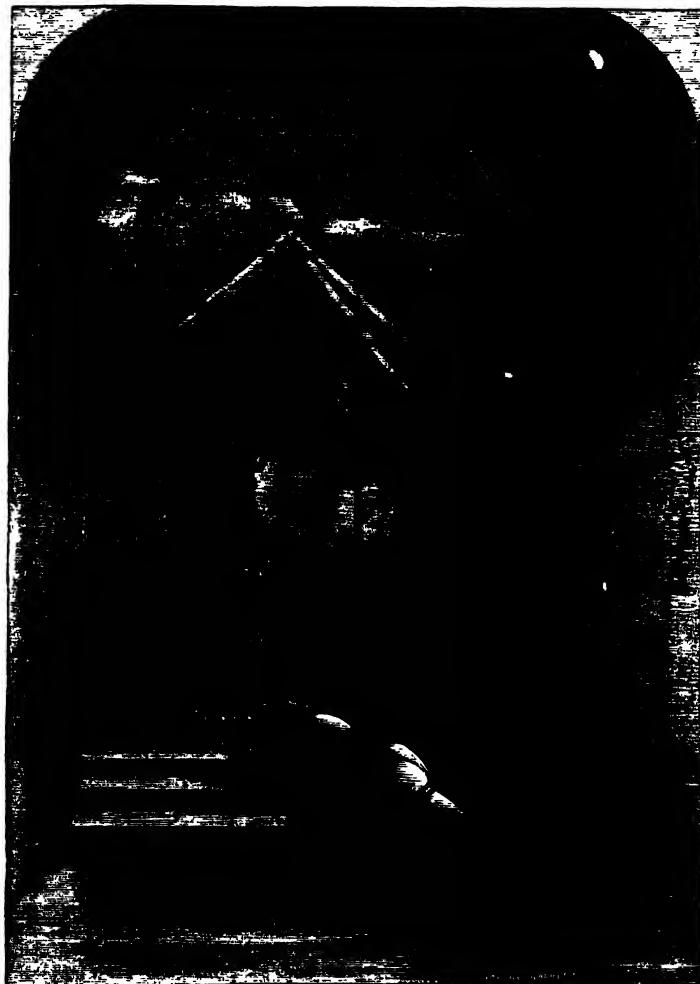
"O dear, dear!" cried the girl, pressing her hair back with her hands, "what shall I do, what shall I do! She meant the burying-ground where the man was buried that took the sleeping-stuff—that you came home and told us of, Mr. Snagsby—that frightened me so, Mrs. Snagsby. O I am frightened now again, dear lady. Hold me!"

"You are so much better now," said I. "But pray, pray tell me more."

"Yes I will, yes I will! But don't be angry with me, that's a dear lady, because I have been so ill."

Angry with her, poor soul!

"There! Now I will, now I will. So she said could I tell her how to find it; and I said yes and I told her; and she looked at me with eyes like almost as if she was blind, and herself al-



waving back. And so she took out the letter, and showed it to me, and said if she was to put that in the post-office, it would be rubbed out and not minded and never sent; and would I take it from her, and send it, and the messenger would be paid at the house? And so I said yes, if it was no harm; and she said no—no harm. And so I took it from her, and she said she had nothing to give me; and I said I was poor myself, and consequently wanted nothing. And so she said *God bless you!* and went."

"And did she go?"

"Yes," cried the girl, anticipating the inquiry, "yes! she went the way I had shown her. Then I came in, and Mrs. Snagsby came behind me from somewhere, and laid hold of me, and I was frightened."

Mr. Woodcourt took her kindly from me. Mr. Bucket wrapped me up, and immediately we were in the street. Mr. Woodcourt hesitated, but I said, "Don't leave me now!" and Mr. Bucket added, "You'll be better with us, we may want you; don't lose time!"

I have the most confused impressions of that walk. I recollect that it was neither night nor day; that morning was dawning, but the street-lamps were not yet put out; that the sleet was still falling, and that all the ways were damp with it. I recollect a few chilled people passing in the streets; I recollect the wet house-tops, the clogged and bursting gutters and water-spouts, the mounds of blackened ice and snow over which we passed, the narrowness of the courts by which we went. At the same time I remember that the poor girl seemed to be telling her story audibly and plainly in my hearing; that I could feel her resting on my arm; that the stained house-fronts put on human shapes and looked at me; that great water-gates seemed to be opening and closing in my head, or in the air; and that these unreal things were more substantial than the real.

At last we stood under a dark and miserable arching, where one lamp was burning over an iron gate, and where the morning faintly struggled in. The gate was closed. Beyond it was a burial-ground—a dreadful spot in which the night was very slowly stirring, but where I could dimly see a heap of dishonored graves and stones, hemmed in by filthy houses, where dull lights burnt, and on whose walls a thick humidity broke out like a disease. On the step at the gate, steeped in the fearful wet of such a place, which oozed and splashed down every where, I saw, with a cry of pity and horror, a woman lying—Jenny, the mother of the dead child.

I ran forward, but they stopped me, and Mr. Woodcourt entreated me, with the greatest earnestness, even with tears, before I went up to that figure, to listen for an instant to what Mr. Bucket said. I did so as I thought. I did so, as I am sure.

"Miss Summerson. You'll understand me, if you think a moment. They changed clothes at the cottage."

Well! They changed clothes at the cottage.

I could repeat the words in my mind, and I knew what they meant of themselves, but I attached no meaning to them in any other connection.

"And one returned," said Mr. Bucket, "and one went on. And the one that went on only went on a certain way agreed upon to deceive, and then turned across country, and went home. Think a moment."

I could repeat this in my mind too, but I had not the least idea what it meant. I saw before me, lying on the step, the mother of the dead child. She lay there with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it. She lay there who had so lately spoken to my mother. She lay there a distressed, unsheltered, senseless creature. She who had brought my mother's letter, who could give me the only clew to where my mother was; she who was to guide us to rescue and save her, whom we had sought so far, who had come to this condition by some means connected with my mother that I could not follow, and might be passing beyond our reach and help at that moment, she lay there, and they stopped me! I saw, but did not comprehend, the solemn and compassionate look in Mr. Woodcourt's face. I saw, but did not comprehend, his touching the other on the breast to keep him back. I saw him stand uncovered in the bitter air with a reverence for something. But my understanding for all this was gone.

I even heard it said between them—

"Shall she go?"

"She had better go. Her hands should be the first to touch her. They have a higher right than ours."

I passed on to the gate, and stooped down. I lifted the heavy head, put the long dark hair aside, and turned the face. And it was my mother, cold and dead.

FUNERAL RITES IN CEYLON.

[The following article is from Mr. T. S. BURNELL, an American printer, the superintendent of a large printing establishment at Jaffna, Ceylon. The manuscript copy, which is written with perfect accuracy and great neatness, the author informs us was written by "a half naked low-caste native," educated at the Mission Seminary at Batticotta, who is employed by him as accountant, translator, and writer.—EDS. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

A BOUT four months since, I, with my family, spent some days for health and recreation, in a temporary bungalow built upon the sea-shore at Mathagul, distant from Manepy seven miles, and two beyond the missionary station of Panditeripo. Very near the bungalow, and a few feet only from the sea-shore, is a *choordu kardu*, or a burning place for the dead. One afternoon, while at the bungalow, the corpse of an aged *pundarum*, or holy beggar, was brought to this *choordu kardu* and burnt. My attention was first arrested by the approach of a procession and the sound of a hand-bell, which some one in the procession was most industriously ringing. The company soon stopped, and putting down the bier with the corpse upon it, they

commenced their tiresome and foolish ceremonies. I left the bungalow, and going to them, asked permission to stand near by and see their way of managing things on such an occasion. Permission was readily granted, and I stood and looked on for an hour or more, until the fire was at length set to the funeral pile, and nearly all the company had departed, it being then quite dark. Such a sight, and such indifference and carelessness, I never before witnessed on an occasion of the bestowment of the last rites upon the remains of a fellow mortal. There were three sons of the deceased present, all of whom manifested little or no feeling, and one of whom in particular seemed quite as stupid as a beast, notwithstanding that they all were constantly engaged in some part of the many and varied forms and ceremonies. After a large part of the rites had been gone through with, one of the sons left his company and came to me, saying, he knew it must be opposed to my feelings and wishes to see them dispose of their dead in this way ; and proposed that if I would give them about £2, they would stop matters at that juncture, and give their father's corpse a burial after the manner of Christians. I declined their offer, telling them if by giving I could change their feelings and desires, and make them good men. I would willingly give, but as it was, their only motive being to get money, I could not consent to their wishes.

Since seeing this burning of the dead, and the preparations for it, I have taken pains to learn from the natives what are the customs of the Hindus in this connection, and also what is done to those in a dying state, &c., and I am now able to give the following account. Many of the ceremonies herein detailed I saw at the time of the burning of this *pundarum's* corpse ; and all the rites mentioned are practiced more or less.

When a person is at the point of death, his friends perform a rite called *kothanum*. To make this ceremony ten kinds of gifts are used, namely, *kō* (a cow), earth, rape-seed, *ghee* (or melted butter), cloth, rice, *koarlai* (a kind of pea), silver, salt, and sugar. The expense of this ceremony may be much or little, according to the will of the parties concerned. Although there are ten different things used, yet the rite is called *kothanum*, because the cow (*kō*) is the chief or sacred gift among the ten. *Komoohet** is considered to be a still more efficacious and meritorious gift than *kothanum*. The Brahmin, after having performed the ceremonies peculiar to this occasion, causes the dying person to seize hold of the tail of the cow, or, if too far gone to do it himself, another person clasps the tail and hand within his own, and thus brings them in contact ; after which the animal is presented to the

Brahmin. The dying person holds the tail of the cow, under the impression that his soul will thus be helped to pass over the river of fire, which, it is believed, all must pass before reaching the other world. After this ceremony, of seizing the cow's tail is done, the son or nearest relative of the dying person rubs or rinses the *odoatterardchum* (sacred beads) in milk with sacred ashes* (called *repothe*), and gives the mixture to the dying person to drink. Then the son of the dying man utters some *mantras* or incantations in the ear of his father, having placed his head on his (the son's) right thigh. After life is gone, the corpse is put in a place smeared with cow manure, the head pointing toward the south, with a lighted lamp placed near it. As soon as the person is dead, the friends of the deceased send for their family *guru* or priest, who should repair to the house of sorrow the moment he hears the intelligence. He takes with him another *guru* who can render assistance, and comes to the place bringing a bell, censer, etc., required for the ceremony. The articles that are necessary for the occasion are procured and put before him under a *punthal* or shed prepared for the purpose. The articles referred to are as follows : paddy, rice, mango leaves, thread, *tetpy* (a kind of sacred grass), cocoa nuts, plantains, camphor, benzoin, betel leaves, areca nuts, *ghee*, parched rice, and turmeric powder. The immediate attendant, or as he is termed disciple of the priest, marks out, by strewing rice flour upon the ground under the *punthal*, a six foot square figure. After having done this, the attendant takes thirteen brass or new earthen vessels (called *koompum*) which are bound round with cotton thread, fills them with water, and puts over the mouths of each a cocoa nut and a few mango leaves, and then places them all on rice, spread on the ground. The plantains and some of the other articles referred to above, are placed around each of these *koompums*. These thirteen *koompums* are dedicated to as many different deities. The four, placed in the middle of the figure, are severally sacred to Siva, Amman (Siva's wife), Vishnu, and Brahma. The remaining nine are designed for other tutelary or protecting deities, whose names are Indra (the king of the gods), Ukkeny (the god of fire), Eyaman (the god of death), Neroothy (the regent of the southwest quarter), Varoonan (the god of waters), Varyoo (the god of wind), Koopadan (the god of riches), and Esarnan (the guardian of the northeast

* *Komoohet* is the giving of a cow while in the act of parturition, and if there be a head presentation, then the merit of the gift reaches a higher degree. The Rajah of Tanjore, upon the continent of India, it is said, keeps a large number of cows, that in case of his being suddenly taken away by death, he may be able in his last moments to offer the gift *komoohet*.

* The sacred ashes hold a most conspicuous place among the idolatrous observances of the Hindus. They are worn upon the forehead, the arms, and the body, as a distinctive religious mark, and the white appearance they give upon the tawny or black ground of a native's skin is regarded by them as very beautiful. These sacred ashes are made in the time of the rice harvest, and consist of the excrement of the cattle that tread out the grain, which excrement, when dried, is burnt with the chaff of the rice, and becomes white ashes, or fine, soft, white powder. These ashes are well-nigh ubiquitous in India among the followers of the god Siva, and are the first thing to catch your eye when a Hindu of this sect approaches.

quarter). These eight deities are also guardians for the eight principal points of the compass. The last *koompun* is designed for the inferior deity Vidavan, who presides over graveyards and burning places. These *koompuns* are severally covered with pieces of new cloth.

A hole for receiving the consecrated fire is made in the ground, in the middle of the square figure; and nine kinds of fuel are used to make the fire in the hole, such as the banian, mango, and the wood of other Eastern trees. Ghee, parched corn, and other articles are also mingled with the wood. After the fire is built in this manner, a piece of the sandal (a very costly odoriferous wood) is put into the fire, so that the lighted brand may be taken to the burning-place to kindle the funeral pile. The priest also sends for a mortar and pestle, and decorates the mortar with mango leaves and cloths; then he puts into the mortar a certain number of kernels of raw and parched rice, with scented powders, and causes one of the sons, or if there be no son, a near relative of the deceased, to pound them, while he, the priest, reads a work which prescribes the rites and ceremonies adapted to the occasion.

While these ceremonies are in progress, the family servants (a class of people of the *Covia* caste, who were formerly, up to 1825, slaves) rub the head of the corpse with rape-seed-oil, the juice of the lime, and the pomace* of the olive (*Cassia longifolia*) fruit, and also bathe the body with the water in the *koompuns*, before referred to. While the body is being bathed, and other preparations are going on, the female friends of the deceased bemoan their loss by singing, in dolorous tones, mourning songs, which describe the worth of the departed. They also beat their breasts with the palms of their hands, and howl and cry in a loud and most pathetic manner.

After the bathing is over, the *Covias* place the corpse on a rough sort of cot, or couch, in front of the consecrated fire before mentioned, and rub sacred ashes all over the body. On the forehead of the corpse a round spot is made with a paste of sandal wood-powder. They put, at the same time, into the mouth of the corpse a mixture of betel, areca nut, a little lime, a piece of tobacco, and some spices, if they can be had.

After all these preliminaries are gone through, the friends of the deceased call the tom-tom beaters, the washerman, barber, and blacksmith, and give them each a piece of new cloth, having a *pice* (a small copper coin) tied in at the corner. These cloths they are required to wear around their heads. After this, the *Covias* place the corpse on a bier, decorated according to their ability and taste—sometimes quite beautifully, with flowers, ornamental pa-

pers, &c., and then bear the same to the burning-place on their shoulders, accompanied by the before-mentioned persons, including the carpenter and the friends of the deceased. While thus proceeding to the *choordu kardu*, the washermen spread clean cloths on the ground, so that all who attend the funeral may walk over them, and the barber carries with him the firebrand taken from the consecrated fire; the *Covia* women fan the corpse, while *Nalava* women blow in the mouths of earthen vessels, making a hollow, slightly musical sound. After they all reach the burning-place, the eldest son, or, if there be no son, a near relative, cleanly shaved and newly bathed, approaches the pile, attended by the barber, who carries in his hand a new earthen vessel filled with water. After the body is placed on the pile, with the head toward the south, the nearest relatives and friends put rice into the mouth of the corpse one after the other, according to their respective ages, letting fall at the same time near the face a small copper coin, which is picked up by the tom-tom beaters, and is one of their perquisites. When this is done, the son of the departed takes the vessel from the hand of the barber, and, being accompanied by the same person, who has a knife in his hand, they both walk round the pile three times, when the barber cracks the vessel, and the son lets it fall on the ground. Immediately he kindles the funeral pile, and his friends hurry him home, not allowing him to linger or look at the work of the flames. A few persons only remain to see that the corpse is wholly consumed, while all the others return home and bathe themselves.

After three days, the friends of the deceased call their *guru*, and repair with him to the burning-place, where they gather the ashes of the corpse, and put them in a new earthen vessel, which they throw into the sea or river, thereby hoping that the soul of the departed will be carried to heaven. This is to be done on the morning of the third day, with certain ceremonies; and in the afternoon, the friends invite all the relatives and the servants and their families, and entertain them hospitably. Again, on the eighth day, they procure many kinds of food which the deceased used to eat when alive, and set them in the place where he usually took his food, thinking that the spirit of the departed will come and refresh itself. At the same time the females cry with a loud voice, and make many lamentations for the dead. It is worthy of notice, that when one of these mourning-women stop crying, all immediately stop, from the superstitious notion, that if a part continue wailing after the others have ceased, there will very soon be another death in the family. On the thirtieth day, the last ceremony called *untheyrile*, is to be performed near the sea or some body of water. Until this is performed, it is supposed that the spirit of the deceased will be in charge of Vidavan, an inferior god, to whom the principal offerings are made on this occasion. The articles re-

* This pomace of the olive-fruit is universally used by the Tamil people; when bathing they rub it upon their bodies to aid in the work of cleansing and purifying. Those in the Western world can hardly understand what a matter is made of bathing by the Orientals; they often take the best part of a whole day for the business.

quired for this last ceremony are fifteen, and the same as those used in the ceremony, before described, of preparing the body for burning; but the fee allotted to the *guru* differs according to the respectability and wealth of the family, and varies from two dollars to one thousand dollars, or even more. The *guru* who performs this ceremony is usually carried in a palanquin to the sea-shore, river, or tank, where *untheyirtle* is to be performed, and the matter is attended with more or less of show and display. A *punthal* or shed is erected for the accommodation of the *guru* and the company while performing this last rite.

The ceremony is very much like the one before described of the six-foot square figure and its accompaniments, only that this is still longer and more wearisome. The Hindus suppose that if the ceremony of the *untheyirtle* is not performed the soul of the departed will be wandering about here and there, and will fail of heaven, or the desired end of transmigration and appearing in a higher degree of being. If the eldest son, whose duty it is to cause the performance of the rites, fails to do it, he is supposed to render himself liable to the certain curse of the gods.

It should be remarked that in connection with nearly all these ceremonies, there is a very great amount of gesticulation and muttering of prayers on the part of the *guru*, and of prostration and various kinds of superstitious movements of the hands, &c., on the part of the relatives. Who, in view of this account of the vain ceremonies and superstitious notions, in bondage to which immense numbers of the human race are held, would not rejoice in the spread of Christianity, civilization, light, and knowledge in the earth? And who would not be willing to use the power of his example, influence, wealth, and prayers, in spreading the knowledge of true religion and salvation through a crucified Savior, which destroys such ignorance, and puts an end to such absurd and ridiculous vanities?

TOILET-TALK.

THREE are certain moralists in the world, who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy—or, being old, fantastic, or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

We can hardly over-estimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the ruder sex. A fam-

ily of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, a cousin, or a visiter here and there, assemble round the early meal. The ladies have complexions fresh from plentiful morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or floating in silky curls; the plain well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned floating muslin of a warmer season, the delicately embroidered collar and cuffs; the suspicion of black velvet, that, encircling the throat, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some hand of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment: taste is seldom a solitary gift, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet violets on the table, low-lying among moss; or those primroses, almost hidden in their own leaves, not mixed up and dressed with gaudier flowers. The father of that family carries to his dusty counting-house, his toilsome or anxious daily business, a sense of happiness and refinement—not one of those scents is lost. Cheerfully will he labor, that his home may be preserved inviolate, that not one of those bright precious heads may ever know change or privation. And those young men—will they ever dare approach such a sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer? Will they not turn with disgust from persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home?

To much greater extent than we are at all aware is dress indicative of character. Will Honeycomb says he can tell the humor of a woman by the color of her hood. And not only do we read

"The cap, the whip, the masculine attire" aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately an attractive exterior is not dependent on wealth, an adequate consideration of place and circumstances being one of the great secrets of dressing well. The portly dame who waddles along the street stiff, with satin, crowned with feathers, glaring with ermine; and the strong-minded individual who pays her morning-calls in clamping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, are both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the toilet with ameliorating grace. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say: "Behold me—my eyes, hair, stature, position; dress me!" will, probably, in the end, have a relieved mind as well as pocket.

No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable;—in uniting in one happy union these great principles consists the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING has occurred during the month in the political world to break the usual monotony of the summer season. The most marked event has been perhaps the rapid visit of the President and several members of his Cabinet to the city of New York, to attend the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which took place on the 14th of July. The President was greeted by large popular demonstrations at the various points along the route, and had a public official reception in the city. He made speeches in reply to the addresses which were presented to him. The ceremonies at the opening of the Crystal Palace were interesting. Prayer was read by Bishop Wainwright—an address was made by Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., President of the Association, to which a brief response was made by the President of the United States. On the 16th, a grand entertainment was given by the Directors to their distinguished guests, at which speeches were made by the President and the members of his Cabinet present, as well as by Sir Charles Lyell and others. The Exhibition has continued open to the public since that day; the attendance has been very respectable, the daily receipts averaging about \$1500.

An American named Walter M. Gibson has recently returned to the United States, having escaped from the prisons of the Dutch authorities of the island of Java, where he has been confined for nearly a year, upon charges of seeking to excite the natives against the Dutch rule. Mr. Gibson went to the East Indies some two years since, in the schooner *Flirt*, which he had purchased and fitted out for an adventure. Upon his first arrival he was kindly received, and treated with great distinction by the Dutch authorities; but his progress in becoming acquainted with some of the native princes, and in acquiring their confidence, awakened distrust, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was repeatedly acquitted by the local courts, but was always arrested by warrant of the supreme authorities, as a person whose presence was considered dangerous to the peace of the country. He at length made his escape in disguise from the prison, got on board an American clipper, and reached New York on the 26th of July.—Arrangements have been made for a semi-monthly line of mail steamers between Bremen and New York.—General Almonte, the new Mexican Minister, has reached Washington, and presented his credentials. In his address to the President, he gave assurances of the earnest desire of Mexico to cultivate the most peaceful relations with the United States, as essential to the proper development of the resources of both countries; and of her determination to omit no exertions which may be deemed compatible with the dignity of a free and independent nation to accomplish that object. The President reciprocated those good wishes, and welcomed the new Minister to the capital.

The State Convention of Massachusetts, assembled to frame a new Constitution for the State, adjourned on the 1st of August. The new Constitution contains many important changes. Senators are hereafter to be chosen in forty single districts by a plurality of votes. The Executive Councilors are

to be elected by the people, one member from each of eight districts, each district to be composed of five Senatorial districts. The House of Representatives is to consist of 407 members, elected annually. The principal State officers, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney General are to be elected by the people. Judges of the Supreme, Judicial, and other courts, are to hold office for ten years, instead of during good behavior. The right of suffrage is opened to every male citizen twenty-one years of age and upward, who has been a resident of the State one year, and of the town where he claims the right to vote six months. The sense of the people on the expediency of a Convention for a new revision of the Constitution is to be taken in 1872, and in every twentieth year thereafter. Other propositions were adopted relating to the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, making jurors judges of the law in criminal cases, giving to State creditors the right to recover their claims by suit, abolishing imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud, prohibiting the appropriation of school moneys to any religious sect for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools, prohibiting the creation of corporations by special acts when unnecessary, and requiring the adoption, in all banks to be hereafter established, of the system which has been introduced in New York.

The embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620, was celebrated on the anniversary of that event, August 1st, at Plymouth, Mass., by interesting and appropriate public ceremonies. A very large concourse was in attendance, and over two thousand people sat down to the dinner which had been prepared. Mr. Richard Warren presided, and speeches were made by a number of distinguished guests, among whom were Governor Clifford and Senators Everett, Sumner, and John P. Hale.—A very eloquent eulogy upon Mr. Webster was pronounced at Hanover, N. H., on the 27th of July, by Hon. Rufus Choate, in connection with the exercises of Dartmouth College, at which Mr. Webster was graduated. It gave a general summary of his public and professional life, with an analysis of his character.—The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th of July, and continued for a week. Papers upon scientific subjects were read by a great number of gentlemen, and the discussions were unusually interesting and instructive. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at the city of Washington.

From California we have news to the 16th of July. The grain harvests were coming in well, the crops being very abundant. The town of Shasta had been almost wholly destroyed by fire, and the village of Rough-and-Ready had also been swept by a disastrous conflagration. The mines continued to yield abundantly, and operations of all kinds in connection with them were conducted with gratifying success. Political affairs were exciting a good deal of attention. The Democrats have nominated Governor Bigler for re-election. The Whigs have nominated Wm. Waldo. A State Convention has been held, called by the Whigs, but designed primarily to promote reform in the various departments of the State

Government. It is thought that the manifold abuses which have been practiced will give the movement a good deal of strength. The new members of the Land Commission met on the 8th. Disastrous fires had occurred in the towns of Ophir and French Corral. The attempt to establish steam navigation on the Colorado had failed, in consequence of the loss of the steamer employed. It is satisfactorily proved that the river is navigable for forty or fifty miles above its mouth. Anthracite coal has been discovered in the neighborhood of Shasta. The papers abound in reports of murders, thefts, and accidents.

From Oregon there is little news. Governor Lane has been elected delegate to Congress by a large majority. Crops promise well throughout the Territory. There are four steamers building, and nine running, on the Columbia and Willamette rivers. New coal discoveries are reported within a few miles of the Columbia River; and gold is said to have been found near the head waters of the Santiano. The mines in Southern Oregon are doing well.

From Washington Territory and Puget's Sound we have news to June 18. Emigration to that section was largely increasing, and indications were evident of steady and rapid improvement. The Hudson's Bay Company claim a large extent of territory upon the sea-coast, which gives rise to considerable uneasiness, and calls for the action of our Government.

From the Sandwich Islands our intelligence is to June 11th. Drafts drawn by ships belonging to the American whaling fleet, touching at Honolulu and Lahama during the last season, amounted to \$300,000. Reports from the Royal Agricultural Society represent the farming interests as recovering from their depression. There is a steady increase in the culture of sugar, and the crop for the coming year promises to be twice as large as that of last year. The small-pox was raging frightfully at Honolulu. The King had issued a proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer on the 15th of June.—In the Society Islands the Empire was proclaimed on the 17th of April, with appropriate ceremonies.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from Mexico to the 22d of July, represents affairs as tending steadily toward arbitrary rule. Santa Anna seems to retain his popularity as yet, and avails himself of it in laws for the more rigorous government of the country. Rumors had been widely circulated of an intention on his part to form a close alliance between Spain and Mexico, restoring the latter country, in fact, to its ancient condition of colonial dependence upon the former. The project is openly advocated by the *Universal*, which is the conservative organ, but is warmly opposed by the liberal papers. Indications daily appear of an alliance between Church and State; a commission has been named for drawing up rules permitting and regulating the return of the Jesuits. The penalty of death has been established against defaulters in the Treasury Department and defrauders of the revenue. An order has been issued abolishing all crosses and decorations conferred for services during civil war, and permitting only such as have been conferred by foreign powers or in service of Mexico during a foreign war. The reason assigned is a desire to efface all recollection of the political struggles that have destroyed the country.—The ravages of the Indians still continue in the States of Durango and Zacatecas, and the lands were being rapidly deserted. In the latter state a general enlistment of all males between sixteen and

fifty years of age has been ordered, as it is said the army is not yet sufficiently organized to undertake the defense of the country. The Count Raousset de Boulbon, whose invasion of Sonora some months since excited a good deal of attention, has reached Mexico, and been introduced to the President.—An immense army of grasshoppers—three leagues long and half a league broad—has made its appearance on the northern confines of Guatemala, and extended into Mexico as far as Oajaca. It travels at the rate of twelve miles a day, and has already traversed one hundred and fifty leagues of the country. It devours the indigo and corn, not having yet injured the sugar cane.—The Mexican papers generally treat the seizure by the American forces of the Mesilla Valley, as a flagrant insult, perpetrated for the purpose of provoking renewed hostilities. The chief of the Mexican Boundary Commission has published a work upon the subject, urging the perfect and indefeasible right of Mexico to the valley.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Intelligence from Venezuela to the 27th of July represents the insurgents as having suffered disastrous defeat in the Baul and Pao. The action took place on the 22d of June, and the government troops under General Silva, completely routed the opposing forces, of whom five hundred were taken prisoners. An official proclamation announcing the result, states that the war is nearly at an end, as vigorous measures have been taken to pursue the rebels in the adjacent provinces. A decree has been issued authorizing the capture and destruction as pirates of any of the insurgents who may escape to sea.—From Peru we learn that affairs are rapidly approaching a state of war with Bolivia. Peru has hitherto mainly confined her operations to the promotion of civil dissensions in Bolivia; but she has now committed sundry overt acts of hostility, which have been retaliated by the other side. The first was the seizure of sundry articles of commerce stored in Africa and belonging to Bolivia, and the decree of Peru levying 40 per cent. transit duty on all merchandise passing through that country for Bolivia. Next came the seizure by Peru of the port of Cobija, thus cutting off all communication between Bolivia and the Pacific coast. The place was vacated by the Bolivian forces as soon as the Peruvian ships appeared in the harbor. General Belzu has issued orders to prepare immediately for war, declaring an absolute interdict on all commercial traffic between the two countries, and ordering all goods in transitu to be seized. All citizens of Bolivia are prohibited from passing out of their own territory. The meeting of the Bolivian Congress has been postponed.—From Chile there is no news of interest. Schools of industry are being established in various parts of the country, and an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb has been opened at Santiago. It is stated that the Government has acquired the astronomical observatory lately belonging to the United States Scientific Corps in that city.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England during the month has been mainly occupied with the politics of Eastern Europe. The progress of the difficulty between the Russian Czar and the Porte has been watched with great anxiety by the commercial interests, though a very strong feeling exists among the people of England adverse to the pretensions of Russia, which are felt to be indicative of meditated encroachments upon the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The

course of the Government has been marked by excessive prudence, and is clearly governed by a predominant desire for the preservation of peace. The debates in Parliament have had but little interest. Several attempts have been made in both Houses to elicit from Ministers information as to the steps taken by Government to sustain the Porte, but they have not been successful. The Ministry had generally been content with declaring that the negotiations were still in progress, that France and England were acting in close conjunction, and that both powers were determined to maintain the faith of treaties, and to preserve, if possible, the peace of Europe. In the latest discussion of the subject, Lord John Russell stated that so far from having been brought to a close, the negotiations had but just begun at St. Petersburg, and considering the time required for communicating between that city and Constantinople it would not be deemed surprising that they were not in a condition to be laid before Parliament. In the House of Peers, Lord Lyndhurst characterized the circular letter of Count Nesselrode, of which notice is made in another part of this Record, as "one of the most fallacious, one of the most illogical, and one of the most offensive and insulting documents of that description it had ever been my misfortune to read." — The Government bill for amending the constitution of the East India Company has been largely discussed, and Mr. Macaulay has made one of his splendid speeches in its support. It has passed its second reading. The other subjects which have engaged the attention of Parliament have not been of general interest or importance. Several measures relating to the welfare of the poorer classes have been brought forward, one by Mr. Cobbett, who obtained leave to introduce a bill for the purpose of limiting the labor in factories to ten hours. Lord Shaftesbury has brought forward a bill for the prevention of juvenile mendicancy. He estimates the number of children annually turned out by their parents as mendicants and vagrants, at 3000, and the total number in London who obtain a living by thieving as 6000. He proposes to give the children right of education in the Union Schools, adding a claim upon the parents for their support. — The Law Amendment Society, at one of its recent sittings, was addressed very ably by its President, Lord Brougham, upon the history of the legal reform thus far effected, and in earnest advocacy of further progress. Justice Parker, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was present, and being called upon to do so, spoke in high praise of the practical effect of the legal reforms recently introduced in New York, especially of the fusion of law and equity.

— The returns of the Board of Trade indicate a large increase in the commerce of the country: during the first five months of the year, there has been an increase of over seven millions of pounds sterling in the exports over last year. The increase in the imports and in goods taken for home consumption, food, raw materials, luxuries, &c., shows the same activity in trade and prosperity of the people.

CONTINENTAL.

No events of importance have occurred in France. M. de Persigny recently had an interview with the editors of Paris, in which he assured them that it was the desire of Government to enlarge the sphere of their action as rapidly as the public safety would permit. — An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, while attending the opening of the Opera Comique, on the 4th of July. Three persons had stationed themselves near the door at which he would enter, and when ordered to withdraw, refused to do

so. Ten or fifteen others came up and rescued them from the police, but were themselves surrounded and captured. It is said that all were found to be armed. The affair was kept as private as possible, but it became generally known, and created a good deal of uneasiness. It is stated that the Emperor has given up his intended visit to the Pyrenees; secret societies are said to exist throughout the south, so that it is feared his life would not be safe on such an excursion.

An incident occurred in the harbor of Smyrna the last of June which excited a good deal of interest, and had important bearings between Austria and the United States. A Hungarian named Kosta had been forcibly seized while in a café, and taken on board an Austrian brig-of-war, and orders had been issued by the Austrian consul to carry him away on the 29th. Captain Ingraham being in port with the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis, learning that Kosta had declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and that he had an American passport, on the 28th sent in his protest against his being carried away until the facts could be ascertained; and on the next day brought the guns of his vessel to bear upon the Austrian brig where he was confined. Letters from Mr. J. P. Brown, U. S. Chargé at Constantinople, arrived, stating that Kosta was entitled to American protection; and Captain Ingraham obtained from the Austrians a delay until the 2d of July, and then went on board the brig with the consul. Kosta then demanded American protection, and Captain Ingraham told him he should have it. The Captain then sent word to the Austrian that Kosta must be released before four o'clock in the evening. Both ships then cleared for action, and every thing indicated that the affair would be decided by force. Fortunately an arrangement was made by the Austrian and American consuls, by which it was agreed that Kosta should be surrendered to the French consul who consented to take charge of him until his claim to protection should be decided by the two Governments. Mr. Brown, Chargé at Constantinople, meantime wrote to Baron Bruck, the Austrian ambassador, desiring him to intercede to secure his release; but the Baron rebuked Mr. Brown for interfering in the affair, as Kosta was an Austrian subject, and liable therefore to be seized by the Austrian authorities while on Turkish territory. Kosta had been in the suite of Kossuth, and would doubtless have been at once executed if he had been taken to Vienna. The spirited conduct of Captain Ingraham in interposing for his release, excited great enthusiasm in Smyrna, where the American citizens gave him a splendid dinner on the 4th of July.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The principal interest of the month has turned upon the progress of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey, which still threatens to result in war, though no decisive steps have yet been taken, and the predominant aspect is that of peace. The Danubian provinces have been occupied by the Russian troops, but negotiations are understood to be in progress under the direction of the Western powers, which, it is hoped, may prevent this step from being considered a *casus belli*. Several state papers, indispensable to a correct history of the difficulty, have been published. On the 31st of May, Count Nesselrode addressed a note to Redschid Pasha, stating that the Emperor had been informed of his refusal to enter into the smallest engagement with the Russian Government, of a nature to reassure it of the protecting intentions of the Ottoman Government with regard to the worship and orthodox churches in Tur-

key. He forewarns him of the consequences of persisting in this refusal, urges him to represent to the Sultan the injustice and impolicy of his conduct, and declares that in a few weeks the troops will receive orders to cross the frontiers of the Empire, not to make war, but to obtain material guarantees, until the Ottoman Government will give to Russia the moral securities which she has in vain demanded for the last two years. He closes by exhorting him to sign the note presented by Prince Menschikoff as his ultimatum, without variation, and to transmit it without delay to the Prince at Odessa.—Redschid Pasha replied to this note by declaring the willingness of the Sultan to confirm by a decree all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed by the members of the Greek Church *ab antiquo*, and stating that a firman had just been issued for this purpose. But it was deemed inconsistent with the independence and self-respect of Turkey to enter into engagements with Russia upon the subject, and that, therefore, must be regarded as a simple impossibility. The intention of causing the Russian troops to cross the frontiers was regarded as incompatible with the assurances of peace and of the friendly disposition of the Emperor, and was so much opposed to what might be expected from a friendly power that the Porte knows not how he can accept it. If the Emperor would but appreciate as it deserves the impossibility for Turkey of entering into the stipulations required, the Porte would not hesitate to send an ambassador to St. Petersburg to re-open negotiations there, and to make some arrangement satisfactory to both.

Upon the receipt of this reply, on the 14th of June, the Emperor issued at St. Petersburg a proclamation, declaring that the defense of the faith and of the rights and privileges of the orthodox church, had always been his purpose and his duty: that the recent infringements of them by the acts of the Ottoman Porte had threatened the entire overthrow of all ancient discipline; that all efforts to restrain the Porte from such acts had been in vain, and that even the word of the Sultan had been faithlessly broken; and that having exhausted all means of conviction, and tried in vain all the means by which his just claims could be peaceably adjusted, he had deemed it indispensable to move his armies into the provinces on the Danube, in order that the Porte may see to what its stubbornness may lead. He had no intention, however, of commencing war: he only sought a sufficient pledge for the re-establishment of his rights. He was even yet willing to stop the movements of the army, if the Porte would bind itself solemnly to respect the inviolability of the orthodox church.

Count Nesselrode at the same time published in the "St. Petersburg Journal" a circular addressed to the Russian Ministers at Foreign Courts, rehearsing the history of the difficulty, and aiming to show that the Emperor had demanded from the Porte nothing more than a confirmation of the rights he had always possessed, and a guarantee that they should be observed in future. This circular was dated June 11, and was followed by another on the 20th—in which it is stated that the Governments of France and England had complicated the difficulties of the case by sending their fleets to the Dardanelles in advance of the action of Russia, thus placing the Emperor under the weight of threatening demonstration. The refusal of the Porte to accede to the Emperor's ultimatum, supported thus by the armed demonstrations of the maritime powers, had rendered it more than ever impossible to modify the resolu-

tions already made contingent upon that act. The Emperor had, accordingly, ordered a corps of Russian troops, stationed in Bessarabia, to cross the frontier and occupy the Danubian principalities. They would enter not to make war, but as a material guarantee for the fulfillment of his duties by the Sultan, and because the action of France and England in taking maritime possession of the waters of Constantinople, had created an additional reason for re-establishing the equilibrium of the reciprocal situations by taking a military position. The occupation of the principalities was not designed to be permanent, but would cease whenever the Porte should concede the demands of Russia, which looked not at all toward aggrandizement, but sought only justice. The inhabitants of the principalities, meantime, would suffer no new burdens from the occupation, as all supplies would be paid for out of the military chest at the proper time, and at rates agreed upon beforehand with their Governments. The Government did not conceal from itself the important consequences which might follow this step, if the Turkish Government should compel it to go further: but it had no alternative left. The Turkish Government had taken a position which involved the virtual arrogation of all existing treaties, and which Russia, could not concede. All the excitement upon this subject had proceeded from a pure misunderstanding: it seemed to be forgotten that Russia enjoyed, by position and treaty, an ancient right of watching over the effectual protection of its religion in the East, and the maintenance of the right, which it will not abandon, is represented as implying the pretension of a protectorate, at once religious and political, the importance of which, present and future, is greatly exaggerated. The circular closes with an earnest disavowal of all intentions on the part of the Emperor to subvert the Ottoman Empire, or to aggrandize himself at its expense. His fundamental principle was still, as it had always been, to maintain the *status quo* in Turkey as long as possible—because this was the well-understood interest of Russia, already too vast to need territorial extension—because the Ottoman Empire averts the shock of rival powers which, if it fell, would at once encounter each other over its ruins, and because human foresight wears itself in vain in seeking a combination proper to fill the void which the disappearance of this great body would leave in the political systems.—Accompanying the circular was a proclamation from Prince Gortschakoff, to the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, announcing that he had been ordered to occupy their territories, and exhorting them to remain quiet and obedient to the laws.

Sundry expressions in the circular of Count Nesselrode, especially those in which an attempt is made to justify the proceedings of Russia by pleading the example of France, elicited a reply from M. Drouyn de l' Huys, the French Minister, who enters into an extended historical exposition to prove the utter groundlessness of the attempted analogy, and to demonstrate the moderation which France has always shown in her intercourse with the Porte.—Still another reply, dated July 15th, was issued by the French Government to the second circular of Count Nesselrode, in which the pretensions and complaints of the latter are examined and repelled with great ability. M. de l' Huys asserts that the firmans recently issued by the Sultan have removed every possible ground of complaint on the part of Russia, and declares that the agents of the St. Petersburg cabinet every where, when those firmans were first

issued, congratulated themselves on the amicable adjustment of the difficulty. He declares that the four powers have not advised the Porte what course to take in this matter, feeling it to be a matter too nearly touching his own honor to warrant advice from any quarter. They have only taken such a line of conduct as their treaty stipulations required for the protection of their common interests. The cause of the original misunderstanding between Russia and the Porte had disappeared, and the question which might suddenly arise at Constantinople was that of the very existence of the Ottoman Empire; under such circumstances France and England could not fail to take steps to secure the degree of influence to which they were entitled. The Emperor of Russia, moreover, by threatening to occupy the Danubian principalities had taken the initiative, and acted in direct violation of existing treaties. The Porte has an undoubted right to regard that step as an act of war, and the general interest of the world is opposed to the admission of such a doctrine as the act of the Czar implies.

The Sultan, on the 14th of July, published a protest against the occupation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian troops. It is a temperate document, and still manifests firmness. The Sultan declares his intention to maintain inviolate all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, but says "it is evident the independence of a sovereign state is at an end, if it does not retain among its powers that of refusing without offense a demand not authorized by any existing treaty, the acceptance of which would be superfluous for the object in view, and both humiliating and injurious to the party so declining it." Under these circumstances, the Porte expresses its astonishment and regret at the occupation of the principalities, which are styled an integral part of the Ottoman dominions. It denies the right of interference claimed by Russia, and refuses any further apology in regard to the question of religious privileges. The entrance of Russia into the provinces can only be regarded as an act of war; but the Sultan, anxious not to push his rights to the farthest limits, abstains from the use of force, and confines himself to a formal protest.

The Russian armies under Prince Gortschakoff meantime occupy the provinces. Bucharest is made their head-quarters and 80,000 troops are encamped in its vicinity, seventy-two guns of heavy calibre reached Jassy on the 7th of July, and on the same day the Russians crossed the frontier of Moldavia at Foskary and entered Wallachia. They have also taken possession of Olteniza and all other fortified places on the Danube. It is reported and generally credited that strenuous efforts have been made by the other powers to prevent a war, and that negotiations have been renewed at St. Petersburg in such a form as promises a peaceful termination of the dispute. Sundry discussions upon the subject have been had in the English Parliament, notice of which will be found under the appropriate head.

CHINA.

Additional intelligence of considerable interest has been received concerning the progress and character of the rebellion in China. Sir G. Bonham in the British ship *Hermes* has visited Nankin and succeeded in holding interviews with several of the insurgent chiefs. He found Nankin nearly in ruins and the whole district in a state of anarchy and confusion. Both Nankin and Chin-kiang-foo were in possession of the rebels who were awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from the south before advancing to Pekin. He procured some very curious and interesting information concerning the insurgents and their objects. They have a good translation of the Bible, hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and are Christians of the Protestant form of worship. Their chief is called the Prince of Peace, to whom a divine origin is ascribed, but who refuses to receive any of the titles hitherto assumed by the Emperors of China, on the ground that they are due to God alone. Their moral code is comprised in ten rules, which on examination proved to be the ten commandments. They are rigid in their enforcement of morality, and are profoundly influenced by religious feeling. Their leaders are described as earnest practical Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. This intelligence, if it shall prove reliable, will give a new and still more interesting character to this remarkable rebellion.

Editor's Table.

ARE WE PROGRESSING? Who really doubts it? Who would even think of asking such a question in earnest, unless it be the narrow-souled conservative, the stiff-necked dotor who can not turn his face from the past, and to whom the world's historical progress gives more trouble than ever the earth's motion caused to the monks in the days of Copernicus? The world is "progressing" in physical knowledge and physical improvement. "that no one will have the hardihood to call in question. A journey from Buffalo to New York in fourteen hours, and soon, perhaps, to be accomplished in ten—regular voyages across the Atlantic in nine days—California, the medium of communication with the old Asiatic world—the news of an arrival from Europe sent before breakfast to every city in the Union—legislative portraits, historical pictures, or pictures of men making history, fixed upon the canvas with the speed of thought and the accuracy of light itself—progress of this kind, and in this direction, no one

denies. And yet there are some so stupidly stubborn, so immovably fastened in certain moral and theological dogmas, that they will still persist in doubting the fact of a moral and political progress corresponding to this most rapid and remarkable advance of the physical element.

It may be a vain undertaking, but it is to the removal, if possible, of such a darkened state of mind on the part of any of our readers, that we would address ourselves in the present number of our *Editor's Table*.

And to come at once to the point, let us in all candor ask these unreasonable croakers what they would really regard as the truest signs or tests of a real moral and political advance? They must answer, of course, that such evidence would make itself apparent, first, in the individual character, and then in its effects upon the public mind or sentiment of the age or nation. Private, social, and political virtue will all present an intimate connection. The

statistics of crime will show an evident diminution, or, as an equivalent, there will be a great increase in some kinds of virtue, while the public probity, or the morals of public men, in their public capacity, will furnish a like cheering proof of an onward and upward progress in whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good repute.

And now may we not confidently appeal to such a test? In regard to the diminution of individual crime, a certain kind of statistical proof, we are aware, might be brought forward in seeming contradiction of such a view. There have lately been put forth statements of the kind by which the writers would show, and would even seem to prove, that our city of New York is becoming, in this respect, a perfect Pandemonium—that murders, and burglaries, and arsons, are multiplying beyond all former example. A very little thought, however, must convince any candid and rational mind of the fallacy of reasoning from such evidence as this. Admitting it to possess some degree of truth, still even its statistical value may well be questioned, as presenting only one aspect of society, while it keeps back what might not only give relief to the picture, but also turn the balance strongly to the other side of the account. Is the number of crimes increasing among us? So is our population. Do these crimes present peculiar features? So does the progressive genius of the age. The great advancement of society in other respects has multiplied temptations. It should be remembered, too, that it is a "transition period," during which, for a time, the old vices may run somewhat faster than the new virtues. Moreover, foreigners are pouring in upon us, who have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the genius of our institutions. It may be said, too, that the very virtues of the age contribute somewhat to the same temporary effect, especially when this is viewed in that one-sided aspect which these statistical tables would present. There is so much more tenderness, so much more conscientiousness than there used to be, that this very cause contributes somewhat to swell that side of the account, when thus statistically stated. The universal spirit of philanthropy has led thoughtless minds to attach less value to those narrow individual privileges which law must protect as long as they exist, although constantly tempting the weak to their violation. A little farther advance in the progress of society, and this will, in a great measure, disappear. It is the great multitude of our restraining laws which occasions the most of crimes. Abolish these, and then, as a very able writer of the progressive school has most convincingly shown, you have taken a great step toward abolishing all transgression.

But taken at the worst, it is only an evidence of the universal movement. When every thing else is progressing, it would really be wonderful if crime should remain stationary. But are not our virtues—our public and private virtues, making a much more rapid advance. That is the real question, and to such a question but one answer can be given. If we may judge from the almost unanimous testimony of our numerous literary publications, our thousands and tens of thousands of newspapers, the discourses, the legislative reports, the public documents of every kind, there never has been an age like this, so distinguished for its light, its truth, its philanthropy, in a word, its devotion to the great cause of human regeneration. The *race*, the good of the *race*, the progress of the *race*, the mitigation of society, the elevation of a world—these are the great ends pro-

claimed from every quarter; and shall it be objected to so noble an aim, and invidiously thrown in the way of its fulfillment, that there may be, what any thinking man would naturally expect, a slight increase of apparent wrong-doing in connection with so great, and, on the whole, so praiseworthy an excitement—this individual crime, too, sometimes springing from the very noblest of motives, or at the worst, from a premature and excusable desire to realize that unrestrained good of which we are as yet deprived by the false and crime-breeding structure of society?

Our croaking conservative may present his dry statistics of individual crime. Let him feast on such garbage if it suits his raven taste. The nobler spirit would rather turn him to the contemplation of that pure abstract benevolence in which this age so much abounds. Let the one spread before the public his disgusting detail of robberies, seductions, and murders. What is all this in comparison with that tender regard for human life which would abolish capital punishment, and turn our prisons into hospitals of mercy, instead of dens of vindictive cruelty. What is all this in comparison with that extreme conscientiousness which would prefer that every individual murderer should escape, rather than the law should exhibit a vindictive spirit? Here is the error of the mere statistical reasoner. The isolated cases of individual crime may, perhaps, present some appearance of numerical increase. But he fails to set against them, as he should, the still greater increase of public abstract virtue. To this aspect of the matter he is utterly blinded by that narrow and unphilosophical prejudice which would lead him to look for the reformation of society in the reformation of individuals, instead of seeing that the latter can be rationally expected only when society has first become what it ought to be through the progress of philanthropy and social reform. He can not see, what is so evident to the disciple of a more hopeful and earnest faith, that the elevation of our humanity, once accomplished, will most assuredly lift up the individual to a corresponding height of virtue. In other words, let man be regenerated and men are re-formed as a matter of course.

Again—this statistical estimate of progress is one-sided and unjust, inasmuch as it regards the mere outward act as of more importance in determining the progress, whether of individuals or society, than the inward sentiment. Certainly nothing could be more irrational than this. What is a man aside from his principles? And what else constitutes the true character as well as glory of an age, than those expressed sentiments which may be said to form the spirit of its literature—the very inner life of its morals and politics? The conservative calumniator of his own times goes mousing among the records of criminal courts; he drags to light the dark statistics of our prisons: he keeps a daily register of the gallows; he gloats over the examples that now and then occur of political corruption. Why does he not rather refresh his spirit with the contemplation of that flood of noble sentiment which is daily issuing in so many streams from the press, the newspaper, the public lecture, and the literary discourse. If the cases of crime are rather more numerous than could be wished, can he not see how much virtue there is constantly coming forth in books, what glowing expressions of patriotism and philanthropy are continually proceeding from the mouths of our public men—how the newspapers actually overflow with zeal for the public morals, and with the most decisive condemnation of all individuals and companies who

may in any respect fail in that rigid accountability to which the press feels itself bound to hold them? Can there, indeed, be a greater evidence of a high state of the public morals, and of a most decided progress in public virtue, than the fact that so numerous a body of men should have so disinterestedly appointed themselves its champions, and so faithfully performed the duties of this responsible public guardianship?

• And then again, what a proof have we of the same great fact in all our public oratory—in the speeches that ring from our legislative halls, and the eloquence that overflows from the political caucus and the stump? How utterly unselfish are men becoming: how absorbed in devotion to the public good! How dearly, how disinterestedly do our politicians love the people! What heroic sacrifices would they not make for their country and their race! Even their jealousies, their rivalries, their hot political feuds, come from the exuberance of this noble spirit of the age. They love the people so much that they can not bear the idea of having any rivals, or even partners in their affections. Much less can they endure the thought that others should do them wrong. The bare suspicion of such a possibility leads to the most superlative exertions to prevent the success of another combination of political philanthropists whom they may regard as less progressive, or less full of a warm affection for humanity than themselves. It is for this most disinterested purpose that either party, when triumphant, take into their possession all the offices, and assume the control of all political trusts. It is 'all pure philanthropy; and yet there are men among us who will still deny the reality of a moral progress, in the face of such facts as these—facts as undeniable as they are honorable to our humanity. Such men can see nothing but figures. All this vast amount of public virtue goes for nothing with them, simply because it can not be easily reduced to statistical tables, or because the bidious soul of conservatism must ever suspect the purity of a philanthropy it is utterly unable to comprehend.

But how is it with the body politic at large? Here, if we mistake not, may be found evidences of progress which none but the willfully blind would ever think of calling in question. Let us, then, briefly state some of these facts in the history of a nation that must, beyond all cavil, be viewed as furnishing such proof. All sober men, we think, would agree with us in regarding the following characteristics as presenting undoubted tests of national advance. A nation is making, or has made, a true moral progress, in which the reflective, the prospective, in a word, the rational, is taking the place of the impulsive, the reckless, the animal nature. A nation is making a moral progress which has acquired, and calls into exercise, whenever there is occasion for it, such a thing as a national conscience. A nation is making a moral progress which has so risen above the influence of cant or cant words, that all things are brought under the control of reason, and the great question is ever, what is right—where the public men, instead of being ever confined to questions of party expediency, or, in other words, living by the day, send forth their views to the future, and test every measure by its remote bearings rather than its immediate effects upon a present political contest. A nation that is making a true moral progress will not tolerate slang of any kind, or as representative of any school or party—such, for example, as the "divine right of kings," or "divine right of the people," "vox populi vox Dei," "a manifest destiny," "country, right or wrong," "Young America," &c., &c. It will not

tolerate any thing that is unmeaning, and which, just in proportion to its unmeaningness, is hurtful not only to the moral purity, but the intellectual strength and elevation of the public mind. A nation that is making a true moral and political progress will have a strict regard to the rights, and not only to the rights but to the civic welfare, of other nations. It will, in this sense, acquire a true *national honor*, and this will pre-eminently exhibit itself in a tender respect for weaker powers, especially sister republics, and a more scrupulous justice than might be deemed right in other cases of political intercourse. Corresponding characteristics may be noted in respect to internal questions. Here there will be less and less of mere party spirit. In such a nation men will not seek offices, but offices will seek them. Public station will be desired only for the public good, and will ever be cheerfully relinquished for the pursuits of literature, or the more congenial practice of the private and domestic virtues. In short, there will be a manifest approach toward the realization of that golden age of which Plato dreamed, that perfect state in which the characters of the politician and the philosopher, so long divorced, shall be united in one inseparable and harmonious idea.

Such is the picture. What can the most bigoted conservative object to it as a delineation of a true progress—a true moral progress—a rational, a spiritual progress in distinction from a merely physical or material movement? And now, again we ask, can there be a doubt of its applicability to our own present age and country? There may be some few points, perhaps, in which we are not coming quite up to the ideal—but will any candid man deny that such a picture as we have drawn of a true national progress, brings strongly before the mind some of the leading traits of our own moral and political life? Why should the latter be so strikingly suggested? Why, in dwelling on each particular of such a sketch, should our own times, our own men, our own measures, come so vividly up to the thoughts, if there were no real correspondence? Is it not a fact that we are becoming every year more rational, and less animal in our political movements? Are not all public measures—especially those involving such momentous issues as that of war or peace—determined more by pure considerations of right, and less by unreasoning cant and impulse, than in former times of the national history? Are not our national elections becoming, at every successive return, more pure, more elevated, more worthy of rational beings, more and more controlled by questions of high moral bearing, instead of mere party expediency? Does not every Presidential contest thus purify the public mind, and raise it to a higher ideal, by ever bringing out our ablest statesmen, and, in this manner, stimulating all the public virtues by the honors bestowed on the most valuable national services?

Again—is there not every year less and less of political corruption? We mean not simply that petty kind against which some of our statutes are aimed. Every body, of course, condemns the poor wretch who sells the political franchise for a dollar or a glass of whisky; although it might be said, by way of palliation, that the man who buys votes in this manner pays for them in what is strictly his own, instead of something belonging to the people, and only committed to him as a sacred trust. So universal, however, is the abstract condemnation of this, that it is hardly worth mentioning in the scale, even though, from accidental causes, there may have been lately some apparent signs of its increase among us. But

that worse kind of political corruption, which consists in the buying and selling of the people's offices for considerations of party support, or as a reward for party support rendered—in respect to this we may boldly ask the question—Is it not manifestly on the decline, and is there not evidence that in all this *men of all parties* are governed by a lofty patriotism every year becoming more pure and disinterested? We know that there are some who would deny it. They complain of the proscription, as they choose to call it, which each and every political party alike practices toward its opponents; and this they call corruption. They say it is in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and of the oath to maintain it which every officer, the appointed as well as the appointing, are solemnly required to take. They call it gambling—gambling of the worst kind—gambling with what does not belong to the gamblers—gambling with the best interests of twenty-five millions of people. So do these croakers talk; such are their raven notes. But surely this is all an uncharitable judging of other men's consciences—a rash deciding that selfish and party considerations prevail in place of those noble motives of patriotism that are avowed, and which we have so much reason to believe are the true governing influences in such transactions. How blind, too, are those who make these objections, how utterly insensible to the sublime moral spectacle which is a natural consequence of these necessary political transitions. Every four years and oftener, new bands of men, once reckoned by thousands, and now, in the course of progress, by tens of thousands, are called to take the solemn oath of office. They lift their hands to Heaven, and swear to support a Constitution, according to whose spirit, as we all know, offices are for the public good alone, and were never intended for the reward of party services. And, of course, they take the oath in this spirit. Of course the men who thus swear must regard it as no light matter. They doubtless ponder long and deeply upon its meaning. Thus viewed—we repeat it—what a sublime moral spectacle does its frequent repetition present! What a religious aspect must it impart to our national character? What a powerful moral and devotional effect must it have upon the minds of all who take it, and of all who are witnesses of the solemn spectacle. Conservatism sometimes has much to say of the want of the religious element in our political institutions; but how unfounded the complaint in view of these annual and quadrennial exhibitions of official reverence. Thus, too, at each successive change of administration, a larger and still larger body of men are brought under this salutary influence. Here, then, instead of political corruption, we have, in fact, one of the most striking evidences of progress. And it is this view we are bound to take—the view which is most in harmony with a noble charity, most consistent with those large professions of patriotism, of philanthropy, and of all abstract virtue with which the age so much abounds.

Other unmistakable tests of progress are to be found in the increasing purity, dignity, and intellectual elevation of our public bodies. This is certainly a fair criterion, and to it we would appeal with the utmost confidence. It furnishes a conclusive reply to all that conservatism has said, or can say, on this point. If the nation has been "progressing" morally, politically, and intellectually, especially will this show itself in the greater members of the body politic. If the age is before any other age, its Presidents, its legislators, its governors, its judges, its lawyers, will present a corresponding ad-

vance. Nothing can be fairer than this, and on it we would cheerfully rest the whole question. A few examples are not enough for a true induction, but take a large range of view, and the general progress becomes most manifest. Let us only look at the list of our Presidents, commencing with the feeble and inexperienced infancy of the republic, and following it down almost to our own times; for any comparison with present incumbents would, of course, be both impolitic and unjust. How does it read—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor. Who would be so hardy as to deny the steady progress presented in that list? Of the late President, as well as of the present respectable incumbent, we say nothing. They are too near our own immediate times to be correctly seen. History is yet to show whether they are to be regarded as having continued or reversed that ascent—as having turned back toward the lower and feebler standard of our first administrations, or as having taken an upward and an onward step in that glorious advance which so strikingly characterizes the latter half of the scale.

Like proofs may be derived from other and similar sources. Let any man compare our Congresses with those that assembled twenty-five or thirty years ago. How much more dignified than the men of those rude days! How much higher, too, the range of intellectuality than was ever exhibited in the times of the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys, the Amcas, the Wirts, or even in those later, and therefore more advanced periods, whose light has but recently faded with the memory of a Calhoun, a Clay, and a Webster. So rapid is the march of progress, that even those yet living, and who, only a few years since, were justly regarded as our ablest statesmen, are already thrown in the back-ground and become antiquated. Where is Benton, and Van Buren, and that ripe scholar and "fine old American gentleman," Lewis Cass. In former days, when great men were comparatively rare, a politician might keep himself up and ahead for a quarter of a century; now the best of them are run down and run out in five years. They have hardly entered upon the race before they become "Old Fogies;" such is the railroad speed of Young America.

Now can any man be so foolishly conservative as still to deny progress, with such facts before him as these? If they are not deemed enough, proof cumulative and overflowing might be brought from every department. We might present our present judiciaries as compared with those of whom the croakers are ever croaking—the Kents, the Spencers, the Van Nessses of former times. We might institute a comparison between our present lawyers and the Emmets, the Hamiltons, the Williams, the Harrisons, the Wells, the Van Vechtens of a past generation. More especially might we point to those illustrious examples of elevated statesmanship which have been lately exhibited on the floor of our State Legislature, and boldly challenge a comparison with any proceedings that ever took place in the times of the Jays and the Clintons. But above all, would we be willing to meet our conservative on the arena of our own city councils. How unexampled has been the physical progress of New York! In fifty years her population has increased from fifty thousand to more than half a million. We might conclude *a priori* that the political progress would be in the same ratio. And is it not so? Those who have in charge the highest earthly welfare of five hundred thousand souls ought to be no common men—and, they are no common

men. Will any one deny that there has been a steady yet rapid progress in the character of the Common Council of the city of New York? There has been nothing like them in past times, and now, perhaps, there is not a similar body of men on earth with whom they can be compared.

"None but themselves can be their parallel."

In pursuing this general argument, we are strongly tempted to turn to the departments of literature and theology; but time and space will not permit. He who, in the face of the proofs we have presented, will still rail against progress, is inaccessible to argument. He denies the evidence of his own senses, as well as the most clear and well-attested facts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OF the seven hundred and fifty thousand souls who are wont to sleep within hearing of the great fire-bell on the City Hall, there remain in town during these mid-August days only the odd seven hundred thousand who are kept behind by business, poverty, or a wholesome dread of railroad and steam-boat accidents. Our own mid-summer recreations in the country seldom take us more than a two-hours' ride from town; and as our absence does not often exceed two days at a time, there is hardly opportunity to get the hot glare of the red brick brushed from our eyes by the cool freshness of country verdure. The height of our present ambition in this regard is to be able to sandwich a couple of weeks' roaming somewhere between the closing sheet of the present Number and the opening sheet of the succeeding one. For that hoped-for fortnight we have laid out a scheme almost as extensive as the plan of life framed by the famous "Omar the son of Hassan"—(was not that his name?)—of whom we used to read in our schoolboy days. Our scheme embraces, among other things, beholding a sunset and sunrise from Mount Washington; decoying the funny inhabitants of Moosehead Lake; breasting the shaggy sides of Mount Katahdin; besides a sail up the Saguenay and St. Lawrence.

It is very noticeable what a sudden gush of affection these dog-day heats kindle in the breasts of our town ladies for their kindred in the country; for those at least who chance to be blessed with spacious farm-houses or cool village dwellings. If report speaks truly, however, it happens in cases not a few that this affection burns itself out before the arrival of the later autumn months; and is quite extinct by winter time, when their hospitable summer hosts, with their blooming daughters, come to town to return the visit.

Meanwhile, as our ruralizing daughters write us (who manage, by the way, to insinuate quite too many small commissions in the way of gloves, shoes, millinery, and the like, into their gossiping daughterly epistles), the green roadsides and shady lanes within accessible distance of the town are sunflowered over with the broad-brimmed straw hats of our city neighbors' children; and not a tree but there is in its shadow some sentimental young lady trying to get up an extempore love of the country by a diligent perusal of "Lotus Eating," the "Old House by the River," or some such pleasant summer book; and the verandahs are populous with nurses in charge of puny infants sent out for "pure milk and country air," while their lady mothers are dissipating at Saratoga, and Sharon, and Newport.

Newport, and Sharon, and Saratoga aforesaid are swimming on, each in its own delicious amount of

cool sherbets, mint juleps, and Congress water. New belles are building up reputations in bowling alley, or in polka; and new heiresses are coming out from the obscure state of French *gouvernance* and pantaloons, into the halcyon light of watering-place admiration. Bachelors hungry for fortunes are writing new names upon their schedules; and the gay damsels who have worn their honors in miserly way these five years past, till the younger sisters are growing up in their path, are turning their gaze with more eagerness upon the bachelor ranks, and hunting up with spirit the beaus of a gone-by day.

THE "Crystal Palace" perhaps more than any one thing else ripples the current of town talk; although it is not altogether the engrossing topic which our out-of-town correspondents seem to fancy that it must be. Our nimble coadjutors of the daily and weekly press have abundantly chronicled the incidents of its inauguration. Much yet remains to be done before the performance will fully come up to the promise of its projectors; but each day renders the approximation nearer. The edifice itself, with its graceful proportions, airy structure, and harmonious decorations, leaves little cause for regretting that in mere point of magnitude it falls so far behind its London prototype. The collection, though still far from complete, already affords matter for study and contemplation, from the ponderous raw material up to the most delicate productions of mechanical and artistic skill. We must, however, enter a special protest against the equestrian statue of Washington—monstrous both in the literal and metaphorical signification of the word—which stands so conspicuously under the dome. In the same protest we would join the feeble statue of Webster. Who that ever beheld the majestic lineaments of our great statesman would ever recognize them in that smirking plaster travesty! We wish the projectors of the Exhibition all the success that they deserve, and such accessions to their deserving as shall make their success fully equal to their desires.

TO a townful of people tending more and more toward hotel life, few things have a more direct interest than the successive opening of new caravanserais, each apparently eclipsing in splendor all that had preceded it. The latest accession to the number of these bears the name of the "Prescott House," in honor of our great historian. We had an "Living House" before; and as the project for a monument to our greatest novelist seems to have fallen wholly into abeyance, we suggest that our next great hotel be christened the "Cooper House." And as poetry is of a more ethereal nature than prose, why might not Taylor's gorgeous Ice-Creamery be called the "Bryant Silo," in honor of the poet foremost beyond all dispute among those now living who use the English tongue? Why, moreover, should not the bill of fare be made a monument to the honor of the author whose name the establishment bears? Let the different dishes be named after the characters and scenes of their respective works. It has been asserted that no man can be a great cook who might not have become a great poet; that as much genius is required for the composition of a *Salmi* as of an *Epic*, of a *Soup* as of a *Tragedy*. The *chef* at the Prescott might well task his genius, when in his happiest mood, to produce a *Potage à la Isabella*, or a *Vol-au-vent au Columbus* worthy of its name. Ude or Soyer, if transferred to the "Ir-ing," could ask no higher theme than a *Sauce piquante à la Sleepy Hollow*, or a *Cotelette d'Agneau de Pierre Stuyvesant*.

We would recommend the culinary artist of the "Cooper House" that is to be, to meditate deeply upon the fitting composition of a *Venaison à la Leatherstocking*, with *Pommes de terre de Harvey Birch*. A bill of fare artistically elaborated in accordance with these hints could not fail of being gratifying to the taste, in either sense of the word, of the aesthetic gourmand.

ALTOGETHER kindred with these hotel palaces are the ocean palaces—the noble fleet of clippers and steamers which sail from our port. The latest, and therefore presumably the finest, of these clippers which has chanced to come under our personal inspection is the good ship *Sweepstakes*, bound for our Golden Empire on the Pacific coast. What impressed us most, beyond even her graceful model and trim rigging, beyond her stanch timbers and elegant cabins, was the comfortable and airy quarters provided for the crew, replacing the old forecastle, whose middle-passage horrors have tasked the pens of our nautical writers, from Dana to Melville. We are glad to see our merchant princes acting on the belief, that to secure good sailors, even at some additional expense of wages and accommodations, is better than to have a crew who can be kept to duty only by constant fear of the ropes-end and handspike. "Here's hoping that the ship's all right, with a good captain and crew, and that she may have fair wind, and no accident," said a visitor on board. "The ship is all right," responded one of the owners, with modest confidence, "and the captain is all right, and the crew shall be all right. It is our business to see to that; and we have done it. You needn't ask for any thing but a fair wind and no accident." Was not this spoken in the very spirit of Cromwell's famous "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry?"

Our ocean steamers have become so identified with our national pride, that no American but acknowledged an emotion of sorrow, when it was announced a few weeks since that a "Cunarder" had at length succeeded, by fifteen minutes, in a course of three thousand miles, in winning the palm for speed so long worn indisputably by the "Collins" vessels. True, one minute upon two hundred miles was but little; yet a defeat is a defeat; and we had made up our minds to bear ours as philosophically as we might, when the worthy American skipper produced an array of figures to prove that there was no defeat at all on our side, but that we were victors by a round and indisputable two minutes. Which statement is correct, we do not venture to decide; but where the contest is so close, it behoves each party to indulge in no inordinate exultation, and to give way to no undue depression; but, equal to either fortune, whether victory or defeat, calmly to await the issue of the next fair trial.

THE stayers in town find no lack of amusements adapted to their several tastes; and a man of moderate perseverance will succeed in finding a church in which to offer up his Sabbath-day devotions, though the magnates of the pulpit have retired to country-quarters. Madame Thillon enchanting the ears, and still more the eyes, of Opera-goers at Niblo's, alternating with the ever-fresh Ravel's. We know not how many years it is since the Ravel's began to make their summer visits among us. It must be a long time, for they are among our boyish recollections, and we have been obliged to order an additional sprinkling of gray hairs to be introduced into our last wig, in order to make it harmonize with our general aspect of staid middle-agedness. Very likely the troupe

may not comprise a single member who belonged to it in those old days; but it still retains its identity, like the razor commemorated by the venerable Joseph Miller, which was still the same implement, notwithstanding it had successively received a half-score new handles, and twice as many new blades.

Madame Sontag, too, and the cool sea-breezes attract no scanty audiences so far down-town as Castle Garden. A close observer in such matters may, perhaps, notice fewer white kids and elaborate toilles than were wont to grace the benches up-town; but he will detect no abatement in the hearty enthusiasm which greets the singer.

APROPOS, of Sontag, we chanced, not long since, in a book written by a German actor, upon an anecdote, the telling of which should, by rights, have devolved upon our old favorite Guinot, or some of his brilliant confrères, the Parisian *feuilletonists*. We transfer it to English, in our own loose fashion, abating, by the way, no little from the Teutonic rhapsodies of the water. If the tale be not true, the responsibility of narrating it belongs not to us, but to the worthy Herr Edward Jarmann, whom we hereby give up in advance to justice.

Some fifteen years ago, says he, Madame l'Amassadrice the Countess Rossi was the idol of the Russian Court. But the applause of the select circle before whom alone etiquette would permit her to exercise her genius, made poor amends to the Countess for the brilliant stage triumphs won by Henrietta Sontag.

She had sent for her former instructress in music, Madame Czecca, to come to St. Petersburg, where she, of course, became quite the rage. The daughters of all the great houses, the 'offs and the 'skys, and of all the other Russian magnates, must be taught music by her who had been the teacher of Sontag.

Charity covers a multitude of sins—even those against etiquette. Czecca gave a public concert, at which Sontag ventured to sing, Countess and Embassadress though she was. Of course the concert was brilliantly successful, netting some 14,000 rubles to the beneficiaire.

The day succeeding the concert Madame Czecca informed the Countess of the cash result.

"Ah, Henrietta!" she exclaimed, falling into the affectionate German "Du." "What hast thou not done for me!"

"For thee? no; but for myself. Once more, after so many years, have I enjoyed happiness. Providence has given me, in rank and in reputation, in husband and in children, all that I could hope or wish. But, dearest Czecca, shall I say it? You will understand me. Something is yet wanting. I am sad at the sight of the theatre. The sound of the organ, which bids others to devotion, drives me away from the sanctuary. I have abandoned Art, and she avenges herself upon her lost priestess;" and she sank weeping upon the sofa.

Her friend endeavored to soothe her; assuring her that an artist she was and must be. If the circle that she charmed was small, it was but the more select; and the admiration of princely saloons made ample amends for the former applause of a thronged theatre.

"No, no," exclaimed the Countess, passionately. "Nothing can compensate the artist who abandons her vocation. Think of the stage with all its celestial illusions—the fervent thrill when the curtain rises—the eager anxiety which impels, the timidity which restrains—the ecstasy, the delight! It must be a kindred emotion which urges the soldier into

battle. And then the audience, whose wild humors we curb, and captivate; whom we sway at will; move to laughter or tears; and by the divine power of harmony, the might of Art, breathe into them the fire which glows within our own breast! That is what elevates above earth, and earthly existence. That is what it is to be an artist."

Just then a servant entered, and announced that a stranger earnestly desired to speak with the Countess. She at first refused; but at the entreaty of Madame Czecca, at last consented to see him.

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And first, is it not very surprising how near to our own homes and firesides the every-day talk of the old world is coming, month by month? Is it not a strange mark of progress and of vicinage, when Punch and the Illustrated News are looked for, or even the fashionable intelligence of the Morning Post read with a species of old-lady interest? Are

we not drawing closer the family bonds, when we know, in ten days after the event is determined on, that Queen Victoria is going to see the great show of Ireland; or that the gallant new Emperor Napoleon proposes to give a dashing ball? Is it not apology enough for our record of so much of gossip trans-Atlantic as slips hitherward by every mail-boat, and makes staple for the good people who breakfast at the "United States," or the "Ocean House," with an extra edition of the morning paper beside them?"

The World's Exhibition of Dublin is, say the journals, very rich: and certainly, if its shape and effect be nearly equal to the graceful lithographic prints we see, it must surpass infinitely in architectural proportions the old palace of Hyde Park: and make a very risky rival for our iron house by the Reservoir.

But there is a difference between London and Dublin—besides the difference in the size of their respective palaces. Even the Queen's promised visit (which a fit of the measles upon Prince Albert has delayed) can hardly revive the drooping gayety of the once fashionable city of Dublin.

Its bright Sackville-street seems to have caught an irredeemable dullness; and the College Green and Phoenix Park both droop, in contrast with the clean-kept walks of St. James. The English seekers for amusement have no taste for Ireland; and, what is far worse, it is to be feared that they have no charity for Ireland. Its atmosphere has too keen an odor of pikes, and guns, and bog-smoke. The national countenance wears too sulky an air. There is in Ireland little promise of sport. There is far too much earnest, and too little fun. The English do not travel much to find new cares; but chiefly to get rid of those at home. An irksome sense of responsibility is apt to grow up in the sight of Irish poverty and Irish beggars, which all the flourishing of all the constables' staves in the world can not wholly do away.

Hence it is that the journeying to Dublin on account of the Fair, has not been fashionable journeying: and even the promised queenly presence has very little diminished attendance at the Royal Opera, or the masquerades of London.

Strangers, indeed, lured by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and by the fame of Killarney, have, if rumor speaks true, filled the hotels of Dublin, and stocked the cross-channel boats, which ply between Holyhead and Kingston. The famous bridge, moreover, has proved no small inducement, as would seem, for the Irish trip; and the journals tell us of thousands passing weekly over this great tubular wonder which spans the Menai Straits.

Meantime, the usual gayeties of London are approaching (our dates are of mid-July) the end. Her Majesty vibrates from Windsor to the Isle of Wight, and from the German plays in the little theatres of St. James, to the hearing of Grisi and Bosio at the Royal Opera. It is said that the Queen has a not unnatural love for keeping her movements unknown and unheralded. The consequences, for such foreigners as are eager to get a look at her Majesty, are most untoward. The papers tell an amusing story of an adventurous German who was determined to have a sight at the queenly mother, and who, at a very ruinous cost to his pockets, alternated between the theatres for a fortnight; despairing of success in this way, he purchased tickets for three or four places of amusement on a single night; and having visited all ineffectually, was chagrined by finding next morning, in the Court Journal of the Herald, that

her Majesty had attended two of the chosen places, but at hours differing from his own. Being at present reduced in funds, he is represented as passing half his time at the corner of the Green Park, with a very hungry and eager gaze upon the gates of Buckingham Palace.

It is not a little singular how universal is this hankering after a sight of those born to great dignity of station ; and could some of our own ingenious showmen negotiate successfully for the American Exhibition of some needy duke of England, we do not doubt that it would prove a happy speculation for all the parties concerned.

Report at present says of the Queen no very flattering things—so far as personal appearance goes ; and we have a sad fear that she is growing Germanly fat. Prince Albert is getting a little silverying of gray, and a somewhat tawnier hue to his mustache. It is a sad thing that even kings and queens must grow old, and that the prettiest of royal babies will scream and tussle, and grow red in the face like all creatures of humanity. Howbeit, the Royal Family is fast growing up into comeliness, and the little Prince of Wales, of whom the papers speak in most jaunty terms as a very lithe and frolicksome specimen of a boy, with immense dignity in his character and gait, is making visits on his account nowadays, and is honored with separate and special paragraphs in the columns of the elegant and courtly Herald. Among other princely resorts, he has paid a visit to the camp at Chobham, and eye-witnesses speak of him as shaking hands familiarly with a certain most honored sergeant, and actually sitting down on a camp stool ! The soldiers are represented to have cheered him lustily for this beneficence, and to have bought a large quantity of beer with the two sovereigns with which he dowered them from his princely pocket.

The camp at Chobham, by-the-by, has become a standing joke for Punch's caricatures. It is the first grand encampment of British troops that has taken place in many years—brought about, it is hinted, by the recent hints of a possible invasion at the instance of their good cousin Louis Napoleon, and intended to put the salon officers of the Guards upon a war-footing. Unfortunately the show has come off during one of the wettest and coldest summers which has befallen England for a period of half a century. And when one speaks of a peculiarly wet summer in England, it is understood that the dampness is considerable ; it is like speaking of a peculiarly cold winter in Sir John Franklin's ships, or a large quantity of coal at Newcastle.

The elegant young gentlemen who are, younger brothers of British peers, and who have purchased commissions in the crack regiments, and who have seen most of their service in the purloins of Covent Garden and of Almack's, are represented to be suffering violently from colds in the head at Chobham ; nor can we suppose them nearly so well fitted for camp service as the tight young fellows who come up to West Point from the country towns of New England and of the West, with hard muscles and stout lungs, and who go through a summering of canvas every year of their novitiate.

The camp at Chobham, moreover, has taken away from the town, at an interesting season of balls, the very jauntest of the town beaus ; the consequence has been, the opening up of a new chance for the old-time civilians ; and merchants' sons are reported to be rising in the social grade.

THE great palace at Sydenham, of which we have

once or twice spoken, is rapidly reaching comeliness, and is even now receiving large influx of visitors, who pay a dollar and more of admission money for a sight of the debris and materials which are to serve in the equipment of the grounds. Sir Joseph Paxton is busy in directing the arrangement of the garden ; and in planting the flowers and shrubs, which are to eclipse even the marvelous flora of the gardens of Babylon. Every country and every climate is to be represented, not only by individual specimens, but by groups luxuriating in all the accompaniments of home. Thus a bambob brak will serve as a lurking place for a royal Bengal tiger and his cubs ; and the palm-tree, flaunting its leaves at full height, will shake down dates to roaming lions. At least so say the promising placards ; and an approach even to the marvelous things promised, will make the Sydenham palace a new wonder of the world.

It is worth while to remark, in this connection, as proof of the energy of Sir Joseph Paxton's character, as well as of the liberality of his princely patron, the Duke of Devonshire, that he still retains his position as chief gardener of the Duke's estate of Chatsworth, and directs with all his old zeal and care the arrangement of the splendid gardens in Derbyshire, while he superintends the larger splendors of Sydenham.

Of the old World's Fair not a vestige now remains ; and the green turf is fast forming over the area where were congregated only a short time ago the fabrics of every nation, and the thousand spectators of every vesture and tongue. The old shows of the metropolis are recovering their lost honors ; the Coliseum is showing its miraculous labyrinths of cavern, and painting, and waterfall ; and the white-haired Madame Tussaud, in her shilling box, is coining money out of her dead Wellington, and her waxen "honors."

The towers of the new Houses of Parliament are slowly rising from amid the forest of Barry's minarets ; and there are hopes now among strong-bodied young men of living to see the completion of this long and gorgeous copy of the still more gorgeous "town-houses" of Louvain and of Ghent. *Apropos* of the palace, there is strong talk now in many quarters of taking away the old and dilapidated bridge of Westminster, and of putting in its place a bridge which shall compare favorably with the best bridges of an earlier date, which shall harmonize in some degree with the contiguous facade of the new Houses of Parliament. A design of this kind appears in some of the public prints, giving the piers in the shape of richly-wrought Gothic towers, of pattern similar to the palace towers, rising some two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and pierced with arches, through which is to be borne a road-way with diamond windows, constructed wholly of iron, upon the plan of Stephenson's famous tubular bridge at Menai. If completed in this wise, it would certainly be the most magnificent bridge in the world. The rivets of America are by-and-by to offer to ambitious architects more glorious opportunities for a bridging-over to immortality of their names and fortunes, than have yet been allowed to any architects of the old world. And the time may not be far distant when something of the kind shall bridge our East River, and make Brooklyn a nearer suburb than can the swiftest of our boats.

THE apprehension of Russian war is not only staple for talk at home, but for talk in all the journals of Europe. And the recent intervention of an American ship and an American officer in behalf of an ex-

battle. And then the audience, whose wild humors we curb, and captivate; whom we sway at will; move to laughter or tears; and by the divine power of harmony, the might of Art, breathe into them the fire which glows within our own breast! That is what elevates above earth, and earthly existence. That is what it is to be an artist."

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And first, is it not very surprising how near to our own homes and firesides the every-day talk of the old world is coming, month by month? Is it not a strange mark of progress and of vicinage, when *Punch* and the *Illustrated News* are looked for, or even the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post* read with a species of old-lady interest? Are

we not drawing closer the family bonds, when we know, in ten days after the event is determined on, that Queen Victoria is going to see the great show of Ireland; or that the gallant new Emperor Napoleon proposes to give a dashing ball? Is it not apology enough for our record of so much of gossip trans-Atlantic as slips hitherward by every mail-boat, and makes staple for the good people who breakfast at the "United States," or the "Ocean House," with an extra edition of the morning paper beside them?"

The World's Exhibition of Dublin is, say the journals, very rich: and certainly, if its shape and effect be nearly equal to the graceful lithographic prints we see, it must surpass infinitely in architectural proportions the old palace of Hyde Park: and make a very risky rival for our iron house by the Reservoir.

But there is a difference between London and Dublin—besides the difference in the size of their respective palaces. Even the Queen's promised visit (which a fit of the measles upon Prince Albert has delayed) can hardly revive the drooping gayety of the once fashionable city of Dublin.

Its bright Sackville-street seems to have caught an irredeemable dullness; and the College Green and Phoenix Park both droop, in contrast with the clean-kept walks of St. James. The English seekers for amusement have no taste for Ireland; and, what is far worse, it is to be feared that they have no charity for Ireland. Its atmosphere has too keen an odor of pikes, and guns, and bog-smoke. The national countenance wears too sulky an air. There is in Ireland little promise of sport. There is far too much earnest, and too little fun. The English do not travel much to find new cares; but chiefly to get rid of those at home. An irksome sense of responsibility is apt to grow up in the sight of Irish poverty and Irish beggars, which all the flourishing of all the constables' staves in the world can not wholly do away.

Hence it is that the journeying to Dublin on account of the Fair, has not been fashionable journeying: and even the promised queenly presence has very little diminished attendance at the Royal Opera, or the masquerades of London.

Strangers, indeed, lured by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and by the fame of Killarney, have, if rumor speaks true, filled the hotels of Dublin, and stocked the cross-channel boats, which ply between Holyhead and Kingston. The famous bridge, moreover, has proved no small inducement, as would seem, for the Irish trip; and the journals tell us of thousands passing weekly over this great tubular wonder which spans the Menai Straits.

Meantime, the usual gayeties of London are approaching (our dates are of mid-July) the end. Her Majesty vibrates from Windsor to the Isle of Wight, and from the German plays in the little theatre of St. James, to the hearing of Grisi and Bosio at the Royal Opera. It is said that the Queen has a not unnatural love for keeping her movements unknown and unheralded. The consequences, for such foreigners as are eager to get a look at her Majesty, are most untoward. The papers tell an amusing story of an adventurous German who was determined to have a sight at the queenly mother, and who, at a very ruinous cost to his pockets, alternated between the theatres for a fortnight; despairing of success in this way, he purchased tickets for three or four places of amusement on a single night; and having visited all ineffectually, was chagrined by finding next morning, in the Court Journal of the *Herald*, that

her Majesty had attended two of the chosen places, but at hours differing from his own. Being at present reduced in funds, he is represented as passing half his time at the corner of the Green Park, with a very hungry and eager gaze upon the gates of Buckingham Palace.

It is not a little singular how universal is this hankering after a sight of those born to great dignity of station; and could some of our own ingenious showmen negotiate successfully for the American Exhibition of some needy duke of England, we do not doubt that it would prove a happy speculation for all the parties concerned.

Report at present says of the Queen no very flattering things—so far as personal appearance goes; and we have a sad fear that she is growing Germanly fat. Prince Albert is getting a little silverying of gray, and a somewhat tawnier hue to his mustache. It is a sad thing that even kings and queens must grow old, and that the prettiest of royal babies will scream and tussle, and grow red in the face like all creatures of humanity. Howbeit, the Royal Family is fast growing up into comeliness, and the little Prince of Wales, of whom the papers speak in most jaunty terms as a very lithe and frolicksome specimen of a boy, with immense dignity in his character and gait, is making visits on his account nowadays, and is honored with separate and special paragraphs in the columns of the elegant and courtly Herald. Among other princely resorts, he has paid a visit to the camp at Chobham, and eye-witnesses speak of him as shaking hands familiarly with a certain most honored sergeant, and actually sitting down on a camp stool! The soldiers are represented to have cheered him lustily for this beneficence, and to have bought a large quantity of beer with the two sovereigns with which he dowered them from his princely pocket.

The camp at Chobham, by-the-by, has become a standing joke for Punch's caricatures. It is the first grand encampment of British troops that has taken place in many years—brought about, it is hinted, by the recent hints of a possible invasion at the instance of their good cousin Louis Napoleon, and intended to put the salon officers of the Guards upon a war-footing. Unfortunately the show has come off during one of the wettest and coldest summers which has befallen England for a period of half a century. And when one speaks of a peculiarly wet summer in England, it is understood that the dampness is considerable; it is like speaking of a peculiarly cold winter in Sir John Franklin's ships, or a large quantity of coal at Newcastle.

The elegant young gentlemen who are, younger brothers of British peers, and who have purchased commissions in the crack regiments, and who have seen most of their service in the purlieus of Covent Garden and of Almack's, are represented to be suffering violently from colds in the head at Chobham; nor can we suppose them nearly so well fitted for camp service as the tight young fellows who come up to West Point from the country towns of New England and of the West, with hard muscles and stout lungs, and who go through a summering of can-can every year of their novitiate.

The camp at Chobham, moreover, has taken away from the town, at an interesting season of balls, the very jauntiest of the town beaus; the consequence has been, the opening up of a new chance for the old-time civilians; and merchants' sons are reported to be rising in the social grade.

THE great palace at Sydenham, of which we have

once or twice spoken, is rapidly reaching comeliness, and is even now receiving large influx of visitors, who pay a dollar and more of admission money for a sight of the debris and materials which are to serve in the equipment of the grounds. Sir Joseph Paxton is busy in directing the arrangement of the garden; and in planting the flowers and shrubs, which are to eclipse even the marvelous flora of the gardens of Babylon. Every country and every climate is to be represented, not only by individual specimens, but by groups luxuriating in all the accompaniments of home. Thus a bamboo brake will serve as a lurking place for a royal Bengal tiger and his cubs; and the palm-tree, flaunting its leaves at full height, will shake down dates to roaming lions. At least so say the promising placards; and an approach even to the marvelous things promised, will make the Sydenham palace a new wonder of the world.

It is worth while to remark, in this connection, as proof of the energy of Sir Joseph Paxton's character, as well as of the liberality of his princely patron, the Duke of Devonshire, that he still retains his position as chief gardener of the Duke's estate of Chatsworth, and directs with all his old zeal and care the arrangement of the splendid gardens in Derbyshire, while he superintends the larger splendors of Sydenham.

Of the old World's Fair not a vestige now remains; and the green turf is fast forming over the area where were congregated only a short time ago the fabrics of every nation, and the thousand spectators of every vesture and tongue. The old shows of the metropolis are recovering their lost honors; the Coliseum is showing its miraculous labyrinths of cavern, and painting, and waterfall; and the white-haired Madame Tussaud, in her shilling box, is coining money out of her dead Wellington, and her waxen "honors."

The towers of the new Houses of Parliament are slowly rising from amid the forest of Barry's minarets; and there are hopes now among strong-bodied young men of living to see the completion of this long and gorgeous copy of the still more gorgeous "town-houses" of Louvain and of Ghent. *Apropos* of the palace, there is strong talk now in many quarters of taking away the old and dilapidated bridge of Westminster, and of putting in its place a bridge which shall compare favorably with the best bridges of an earlier date, which shall harmonize in some degree with the contiguous façade of the new Houses of Parliament. A design of this kind appears in some of the public prints, giving the piers in the shape of richly-wrought Gothic towers, of pattern similar to the palace towers, rising some two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and pierced with arches, through which is to be borne a road-way with diamond windows, constructed wholly of iron, upon the plan of Stephenson's famous tubular bridge at Menai. If completed in this wise, it would certainly be the most magnificent bridge in the world. The rivers of America are by-and-by to offer to ambitious architects more glorious opportunities for a bridging-over to immortality of their names and fortunes, than have yet been allowed to any architects of the old world. And the time may not be far distant when something of the kind shall bridge our East River, and make Brooklyn a nearer suburb than can the swiftest of our boats.

THE apprehension of Russian war is not only staple for talk at home, but for talk in all the journals of Europe. And the recent intervention of an American ship and an American officer in behalf of an ex-

iled Hungarian, in the harbor of Smyrna, may possibly connect us more nearly with the issue of events than could have been imagined. It is certainly a matter of deep anxiety to learn what part Austria and Prussia are to take in the foreshadowed contest between the East and the West of Europe: and should the two decide to stand by the fortunes of Nicholas the Emperor, it may well be that the Turks must yield; and the "bees" of Punch's caricature prove far less annoying to the "bear" than England would hope. Meantime all the world is listening for "later advices," which may even now have decided the question, and make our topic a "dead letter."

TALKING of climate, it is not a little remarkable that while upon the Continent of Europe the present summer, every one has complained of heat; in England the complaint has been of wet and of cold. With us at the South, there is complaint of dryness, and at the North of wet. Coupled with these two facts, we may mention a very unusual one—that up to the 10th of July, and perhaps later, no ice was observed in the Northern Atlantic. What the meteorologists can make of these facts we do not know. The clairvoyants will very likely couple them with the Russian rumors, the rise in corn, and the late Bible Convention at Hartford—all of them very significant, and threatening enough for a rhetorical flourish to a lecture.

WE throw in here, by the way of relieving our staid record, a bit of a friend's letter, giving some impressions on a first visit to the world of London:

"You asked me to tell you honestly how every thing struck me; but you must know that you asked far more than can be given in a letter, even in one of my proverbially long ones. I came into "town" (as they call it) at night, and so perhaps had an undue impression of its magnitude, since my hotel is not very far from the Euston-square station.

"But what permanence, and solidity, and order! These were the ideas which rushed upon me even before I was well out of the railway-car. The dépôt huge, and its walls of stone, and rods of iron—no jostling of cabmen, no annoying whips thrust in your face, with the everlasting "Carriage, sir!"

"Carriage, sir!"—and yet when you are quite ready and your baggage looked after, plenty of civil cabmen near by—not leaving their places, or quarreling with each other, but waiting their turns, and receiving your orders with civility and apparent good-will. I took a one-horse sort of coach, and was driven over smooth pavement and delightfully clean, at rapid pace, for perhaps a mile. For this drive, it may interest you to know that I paid a shilling English, or twenty-two cents, including the transportation of a fair-sized portmanteau. This was cheap enough, to be sure; though I have learned since that a native would have paid for the same eight, or at most ten-pence. However, cheapness all ends with the cabmen—who, poor fellows, by a recent Parliamentary bill, have had their fare cut down to a sixpence a mile. What they live upon, heaven only knows! But out-of-door people in London, I find, have all the hardship of life; and the luxury of big fees and good pay goes universally to the well-housed and to the stupid servants in white cravats.

"I went the other day for a look over London from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; and we had the unusual good-luck of getting the view on a clear day, or, rather, upon what is called a clear day, in London: it is a view worth looking upon, even under a veil of smoke and fog. It gives an idea of the vastness of

the metropolis, that I tried to shake off vainly in two whole days of riding and driving; and while it impresses thus with an idea of vastness, one is astonished that such a city should have grown up upon the banks of so sluggish and inconsiderable a river. We are used to large, open bays in the neighborhood of our commercial cities; and to find more shipping in the narrow docks of London than can be found, perhaps, in any other one port in the world, excites very much the same kind of surprise which comes over the Americans at finding such a stately city as St. Louis a thousand miles from the sea.

"I can't forbear telling you, after my own matter-of-fact way, what capital pavement these Londoners have contrived out of very meagre materials. The paving-stones are narrow parallelograms; and being laid with the edge surface uppermost, offer very sure footing for the horses, even upon steeper declivities than we know any thing of in a paved street of New York. We boast, very properly, of our Russ pavement, which is certainly excellent; but it is a great mistake to suppose it is the only good pavement in the world; or even that, considering its amazing cost, it is really better economy than the edge-laid paving of London.

"In cleanliness there is, of course, no comparison; and one is immediately struck in the streets of London with the very limited space within which are managed all the materials and machinery for the demolition or construction of buildings. Opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, in one of the most thronged thoroughfares of London, there is just now going up a large, substantial range of stone buildings, some five stories in height, requiring in its construction much heavier stones than are ever used in the ordinary stone buildings of New York, and yet the space occupied for preparing, receiving, and elevating the materials is scarcely more than eight feet wide, including the very narrow sidewalk. This space is carefully inclosed; beside which, a scaffolding is erected as the stories advance in height, with an inclination toward the building, and projecting some eight or nine feet, so as to catch any falling mortar, or fragments of brick.

"This caution may, indeed, interfere with that quick dispatch, which is so characteristic of our American building habits; but yet it is a very comfortable caution, and one which insures a constant feeling of security, which I do not think we are in the way of enjoying very fully in the neighborhood of new erections at home.

"Another thing which strikes me very forcibly is the absence of all street-sweepers and scrapers; notwithstanding the perfect cleanliness, I do not think I have seen a broom or a hoe in service since my arrival: such work is all done before business hours in the morning.

"Yet, again, since I have fallen into this humor of suggesting economic arrangements, why do we not introduce the light single-horse cab, or fly, in New York? And what sort of propriety is there in blockading our steam-boat landings with heavy two-horse coaches, when, in nine cases out of ten, a single-horse affair, of the style of those in service here, would serve equally well? I think it would prove a nice speculation for some enterprising stable-manager of New York, to introduce a few of those very singular, but very comfortable vehicles, known as 'Hansom's patent safety-cabs.' By them you are carried, as it were, in a stout, easy basket-chair between the wheels; with a leather calash over your head: and nothing to obstruct the view in front, since the cabman is posted upon an elevated kind of

stool behind you. They enable a stranger to get the best possible notion of his whereabouts, besides giving him an abiding feeling of security.

"Like every body else, on their first coming to London, I have been down to Greenwich, to see where the 'Longitude begins,' and to eat white-bait at the Trafalgar Tavern. It is a pleasant sail down the river—because it is so strange: the boats are small and dirty, but they shoot about amid the crowd of vessels of all shapes, and of all countries, with such an intelligent kind of alacrity, as makes you think them really endowed with reason. The sail could hardly have been of more than half an hour; and I think, at a moderate estimate, we must have passed seventy or eighty ships, twice as many brigs, and half as many steamers, all 'under way.'

"As for the white-bait, they are a delicious little specimen of fish, not bigger than a minnow, and to be eaten three or four at a 'forking.' they are cooked to a charm—how, I can't tell you, but should think the rule might be worth finding out, to apply to some of the small-fry of New York Bay.

"Among the old pensioners loitering about the Hospital benches, I observed a very pale old negro, with white hair, smoking his pipe with as much *gaîté* as any of his white brethren, and looking very much as if the Uncle Tom turbitude of the day had made a kind of hero of him. Punch, by-the-by, quotes a fragment from a hustings speech made the other day in Ireland, which shows how widely the Uncle Tom book has been read: 'Let not,' he says, 'these smooth-talking, Legree-like priests reduce us to a state of religious Uncle-Tomitude'—or something to that effect. I do not hear very much just now about the *loune* Mrs. Stowe; save that she has gone away to Switzerland; and went away, very much to the disappointment of some of her admirers, without having had the honor of a personal interview with the Queen. It was hoped, I have been told, by her more special patrons, that her Majesty would have expressed in some personal way her sense of the authoress's deserts; and stamped the Duchess of Sutherland's action with a sort of court echo. This, however, did not come about.

"I went the other day into Leicester Square to see the great globe of Mr. Wyld, about which you remember the *Athenaeum* had some very commendatory paragraphs a year or two ago. It is really a very astonishing affair, and gives one a better knowledge of physical geography than half a year's study of the ordinary maps, and gazetteers. You enter the great globe itself; that is to say you enter a huge hollow sphere upon the interior surface of which are designated, with all their relative distances preserved, as well as the heights of the mountains, all the discovered countries of the world. Entering near the bottom, you see around you the blue, cold looking Southern Ocean, with its icy islands, and the stormy regions around Cape Horn. Ascending a flight of stairs you come upon a circular platform from which you look out upon the latitudes of Rio Janeiro and Australia. Whence mounting still higher you come to the equatorial regions, and from this, successively to the moderate, and frigid zones.

"A man with a long baton, and great glibness of tongue, gives a very intelligible and interesting lecture upon the various countries which he points out with his wand; dwelling more particularly upon the routes of travel, the commercial importance of the points designated, and the parts which inferior countries play in their subordination to the great central power of England! The sturdy patriotism of the man was the most amusing part of his performance.

"In noticing Japan, he was pleased to observe, that the islands forming that kingdom were just now subject of some curiosity, from the fact that the Americans had fitted out a warlike expedition to make an attack upon the islands. Their apology, he said, was based upon two allegations: first, that the Japanese were exclusive in their commercial dealings and would trade with no people but the Dutch; and next, that they were cruel to castaway seamen, putting them to death, or confining them in cages, &c. The first of these allegations, though perhaps well founded, was hardly sufficient, since they were a peaceable people and had a right to trade with whom they pleased. The second allegation was probably untrue, since upon a certain time many years ago, a certain British captain did visit the islands, and did come away without being killed, or indeed, without remarking any special cruelties to foreigners.

"This will give you a pretty idea of the man's style of lecturing, which it is needless to say was eagerly listened to, and apparently strongly confirmed by a large, and attentive crowd of listeners. I had not the pleasure of following the garrulous gentleman's lecture upon British India, and the British possessions in China, but presume it to have been equally instructive, authentic, and amusing."

We may possibly entertain our readers in some future Numbers with further extracts from the letters of our gossiping correspondent.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME idea of the "freedom of speech," which characterizes the American press, when speaking of the qualifications and characters of candidates for public office, may be gathered from the following ludicrous picture, drawn by the editor of a New Hampshire journal, of a candidate for Congress who had formerly, as was alleged, been a preacher:

"We are pretty certain that C— did preach in New Hampshire. He *certainly* did in Massachusetts. He himself won't deny that. The evidence we have of his preaching in New Hampshire stands thus:—We remember his old sleigh 'keind o' gin eout,' once, in a border-town of Essex, and he borrowed a very ancient craft for the purpose, as he said, to 'meet an appointment' to preach on the following Sunday in New Hampshire.

"He was in great apparent haste to get to P—, to 'supply the pulpit' there. He may have lied about it, perhaps; we are bound to believe he did, if he says so now: but he certainly then was 'up' for P—, as they say at the Custom House. His haste might have been caused by a desire to get out of Massachusetts for some reason unknown, and less honorable than his preaching. He certainly went in the direction of P—.

"Never shall we forget how he looked when he started. Sam Slick's man, who laughed so immoderately in New York city, that he was heard at Sandy Hook, did not exceed our cachination at the sight of C—'s launch in that sleigh for P—. Such another craft never burst upon mortal eyes before nor since.

"The sleigh had not been used for the matter of twenty-five years. All the hens and turkeys of a large farm had roosted on it during its inactive life. There was plenary evidence of that fact. It was villainously out of repair. It was prodigious in size, and *somewhat* out of fashion! It had no dasher whatever beyond a snub-nosed runner. The craft

was as long as an ordinary ox-sled. The horse was full of salt hay, but lazy even at that. His harness was stitched together with ropes and twine. The horse had several feet of "lee-way" in the thills. When he started he went nearly a rod before the sleigh moved at all. We thought at first he was going alone. The reins were lengthened for the occasion by several feet of rope, so as to reach the reverend Jehu in the rearmost end of the craft. The distance to the horse was measureless. C—— was armed with an immense cart-whip. With this he ever and anon gave his horse a tremendous thwack, and every blow started a small cloud of dust from the long coarse hair of the animal. The sleigh had no furniture—neither blanket nor buffalo-skin! The snow was worn away in numerous places, and as they ground along, 'bound for P——, a general snicker ran through the village at the sight!'

We call this a very grotesque picture; one that has not been exceeded since Ichabod Crane, mounted on his famous steed "Gunpowder," shambled out of the gate of the choleric Hans Van Riper.

A COUNTRY newspaper, from a far Western county, which has a good word for our "Table," has also the following editorial paragraph:

"A GOOD ARTICLE.—We have been presented with a bottle of *Ginger Pop*. It is said to be an excellent article, and is particularly recommended as a tonic. It certainly deserves a trial."

The "smallest favors" must be "gratefully received" at that office. However, the *Ginger Pop* might have enabled the editor to write better and more sensible editorials than a bottle of more potent fluid. He certainly didn't rise up that morning to "pursue strong drink."

PARODIES are seldom so close to their originals as the following upon "*The Last Rose of Summer*," by Thomas Moore:

"Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue—
They went in mint-juleps,
And this will go too!

"I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Too long in suspense;
Thy brothers were melted,
And melt thou, to pence!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend, and not spare,
Till my old tattered pocket
Hangs cleftless and bare!

"So soon may I 'foller,'
When friendships decay;
And from beggary's last dollar,
The dimes drop away!
When the Maine law has passed,
And the grogeries sink:
What use would be dollars,
With nothing to drink?"

THE following is recorded as an "actual fact" by a Western editor:

"A gentleman called upon the polite proprietor of a fashionable saloon in our village, a day or two since, and asked:

"Have you any ice for sale?"
"Yes," replied the proprietor, stepping around from behind the counter, to wait upon his customer.
"Is it in good order?"
"Yes, perfect order, I believe, sir."

"When was it brought from Nashville?"

"Well—let me see; about a week ago, I think."
"Ah! it won't do at all, then. I wanted some fresh ice!"

We believe this story to be true, for we have encountered just such people, for whom nothing was good enough, if there was any thing better.

THERE is a good deal of "human nature," and not a little of "the Yankee" in the following circumstance, which occurred in the history of a successful merchant far "down East."

He was a "gentleman of quality," and as a successful merchant owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human character, of which he always endeavored to take advantage.

Once upon a time, in connection with another person, he opened a branch-store in a town in the north part of the State, which was mostly filled with the unsalable goods from their principal establishment in the State metropolis. These goods were as "good as new" among the rustics, and as a general thing sold quite as well. There was a large "lot" of pig-skin caps for winter wear, however, that could not be got off at any price.

The proprietor generally kept himself at his town-establishment, but sometimes he would visit his country-store, or "branch," staying now and then a week or more at a time, and always attending the little country church. As a matter of course, he was looked up to with emulation, if not astonishment, by the "go-to-meeting" young folk of the town. What he "wore to meeting" was of necessity the prevailing fashion until he introduced a new style at his next visit.

One day he asked his country-partner about the business and other matters in which they were interested, who said:

"Yes, goods go pretty quick, and at good prices."

"You keep those pig-skin caps, I see, yet? I am afraid I didn't make a great bargain in buying them. Can't you get rid of more of that big box-full?"

"No; haven't sold one yet; people don't like 'em; and I've had a great notion of throwing them out of the back-window, and getting rid of the trouble of 'em. I don't think they'll go here."

Our merchant looked at them a moment; and then quietly remarked:

"You have kept them out of sight, I see. So much the better. Now next Monday morning you get them out, brush them up, and I think we'll find some customers for them before the week is out."

The next Sunday this acute observer of the springs of human action appeared in church with one of those identical pig-skin caps, tipped jauntily on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch-chain dangling from his vest-pocket.

As usual, he was the "observed of all observers;" and it is superfluous to add that in less than a fortnight after, at his metropolitan store, he received a large additional order for these suddenly popular pig-skin caps.

LITTLE *squiblets* of a nature like the following were "rife" in the newspapers some time ago, but were rather over-done, forced, and unnatural. The mistake here chronicled is so natural a one, that we presume it must have happened!

"An absent-minded woman in this township last week washed the face of the clock, and then wound the baby up, and set it forward fifteen minutes!"

The small English travelers who sometimes "hon or" this country by paying it a visit, often speak of

the "forwardness" of our juveniles. Perhaps they may make, in a second edition, "a note" of the cause of this "effect defective."

In that very entertaining and admirably-written book, the "*Recreations in Zoology*," there is an account given of a trick performed upon a cat belonging to a little tailor, which mischievously scratched up the corn and other seeds planted by the students of a manual-labor college situated in the neighborhood. The wicked wags caught the animal "*in flagrante delictu*;" took him up into their rooms, melted a quantity of sealing-wax, saturated him completely with it, and then let him go.

The next morning, when the students were re-icing, the little tailor entered, holding out his vermilion quadruped to the Faculty, and asked, "if they thought that was the way a cat ought to be treated?"

The scene was too much, even for the grave dignitaries of the institution, who laughed outright at the ludicrous exhibition.

But of a graver character was the following barbarous act, occurring, we are sorry to say, in our own country. We put it "on record" from the "*Huron Reflector*," and only wish that Hogarth's picture of "*Cruelty to Animals*," and the consequences of it, could be hung up before the perpetrators, "night and day, waking and sleeping, in reality and in dreams."

A most cruel as well as hazardous act was perpetrated in this village on Wednesday evening last, by some person or persons, who, to say the least of it, were very thoughtless. A dog belonging to Miss Sophia Whyler was caught by them near the engine-house, his hair saturated with turpentine, pine-oil, or something of that nature, and then set on fire! The poor animal was enveloped in flames in an instant, and ran suffering and howling through the streets in the most piteous manner. He finally made his way into Mr. Olmstead's store, passed behind the counter, and laid himself down within a few inches of a keg of powder. Fortunately the keg was headed up, or an explosion might have taken place, and terrible would have been the consequence of such an event, as there was a large number of persons congregated in and about the building at the time. Before water could be procured and the fire extinguished, the poor dog was burned to a crisp, and he was relieved from his sufferings by being bled to death.

A GOOD deal has been said, and well said, too, about men's speaking of their wives as their "ladies." It would sound very ridiculous to hear a lady call her husband "my gentleman"—would it not? or, ask another lady "where her gentleman" was? when inquiring concerning her husband. One is just as bad taste as the other: giving up plain "husband," and plain "wife," and a plain way of calling people by their right names.

We shouldn't be at all surprised, if that class of society who hunt for round-about ways to express their ideas, might, in a little while, when inquiring about one's sons and daughters, adopt such modes of expression as these:

"How is your eldest masculine offspring?" or, "How is your little feminine darling, who addresses you as parent?"

We can imagine one of these high-flown, "unnatural" individuals addressing a complaint to a neighbor in the following language:

"My dear 'gentleman': your specimen of the canine species was, by your youngest masculine off-

spring, set upon my 'lady's' feline pet, and had it not been for your eldest feminine Ethiopian bond-woman, it would, by compulsion, have been forced to depart this life."

There is a good deal of deserved satire in this. There is nothing in reality that is more "vulgar" than an affectation of high-sounding language in cases where the employment of simple terms would not only be more expressive, but better. One often hears "burst" for bust, forehead changed to "forward," and the like; showing "villainous bad taste" in the man who uses it. "Let it be reformed altogether."

"DICK," said a "Hoosier" one day to a companion in a sleigh-ride, "why don't you turn that buffalo-skin 't'other side out? Don't you know that the hair-side is the warmest?"

"Bah! Tom, not a bit of it," was the reply: "do you s'pose that the buffalo didn't know how to wear it himself? How did he wear his hide? You git out! I follow his plan!"

ADVERTISING nowadays, has become reduced to a science. Somebody *alliterates* in this manner, in an advertisement of a superior article of marking-in: to wit, that it is remarkable for "requiring no preparation, pre-eminently pre-engages peculiar public predilection; produces palpable, plainly perceptible, perpetual perspicuities; penetrates powerfully, precluding previous pre-requisite preparations; possesses particular prerogatives; protects private property; prevents presumptuous, pilfering persons practicing promiscuous proprietorship; pleasantly performing plain practical penmanship; perfectly precludes puerile panegyrics, preferring proper public patronage."

AN author may write by the yard, and think by the inch: or he may write by the inch, and think by the yard. Covering a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter, is a bad fault in a public speaker, but absolutely unpardonable in a writer who has time to deliberate, and opportunity to revise. We laugh at legal voluminousness and tautology, but there is a literary redundancy that is worse, and altogether, without excuse.

AT the time—now many years since—when that curious book of Southey's, "*The Doctor*," came out, and before his name was known, "for certain," in connection with it—before even the correct authorship had been conjectured—the annexed extract from a review of the work, found its way into the Drawer. "*The Doctor*" has been "talking of fleas," and, thereupon, he tells a story, with which an English lady's name is amusingly connected:

"This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner-party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment—a tolerably large one—could furnish; so, that there might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm-work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from that place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion.

"Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled, and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at

the head of the table, behind his mistress; and, for a while, he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords with the English climate or with old English notions: a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downward, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches.

"The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see, what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim, in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party:

"'A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod, I've caught 'em!'

SOME wag of an editor, tired of seeing in the papers that such or such a contemporary had "risen to a post of honor" from a post, well filled, more honorable than all, speaking of a brother editor, says:

"He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor; a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances!"

THE following capital story is told of Mr. J. H. McVickar, an eccentric American humorist, well known at the West. It comes to us marked in the columns of an old Western newspaper, headed, "King's Evil, or Two in a Bed."

"At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen, who were, by the way, nearly all strangers to one another, together, and requested they would take partners. Stage-coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Every body seemed to hesitate. Mr. McVickar, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed to himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed to himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the register, he entered his name, and remarked:

"I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the King's Evil, and it is contagious."

"The King's Evil!" said every one; and the landlord, looking thunder-struck, remarked, as he eyed him rather closely:

"I'll see, sir, what I can do for you by yourself."

"In a short time he was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who slept on the floor to accommodate the strangers.

"In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveler accosted McVickar with:

"Pray, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night?"

"The nature—" drawled out he, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"Yes, sir; I never heard of such a disease before."

"Why," said McVickar, brightening up, "I thought every one knew. It is a disease of long standing. Its first appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men our country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans, it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kossuth in this country it has broken out afresh in many places."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I confess I have never heard much of it."

"Perhaps not," said McVickar, "for it generally goes by another name."

"And what may that be?"

"Republicanism," said he, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast.

"We see but in part," in the beautiful language of the Bible, is well and forcibly illustrated in the following:

A traveler, as he passed through a large and thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak, which appeared misshapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery.

"If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree."

But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the whole landscape.

"How erroneously," said he, "I have judged, while I saw only part!"

"This plain tale," says Dr. Olin, "illustrates the plans of God. We now 'see but in part.' The full view—the harmony and proportion of things—all are necessary to clear up our judgment."

THE argument of the subjoined may strike the tippler's sense of self-degradation, if it does not reach his moral sense:

"The man that is in the habit of tippling, sells himself most effectually to the crowd. They have him on the hip. He puts a scourge into their hands; and they will use it. He may have the talents of a Crichton, but every ignorant snob that ever saw him 'by the head,' or ever heard of his being so, sets himself up as his better forever afterward. If he rises in a meeting or lyceum and speaks better than usual, it is all because he 'took a snifter' just before he came in, and is wide awake. If he has a cold in his head, and his eyes look leaden, he 'has been drinking,' sure. If he barks his shin over the edge of a wash-tub in a dark cellar, 'oh, that is not it; no, he tumbled over a curb-stone coming home late the other night.' If he writes a good poem, lecture, or what not, why 'he did it over a gin bottle.' If he has not drank a swallow of spirit for a year, no matter; he has it pinned on to him that he is 'a soaker,' and can't shake it off. Thirty grains of malt are seed enough to overgrow his reputation with thorns and brambles forever."

THERE is in the following little sketch an air of sincerity and perfect truth; and there is, moreover, a lesson which, if rightly regarded, will not be without its beneficial uses, to those "whom it concerns," and who may rightly understand it:

"In my early years I attended the public school in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Dr. Nathaniel Pren

tice was our respected teacher; but his patience at times would get the better of him, and become nearly exhausted by the infraction of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a 'wrathy' way, he threatened (without much thinking, perhaps, of the rule he was establishing) to punish, with six blows of a very heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some of the scholars as detectors. Not long after, one of these detectors shouted out:

"Master!—Johnny Zeigler is a-whispering!"

"John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. He was a good boy, by the way, and a favorite both with the master and with the school.

"Is it true?" asked the teacher; "did you whisper?"

"Yes," answered John, "I did; but I was not aware what I was about when I did it. I was working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to me to teach me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

"The Doctor regretted his hasty threat; but, at the same time, told John he could not suffer him to escape the stated punishment: and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I can not, without a forfeiture of my own word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will leave it," he added, "to any three of the scholars whom you may choose, to say whether or not I shall omit the punishment."

"John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which, after a little consultation, they did, as follows:

"The Master's rule must be observed—must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment, by receiving ourselves two blows each!"

"John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed:

"Here is my hand: they shan't receive a blow. I will take the punishment."

"The Doctor, under pretense of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he 'would think of it.'

"He did think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted."

THERE is something very quaint and odd in the "items" rendered in a painter's bill presented to the vestry of a Scottish church, for certain work "done and performed." It is a veritable extract from a Scottish newspaper, published in 1787:

"To filling up Nebuchadnezzar's head.

"To adding new color to Joseph's garment.

"To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

"To painting a new city in the Land of Nod.

"To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.

"To putting a new handle to Moses's basket, and fitting bulrushes.

"Received payment,
"D—Z—."

IN Patterson's "History of Rhode Island," a work which embodies a great many curious and interesting facts, recorded in a style of great simplicity and naturalness, occurs an anecdote which we are glad to repeat in "The Drawer."

It is perhaps not generally known that the cele-

brated Admiral Wager, of the British navy, when a boy, was bound apprentice to a Quaker of the name of John Hull, who sailed a vessel between Newport and London, and in whose service he probably learned the rudiments of that nautical skill, as well as that upright honor and integrity for which he is so much lauded by his biographer.

The circumstance of running his master's vessel over a privateer, first recommended him to an advantaged place in the British navy. The facts of that encounter are as follows:

The privateer was a small schooner, full of men, and was about boarding the ship of Captain Hull, whose non-combative, religious scruples prevented him from taking any measures of a hostile nature. After much persuasion from young Wager, the peaceable captain retired to his cabin, and gave the command of his ship to his apprentice. His anxiety, however, induced him to look out of the companion-way, and occasionally give directions to the boy, who, he perceived plainly enough, designed to run over the privateer.

"Charles," said he; "if thee intends to run over that schooner, thou must put up the helm a little more to starboard!"

The ship passed directly over the schooner, which instantly sunk, with every soul on board.

This incident is not unlike one which occurred in Philadelphia during what was termed the "Hicksite" and "Orthodox" controversy, and which illustrates, although not perhaps to an equal degree, the non-combative principles of our "Friends," the Quakers.

In the course of the controversy the property of the two Societies, especially their public property—as houses of worship, burial-grounds, &c.—became matter of dispute. On one occasion, a prominent member of one Society, on the occasion of a funeral, mounted on the archway over the entrance to the burial-ground, and when the members of the adverse Society endeavored to pass in, he very quietly liberated a few bricks from his "place of vantage," observing, as he did so, to those who were seeking ingress:

"Robert, thee had better take heed, or peradventure this brick may strike thee on thy head;" or, "George, if thee is not careful, thee may get hurt by these stones which are falling from the arch!"

This bitterness of feeling, however, like all bitterness arising from mere differences of opinion, in time lost much of its acerbity, and our "Friends" learned to differ without quarreling.

HERE is a striking illustration of the value of the services rendered by swallows:

"It is estimated that a swallow will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects in a day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air, but for these birds, may be well conceived."

Reading this to a friend, he remarked:

"I grant the usefulness of swallows, and several other birds; but who will defend fleas and horseflies?"

This was "a puzzler!"

AN incident is recorded of our renowned President, Andrew Jackson, which will be read with interest, as well by the former political opponents as by the past and present admirers of that great general and patriotic statesman. It is from the pen of Mr. N. P. Trist, for a long time his private secretary, both when he was in and when he was out of office.

The scene of the following anecdote is at Old Point Comfort, familiarly known as the "Rip-Raps," an artificial mound of stone, formed in the Chesapeake Bay, the foundation for "*Castle Calhoun*," which was then in the process of erection :

"One evening, after I had parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what his directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early the next morning, I returned to his chamber-door and tapped gently, in order not to awaken him if he had already fallen asleep. My rap was answered.

"Come in."

"General Jackson was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I supposed he might be by that time. He was sitting at his little table, with his wife's minature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books; and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use.

"This book, as I afterward learned, was her Prayer Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night, before lying down to his rest, was to read in that book, with that picture under his eyes."

This is a touching sketch of the warm domestic affection of one who, in the midst of the highest honors that his country could bestow, and the harassing cares and duties of office, paid his last devotions, on retiring to rest, to the loved and the departed.

The carriage in which his wife had been accustomed to drive was almost held sacred by him, and any injury happening to it, by the carelessness of his servants, was sure to be strenuously inveighed against. That, next to the Bible, General Jackson should have regarded and habitually perused the "Vicar of Wakefield," is almost a natural corollary from this interesting anecdote.

THE following laughable incident finds its way into the "Drawer" from a Scottish journal, the Edinburgh "Guardian."

"A pretty village on the neighboring coast, frequented by summer visitors, was lately the scene of a very amusing circumstance. Taking advantage of a lovely summer-day, two young ladies betook themselves to a sequestered spot a little way up the coast, where they hoped to indulge in an unmolested bathe.

"After the usual preliminary proceedings, they had just accomplished the first few dips, when, to their chagrin and consternation, they observed a young gentleman of an 'inquiring turn of mind,' seated on a neighboring rock, and evidently intensely enjoying the scene. The impertinence was aggravated by the fact, that a powerful opera-glass was made the instrument of a more minute inspection of their aquatic evolutions.

"The blushing but indignant maidens remained in the water as long as was consistent with comfort and security, in the hope that the stranger would withdraw, and leave them at last to their necessary toilet, when, to their horror, he was observed to descend calmly from his elevation, divest himself of his apparel, and proceed to bathe in close proximity.

"But he had strangely miscalculated the results, for the spirit of the maidens was at last aroused, and they secretly determined on a bold revenge.

"With an appearance of insulted modesty, they timidly withdrew from the sea, and concealing themselves behind a hidden rock, proceeded to don their

garments; then, folding up their bathing-gowns, they rushed upon the habiliments of the inquisitorial gentleman, and bore them off in triumph!

"There was a 'fix!' The unfortunate man in stantly comprehended the nature of his position. A succession of shouts and supplications followed the ladies in their flight, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased; while our 'gentleman,' with considerable modesty, remained in the water, evincing great agitation, and imploring restitution, at first with stentorian lungs, and subsequently in animated and appropriate gestures.

"But in vain; the insulted girls were inexorable! And as the spot was very secluded, some hours elapsed before he could make his situation known. At length a grinning rustic made his appearance, and informed him that the 'two ladies had left his clothes with a woman at the Green, a mile off, but that she wouldn't give them up until she had been paid a pound (five dollars) for taking care of them, together with the penalty of molesting the young ladies while they were bathing!'

The penalty, adds the editor, was paid on the restitution of the garments, and the unlucky wight quietly left the village where the joke was already known, and the conduct of the damsels publicly applauded.

The last that was heard of this unfortunate "Peeping Tom of Coventry," he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, acquired by his prolonged bath in the water, and his journey "in *peris naturalibus*" overland, on his way home.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER.

We welcome Mr. TIMMINS; and beg to assure him that we shall always be glad to hear from him. If we shall not be able to find every month a place for his "plain talk about himself and every thing else," it will be simply because our pages have been pre-occupied to such an extent as to preclude his lucubrations; but, judging from his first letter, this, we hope, will occur but seldom:

"To the Editors of Harper's Magazine.

"GENTLEMEN—I want to talk to somebody. My name is TIMMINS—WILLIAM TIMMINS. I've lived in New York, man and boy, now going on fifty years, going now and then into the country, and seeing things there. I'm not much of a writer, I suppose; the fact is, I *know* I'm not; but what I *do* know, at least what I *think* I know, is this: I know if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it; not trying to 'write,' as they call it, scratching your head, and biting away at the end of your quill—or pen-holder, as the case may be (but I stick to the quill, for my hand is rather stiff with an iron pen in it)—I say over again, if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it, somebody, if not most folks, will agree with you, and wonder why *they* hadn't thought about 'writing' themselves, when, after all, there's no writing about it.

"Nobody is around me when I set down my thoughts—not a single soul. But when I am putting them on paper, I seem to think I'm talking to somebody, and that's just as well as if there were twenty people all listening to you.

"So, if you like this way of doing things for your book, you must let me do it in my own way. I ain't ambitious. I am no 'practiced writer.' Mr. Lang, in the old New York Gazette—(we must have some other name for our beloved city—"Old New York!"—think of that!—I wish we could have had 'Manhattan' or 'Niagara'!—that sounding name, as if

pronounced by the voice of the Great Cataract itself)—Mr. Lang once published a short piece of mine in his paper, and it excited a good deal of attention—so Mr. Turner told me. It was about an abuse of the public thoroughfares by a Cedar-street dry-goods man; and Mr. Turner said he called twice to know where I lived, and he couldn't tell him. I knew where he lived (the dry-goods man) though, pretty well, as he found out. He had to take the boxes and bales of goods away. Folks had *seen the papers*—and it had to be done.

"Mr. Dwight once published a piece of mine in the old *Daily Advertiser*; and when I called for a paper about a week after it was printed, I asked the clerk if it had excited any remark, and he said :

"No, I haven't heard any body say a word about it. I think it must have been generally overlooked. I have read it, however, and I think it *too good* for the columns of the *Daily Advertiser*. Politics, sir, dense, profound politics, and 'sound remarks upon great questions of public policy'—these, sir, are the themes to which the editors, at this time, devote the columns of the '*Daily Advertiser*'."

"I was flattered; but as he put a quill-pen sideways in his mouth, and lifted up a big blank-book he had been writing in into a 'rack' before him, I saw him laugh on one side of his face. Perhaps he *didn't*, but I *thought* so for some time.

"I forgot what the piece was that I wrote about; but it's no matter. It's a good many years ago now.

"Must have been four or five years before I wrote again, and I took the piece to Colonel Stone, of the *Commercial Daily Advertiser*, who lived in a nice little house down by Columbia College-green.

"He was in his library, up chamber, and looked rather surprised when I came in. I told him what I had come for, and took out my piece out of the inside of my hat, and put my hat down by the side of my chair, and draw'd up toward the editor.

"Leave it with me,' said he; 'I can read it as well as you. Don't let me give you that trouble.'

"No trouble,' says I, 'in the world; I come *as-purpose* to read it to you.'

"He laughed kind of faintly, and says he, running his hand over his forehead, and pushing back his stiff black hair, says he :

"Leave it; I'll take care of it; I'm engaged now: don't let me detain you. Good-evening. Glad to see you leave your manuscript.'

"He was very polite and gentlemanly; but my piece was never printed in his paper.

"I can't remember what it was I wrote about.

"But there's one thing I think, and that is, that I wrote *too much* about *too little*. Any way, when I see now pieces in the papers and the magazines that read a good deal as I remember mine did, I can't help thinking that I've learnt a good deal about knowing what *not to say*, as well as *what to say*.

"People have a great notion, nowadays, that they know more than their fathers and grandfathers did before them. I don't like much to encourage that idea, for we've got to be fathers, and grandfathers, too, by-and-by; but I expect *it is so*. Not because any one man *now* is smarter than many a *one man* was *then*; but as the generations go along, the *smart* minds lead *other* smart minds to thinking for themselves, and they dig out truth for others that come after *them*. But it isn't for the *stupid* fellows of the present day to take on airs about that. It's not *their* 'thunder,' by a good deal.

"I once heard a *vain*, *conceited* chap, standing, with some fifteen or twenty other fellows, round the almost red-hot stove of a *country* store, one cold win-

ter-night, say, that we were much wiser now, in the present generation, than in generations gone by, in every thing; and that *all* of us were wiser than those who had gone before us.

"Not all, I guess" said some of 'em, 'for there's a good deal of difference in folks.'

"Well," said he, 'all that I know, is, that my father knew more than my grandfather; and I know that I know more than my father did, for I've had a chance to see a great deal more than he did.'

"Ha! ha! ha!" went all round the store.

"What are you laughing at?" says he.

"Nothing," said a red-haired, loungy-gaited young man; 'I never know'd your father; but your grandfather must have been a natural fool, according to your argument!'

"They laughed heartily at first; but he looked so sheepish that they felt sorry for him, and he slipped out pretty soon.

"But I'm running on, and talking, when all I wanted to do, was to introduce myself to you, and then take some other time to have a chat with you and your readers, and have them understand, if they would, that they were not encountering a new friend, or—a new bore.

"I want to tell you a little circumstance that I heard mentioned the other evening, when I was sitting in an ice-cream garden, pretending to lick an ice-spoon, in which there hadn't been a particle of anything, save the German-silver of which it was composed, for the last half-hour.

"Two gentlemen were sitting together, one of whom I recognized as a man who 'loved a good thing' (of whom, by-the-by, as a class, there are a great many more in the world than we have any idea of). One of them I remembered years ago, 'when we were both younger,' sitting in the little stalls of Contoit's 'New York Garden,' of a warm summer afternoon, eating ice-creams, and indulging, every now and then, in that delicious and gentle compound, which was at the same time food and drink—'Romance punch.'

"He had just got back from Europe, over almost every part of which he had been an observant traveler; and after narrating several curious things he had seen and heard—some of which I couldn't help but remember, and must tell you of hereafter—he spoke of his voyage homeward; of the pleasure it gave him to inhale the land-wind from his native shores; how he could have hugged the old pilot, who, far from land, came on board, with a quid of tobacco in each cheek, spitting 'where he listed,' as free as the north-west gales he had so often swallowed, and which his voice so much resembled; and of the fellow-passengers who had made his passage one continuous, pleasant jaunt; after all this, he told a story of a 'Yankee Trick,' that I thought was about the 'cutest thing I ever did hear.'

"Among our passengers, coming home,' said he, 'was Mr. H—, not long ago a deputy collector in our port, at the Custom House; a most entertaining gentleman, who has no idea that he is telling any thing amusing, until he is reminded of it by the loud laughter of every body about him.'

"When I was Deputy Collector in New York," says he, 'I was sitting in my office one hot afternoon, when a long, slab-sided, Yankee-looking fellow came in, with a kind of guilty look, his hat dangling in his hand, his head hanging on one side, and his eyes cast down, but with a curious kind of smile, too, as I thought, sneaking fitfully across his face. He stood by the door, for a minute, twirling his hat, and seeming to be afraid to come forward to where I was sitting.'

"Well, sir, I asked, what is wanted?

"Be you Mr. H——?" said he.

"Yes, Mr. H—— is my name.

"Yea: but be you the Deputy Collector of New York State?

"I answered that I was the Deputy Collector of the Customs of the city of New York.

"Edzactly, says he—yeas; the very man I want to see.

He hesitated again, and twirled his hat more rapidly than ever.

"What is your business with me?—state it, said I, rather sharply. My time is too valuable to be wasted in useless talk or delay.

"Yea, said he; 'dzactly so. Well, you see, I've got into a leetle trouble; and I come to see if you couldn't help me out a little.

"He fingered his hat again, and I grew impatient and nervous.

"Go on, said I, and get through. What is your trouble?—and how can I help you?—or what have I got to do with it?

"Well, he went on, I was down to Havanna the other day, and being fond of smokin' I bought a few cigars for my own use; and when we got back to 'York, I didn't know that there would be any hurt in bringing in a few; but as a man was bringin' on 'em up Broad-street, they was arrested—for "dewties," the man said—"dewties"; and he said they must all be forfeited, or "confiscated," and that I could'n have none on 'em—none on 'em, he said, unless I could git 'em "entered." And he told me I couldn't get none on 'em entered until you had given permission, and that he rather thought you wouldn't do it—dewty or *no* dewty.

"I was struck with his simplicity—his *greenness*, I thought at the time—and was disposed to overlook what *might* have been an attempt at smuggling, in consideration of the fact, that after all it was probably pure ignorance.

"So I said: As you seem to have been ignorant of the revenue-laws, I will enter your cigars, and you can have them upon payment of the duty. How many had you?

"Twenty thousand on 'em!

"Twenty thousand cigars for your *own use*? This alters the case entirely.

"Well, not 'dzactly for my *own use*, but I wanted some for my friends to smoke, tew. That's all.

"Well, sir—on payment of the duty, the cigars may be taken away."

"Dewty!—not arter they're "entered," there ain't no dewty, is there? That's what the man said that took them off of the cart.

"I explained to him, that the cigars must pay a duty, and that it was a great favor to himself to be permitted to take them away at all.

"Well, he said, putting on his hat, and holding the door ajar, I han't got no money to pay dewties; but I'll go up town, up to —— street, to see a friend of mine, and may-be he'll take 'em out. Good-a-fternoon!

"The next day, just as I was about leaving my desk, the Yankee "operator" came in, bringing with him a dark, Spanish-looking person.

"I've come to get them cigars, said he, that was arrested for dewties. My friend, here, will pay the dewties.

"The necessary preliminaries were gone through with, and the cigars were taken away.

"Early on the morning of the next day, as I was sitting at my desk, I felt a faint tap on my shoulder; and looking up, who should I see but my Yankee customer standing over me!

"How de du *to-day*? said he.

"I'm quite well, thank you; but what do you want of me *now*?

"Nothin', said he—nothin'—got done!

"And he gave a wink and a leer that none but just such a Yankee as himself *could* give.

"We did that thing up handsome, *didn't* we? said he.

"What thing? I asked.

"Why, them cigars, said he. *They* wasn't *Cuba* cigars; *them* cigar was made in Connecticut! I got a factory there myself; and I had them "took up" on suspicion. But folks, he added, will like 'em just as well as the choicest Havannas. Fact is, there's a good deal of *deception* prac-tized about cigars!

"I showed the impudent, designing, unscrupulous fellow the door, and he went out winking and laughing. "We did that thing up handsome!"—as if I myself had been a party to the nefarious transaction.

"There, now I put that down exactly as I heard it; 'over-heard it,' perhaps you'll say; but how could I help it? *Twasn't my fault. I wasn't eaves-dropping. They was talking, and I had to listen, for I was close by; and I tinkled my spoon against my empty glass four or five times, just to let 'em know it.*

WILLIAM TIMMINS.

Literary Notices.

A. Hart has issued a new edition of *Poems*, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, containing several pieces which have not been published before, while a careful revision has been given to those which have already appeared in print. Among the younger poets of this country, Mr. Read is entitled to a high rank—higher, we think, than has yet been accorded to him by the suffrages of the public. We must admit that his verse betrays a passionate admiration of Tennyson and Longfellow, though he can hardly be accused of imitating them, certainly not in any unworthy sense. He has studied the poetry of each of those writers with such profound sympathy, that his mind has become tintured with their spirit; their melody rings in his ear and finds an echo in his heart; and though he looks at nature with his own eyes, and is

fed by personal communion with her loveliness and glory, he has learned many of her choicest secrets under the inspiration of his models. We do not say this in disparagement of Mr. Read's title to originality. His temperament is singularly sensitive, open to powerful magnetic affinities, and not leading to the self-reliance which spurns all influence that does not emanate from interior sources. But his genius is creative at the same time; he detects the elements of poetry in the yellow "primrose by the river's brim," which to others is merely a worthless flower. The faded sign-board swinging on the moss-grown tavern by the deserted roadside—the fountain near the dusty highway—the summer shower, with "its silvery rain falling *asiant*, like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall"—the stranger on the sill of the

old homestead—present to him a swarm of “thick-coming fancies,” bearing the clear and shining impress of his own individualism, and embodied in the fit and expressive words which no imitation can suggest, in the absence of personal feeling and creative power. In his descriptions of nature he reflects the images which he has seen, with which his experience has been inwrought—not those which he has caught at second-hand, or learned from books. He has evidently scanned the face of nature with the eye of a lover. His devotion to natural beauty is the strongest passion revealed in his poetry. This, in combination with a warm flow of the domestic sentiments, is the source of his highest inspiration. He never exhibits the workings of deep and dark passion; there is nothing morbid in his strength; he is usually cheerful, earnest, healthy; although at times a vein of penitent tenderness is carried to the verge of sentimentality. He does not often aim at the sublime—nor ever successfully; he plunges into no profound mysteries—does not harness his Pegasus to the heavy car of metaphysical abstractions—nor seek the destruction of Church or State as the legitimate mission of the poet. But, with a pure and loving heart, he suns himself in the face of nature, gathering brightness and hope from her presence, and cloathing the emotions which are thus awakened in his own heart with the simple melody of expression that always touches the heart of his reader. The following stanzas may be taken as a fair average specimen of his style, while they indicate the general character of his poetry:

“Once more into the open air,
Once more beneath the summer skies,
To fields and woods and waters fair,
I come for all which toil denies.
“I loiter down through sun and shade,
And where the waving pastures bloom,
And, near the mower’s swinging blade,
Inhale the clover’s sweet perfume.
“The brook which late hath drank its fill,
Out-sings the merry birds above;
The river past the neighboring hill
Flows like a quiet dream of love.
“Yon rider in the harvest plain,
The master of these woods and fields,
Knows not how largely his domain
To me its richest fullness yields.
“He garners what he reaps and mows,
But there is that he can not take,
The love which Nature’s smile bestows,
The peace which she alone can make.”

Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The letters in this interesting volume form an appropriate sequel to the biography of Dr. Chalmers, which has found such numerous readers on both sides of the Atlantic. They consist of selections from his extensive correspondence, for the most part on subjects connected with religion, and unfolding his private feelings and speculations in regard to those sublime themes which he set forth with such wealth of illustration and energy of rhetoric from the pulpit, the lecture-room, and the press. In these breathings of the great heart of Chalmers we find the child-like simplicity, the transparent frankness, and the devout earnestness which were always prominent traits in his character. He makes no concealment of the difficulties he felt in the investigation of truth; he does not withhold the expression of grateful joy at his perception of any new light; and to the last day of his vigorous old age, he exhibits an intellect alert, curious, susceptible, eager for knowledge, and impassioned with the desire for spiritual unity. Many of his finest ex-

positions of theology were thrown off under the excitement of letter-writing. His glowing sympathies gave a fresh impulse to his mental operations. We are thus brought, as it were, into his familiar presence, and seem to be listening to his conversation, instead of attending to a formal, didactic discourse. Several of these letters are to correspondents in America. They show his interest in whatever concerned the cause of religion, though in a distant land, and his cordial appreciation of the friendship and honor which his public services had called forth in this country.

Cranford is the title of a new work by the author of *Ruth and Mary Barton*, devoted to the illustration of social and domestic life in an English country village. It is a quiet, unpretending story, without the strongly marked lights and shades of Mrs. Gaskell’s former productions, but brimful of geniality, refined humor, and those admirable touches of nature which betray a master-hand. We are glad to receive this exquisite tale, as a new proof of the versatility of talent which is so richly displayed in the previous works, that have established the reputation of the author as one of the best living writers of fiction. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Ministerial Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. STEPHEN M. VAIL, is the title of a seasonable work, designed to show the importance of a thoroughly educated ministry, especially in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The volume opens with a sketch of the history of education in the sacred profession, from the earliest period in the annals of the Jews to the present time. This presents a highly interesting view of many important features of ecclesiastical antiquity. The author then engages in a thorough survey of the question of ministerial education as related to the Methodist Church, arguing with great vigor and clearness in favor of the position to which his work is devoted. His views are distinguished for their breadth and liberality; they are fruitful in valuable suggestions to the intelligent reader; sustained by extensive learning and powerful logic, they can not fail to command attention; nor can their influence be other than salutary to the cause of education and religion. The volume is introduced by an eloquent and appropriate preface from the pen of the Rev. President TEFFT. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.)

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate, by G. Y. HOLYOAKE, is a reprint of a popular work on practical eloquence, presenting the general principles of rhetoric with great brevity and point, and with a variety of racy illustrations. Although devoted to the scientific exposition of rudiments, it abounds with anecdote, piquant remarks, and epigrammatic expressions, which make it no less attractive than it is informing. (Published by McElrath and Baker.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a valuable contribution to the interests of classical education in Professor ANTHON’s *History of Greek Literature*, comprising a complete survey of the progress of Grecian culture from the earliest period down to the close of the Byzantine era. In addition to copious biographical sketches of the most eminent Greek writers, the volume contains an account of their works, and of the principal editions they have gone through, together with a variety of other interesting bibliographical details. Dr. Anthon has again made the friends of classical learning his debtors by the preparation of this work, which is marked by his accustomed erudition and intimate acquaintance with the best sources of information.

The Metropolitan City of America, by a NEW-YORKEE. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) As

a guide-book for the stranger in New York, this work is entitled to high commendation, presenting as it does a distinct programme of the principal institutions, buildings, localities, and other objects of interest in this city. But it is also much more than this. It gives a compact, but complete sketch of the history of New York, relating a number of interesting incidents in its early annals, and showing its wonderful progress from the "day of straw ropes, wooden chimneys, and windmills, when the native tribes were employed in pursuit of game, and the yacht of the Dutch in quest of furs penetrated every bay, and bosom, and inlet, from the Narragansett to the Delaware," to its present metropolitan opulence and splendor. The work is written in a neat and graceful style, and, thanks to its perspicuous method, is eminently readable. The closing chapters, on "The People of New York," and "The Future of New York," are marked by shrewd observation, and exhibit the condition and prospects of our population in a flattering light.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have collected in a neat volume the *Essays of Chancellor HARPER*, Governor HAMMOND, W. G. SIMMS, and Professor DEW, on the subject of Slavery, under the title of *The Pro-Slavery Argument, as maintained by the most distinguished writers of the Southern States*. These papers can not fail to be read with interest, as an authentic exposition of Southern views on a question of excited controversy. In the names of the writers the public has a guarantee of the ability and zeal with which the discussion is conducted.

The same house have issued a volume of *Summer Stories of the South*, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, describing in a lively manner many scenes of Southern life.

The *Behavior Book*, by Miss LESLIE. A better rubric for the deportment of young ladies in social life is not to be found in the whole range of Chesterfieldian literature. It is minute, explicit, unmistakable, and highly practical in its directions, blending gravity with humor, and an excellent spirit of observation with a piquant vivacity of expression. I any fair aspirant for social distinction believes that good manners, like "reading and writing, come by nature," she has only to read this volume to find out her mistake. It will prove a cheerful and pleasant guide through the intricacies of artificial etiquette, and the observance of its rules would add a fresh charm to the "unbought grace of life." (Published by A. G. Hazard.)

Narrative of a Journey Round the World, by F. GERSTAKER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A more lively and entertaining book of travels has seldom been issued from the press, than this comprehensive volume. The author is a free-hearted, adventurous, and intelligent German by birth, but a citizen of the world by adoption. He makes himself at home wherever he alights from his wanderings, seizes upon every picturesque or original trait in the character of various nations among whom he sojourns, and records his impressions in a singularly graphic and flowing style. His course was from the European port where he embarked, first to Rio Janeiro; thence to Buenos Ayres, and across the country to Valparaiso; from that city to San Francisco, and the mining districts of California; afterward, by the way of the Sandwich Islands, to the Eastern Archipelago and the Asiatic Continent. Anecdote, description, and reflection combine, in due proportions, and give an interest to his narrative, which abounds no less in exciting incidents than in rare and curious information. No portion of the volume will

more strongly command the attention of the majority of readers than the copious details illustrating life in California in 1849. The author worked at the placers with his own hands, which were more familiar with the shovel and pickax than with kid gloves and eau-de-Cologne. His pictures of the odd characters with whom he came in contact at the diggings, are in the highest degree amusing, while his delineations of natural scenery are always bold and impressive. But we have no space to enumerate a tithe of the attractions of this racy work.

Several courses of lectures, of more than ordinary interest, have recently been delivered in London. Among them were those of Professor FILOPANTI, of Rome, on the *Secret Traditions* of that city. The Professor's design was to vindicate the authenticity of the early Roman history against the skeptical attacks of Niebuhr and his disciples. In opening his subject, Signor Filopanti announced, with mysterious gravity, that he was in possession of hitherto unpublished traditions, handed down to living men from the remotest antiquity, preserved by those secret societies which have existed during many ages. According to these traditions, the destinies of the eternal city were from the earliest ages powerfully influenced by a secret society, founded by a man of genius, who was father to Romulus by his lawful, though secret, marriage with Rhea Sylvia. Both the Founder and the Sodality considered themselves as an especial priesthood, appointed by Divine Providence to further, by occult means, the spread of liberty and civilization to the whole human race. Most of the marvelous incidents related in Roman history were neither miracles, as believed by ancient superstition, nor legendary fables, as is assumed by a modern school of criticism, but genuine facts, due to the agency of the secret association. The adepts had it in view, by their hidden proceedings, to cause the new city to appear to the world as constituted under the immediate protection of heaven. In illustration of these views, Professor Filopanti narrated, in highly graphic style, the early stories about Rhea Sylvia and Amulius, with many details hitherto unrecorded either by chroniclers or poets. He proceeded to demonstrate his views by the testimonies of ancient historians, and by reference to monuments and astronomical observations, which he contended gave abundant cause for astonishment that the theories of Niebuhr should still find so many votaries after the grand discoveries of Nineveh. Niebuhr, he maintained, had offered to his country the greatest injury that it could ever be in the power of a literary man to inflict, and feeble as he (Professor Filopanti) was, he would endeavor to combat his doctrines through the medium of truth and reason, which he was quite sure would always prevail with an English audience. Perhaps the most interesting of the lectures was the series by Mr. FRANCIS PULSZKY, on *Archaeology and Ancient Art*. Mr. Pulszky was the nephew and adopted son of the late Mr. Fejérvary, the celebrated Hungarian antiquary, whose very valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities has lately been placed in the Archeological Institute. Mr. Pulszky entered early and with great success on this branch of study, to which he brought not merely a natural taste for art, but a remarkably keen and penetrating intellect. It was the possession of the latter quality, probably, which, combined with the characteristic enthusiasm of a Hungarian, led Mr. Pulszky to forsake for a time the peaceful pursuits of his youth, and enter as the deputy of a county into the Hungarian Diet. There his brilliant talents soon attracted attention;

his knowledge of modern Europe was scarcely less remarkable than his acquaintance with the treasures of antiquity, and when Ferdinand V. appointed a liberal ministry, M. Pulzsky was chosen to direct the department of Foreign Affairs, under the nominal superintendence of Prince Esterhazy, who returned from his long sojourn as ambassador at the court of St. James's. After the Austrian government had openly attacked the Hungarian constitution by force of arms, it became a chief object of the Hungarian ministry to enlighten the governments of Europe as to the true position of affairs, which the Cabinet of Vienna and their organs in every country zealously labored to envelop in obscurity. Mr. Pulzsky was chosen for this mission in England, and performed his task with consummate ability. After the fall of the constitutional government, he continued to adhere with unshaken fidelity to the fortunes of the ex-Governor. The lecturer displayed great fluency, eloquence, and knowledge of the English language, and—a wise combination—he brought the experience of a statesman to aid the researches of the antiquary. The course was numerously attended, M. Kossuth being among those present, with Mr. Cobden and others.

Dr. ARNOLD RUGE has given three lectures on German Literature, Philosophy, and History, in London, showing us the state of that country in a new light. Beneath the Literature since LESSING was German Philosophy, beneath German Philosophy the system of Humanism; and in German History we find the practical consequences of those ideas. Considering the Literature of the last hundred years, he described the first period, that of LESSING, or of the enlightenment, as that of the struggle for liberty of thought and science; the second, that of KANT, as the period in which a temple of free science and art was erected, the supremacy of science and art being established; the period of FICHTE as that of the licentiousness of the romantic party, which deteriorated Fichte's absolute liberty into absolute frivolity, and opposed the supremacy of reason by the supremacy of their fancy. The fourth period, that of HEGEL, he described as that of the victory of Philosophy over the romantic party. The men of the first period he stated to be LESSING, LICHTENBERG, KLOFSTOCK, WIELAND, F. H. JACOBI; of the second, KANT, HERDER, SCHILLER, GOETHE; of the third, FICHTE, NOVALIS, SCHELLING, TIECK, the SCHLEGELS, and the Teutonic writers since 1815; of the fourth, HEGEL and his school; STRAUSS, FEUERBACH, PLATEN, HEINE, the Political Lyricists and the Humanists. In the course of German Philosophy the *Kantian Philosophy* was explained as a system of restricted liberty, or mere independence of men of nature and of the senses; the *Fichtian Philosophy*, as laying down the principle of absolute liberty of the thinking person; the *Hegelian Philosophy*, as carrying out the principle and the system of absolute liberty; and *Humanism*, as realizing the principle and system of human liberty in religion, society, and state.

An eye-witness describes the appearance of MACAULAY in the House of Commons on the delivery of his late speech on the India Question, as follows:

"After Hume rose Macaulay. The House was not full to even hear him, standing behind Lord John, who seemed in a state of celestial rapture all the while the member for Edinburgh delighted, not convinced, the House for more than an hour. It is said that Macaulay is suffering from softening of the brain. It is to be hoped the rumor is false; yet on

Friday, though he spoke on a congenial subject—of a power he once swayed—of a people among whom he once dwelt—on a theme that has given birth to some of the most gorgeous eloquence that ever fell from his lip, or flowed from his pen, there was really little that told, though he spoke to a friendly audience—to an audience that had really worked itself up to applaud and admire. Still, as Macaulay speaks so seldom—as so many brilliant associations cluster round his name—as one thinks of him in the flush and confidence of youth—the delight of the Union—the pet of the Edinburgh—the pride of every individual Whig—it is something to have heard a voice once so full of power. And now and then on Friday there gleamed forth a flash of the old fire. And the light that 'never shone on sea or shore' beamed from his eye, and down dropped rhetorical pearls; but the general feeling was that of disappointment. The House wished to be carried away, and Macaulay would not, or could not, do it."

Mr. HUGH MILLER, the geologist, in a leading article in the *Witness* newspaper, of which he is editor, has written an able and ingenious reply to Mr. MACAULAY's assertion, in his late Indian speech, of the superiority of distinguished university men for the practical affairs of life. The instances adduced by Mr. Miller, if they do not refute Mr. Macaulay's statements, at least show how much may be said on the other side of the question. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John, of Hunter-square, Edinburgh; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, of the Universe." "OLIVER CROMWELL got but indifferently through college; JOHN CHURCHILL spelt but badly, even after he had beaten all the most accomplished soldiers of France; and ARTHUR WELLESLEY was but an uninformed and vacant young lad for some time after acquiring his first commission." In literature, besides SCOTT, the instances of GOLDSMITH, COWPER, DRYDEN, SWIFT, CHALMERS, JOHNSON, and others, are cited, to show that excellence is often attained after the absence of precocity. The converse, indeed, is too often true, and the proverb of "soon ripe, soon rotten," too often verified. The competition scheme, according to Mr. Miller, would have, on the whole, the effect not only of excluding the truly able, but also of admitting the inefficient. The class is large of those who seem to attain to their full development in the contests of the Academy and the College; and, eminent there, are never heard of afterward. Mr. Miller's own case is one in point, where highest scientific and literary eminence has been gained without juvenile scholastic distinctions. Mr. Macaulay's rhetorical paradoxes must, therefore, be received with great mistrust.

Of the *Life of Haydon*, the celebrated historical painter, recently brought out in London, the *Athenaeum* says:

"In dealing with this interesting contribution to the history of modern painting in England, the critic's first duty is, to praise the manner in which the editor has executed his laborious and delicate task. Besides the necessity of weeding the autobiographical fragments left by Haydon, Professor Tom Taylor had to condense and arrange the matter contained in twenty-six bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folio volumes of journals, so as to complete the story. It can have been no light matter for an editor—without disfiguring the personality of their writer, who set

down many things in the rage and malice of the moment, with a view to their vengeful appearance on some future day—to avoid all revelations needlessly damaging to the deceased or offensive to survivors. Further, a large mass of correspondence had to be dealt with. All this seems to have been done in good proportion and with wise discretion, showing that respect for the deceased, that respect for the public, and that self-respect which distinguish the literary artist from the literary jobber for money. Who would have expected that the 'Life of Haydon' should turn out a more sterling and interesting addition to English biography than the 'Life of Moore'? Such, however, proves to be the case.

The same journal has a favorable notice of *Yusef*, by J. Ross BROWNE. It says :

"This is another noticeable record of American travel in the East—glowing, humorous, and satirical—and illustrated by the author himself with an adroit pencil. There is something hearty and attractive in the account which Mr. Browne gives of the circumstances under which he set out on his travels. It was ten years ago; he had already, as he says, rambled over the United States, partly on foot and partly in steamers, when he started from Washington with fifteen dollars in his pocket to make the tour of the East. At New York the last dollar was gone—and the Atlantic rolled between the West and East. Having no ostrich to carry him through the air—and doubtful of the sailing qualities of a dolphin—his tone of thought being eminently unclassical—he shipped himself before the mast in a whaler, and in the course of a voyage to the Indian Ocean did service in the way of boiling blubber and scrubbing decks. The moral of the story—a useful moral—is, that a man who really wished to travel, may travel in spite of fortune or misfortune. Mr. Browne is not the only American writer who has shipped himself 'before the mast,' and we confess to a liking for the manly and sturdy character which has led so many young literary Americans to set the old conventions of the world at naught in the earlier and more difficult part of their career."

The *London Leader*, in a genial notice of THACKERAY'S *Lectures*, remarks : "Charmed (as all but the very churlish were) with these Lectures when Thackeray delivered them, we have been charmed beyond expectation with the reading of them, for they owe less to manner than we thought. They are truly beautiful, suggestive Essays on topics fertile in suggestion. As criticisms, in the narrower sense of the word, they are often questionable, sometimes absurd in their exaggeration of praise. As characteristics they are more picturesque than life-like. But as Essays, of which the Humorists are merely the texts, they are unaffectedly humorous, pathetic, subtle, pleasant, and thoughtful. Few will accept Thackeray's exaggerated verdicts on Swift's and Addison's genius, an exaggeration rhetorical, and almost ludicrous; but where, in our language, are more charming Essays than the two devoted to these writers?"

One of at once the most gifted and most reputable of the many French literary personages whom Napoleonism has driven into exile, is the well-known EDGAR QUINET, once the colleague and fellow-laborer of MICHELET. M. Quinet has made his voice once more audible, in the new number, to wit, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where appears an article from his pen on the "Modern Drama" ("Du Drame Moderne.")

In a recent number of the *Berlin Magazine für die Literatur des Auslandes*, is an account of a visit to HEINRICH HEINE, by some German friends, and from it we extract a descriptive passage :

"It was once more a day of wondrous beauty; the clear sky of the wintry afternoon was tinged by the evening-red, when we presented ourselves at Heine's domicile, in the *Rue d'Amsterdam* at Paris. The spectacle of his sufferings was less distressing than we feared it would have been; illness has not distorted his face, but, on the contrary, has spiritualized it; the engraving which represents him on his sick-bed is a faithful likeness, only his face is narrower and more pain-stricken than represented there. His exterior, on the whole, is very little altered. He still resembles what he was in youth, when we saw him about thirty years ago in Berlin; only his hair was then fairer, and his beard did not yet exist. During the interval, he was once, as he assured us, disproportionately strong; but the approach of his melancholy spine-complaint soon enfeebled him. His legs and feet are entirely powerless, and twisted by nervous pains of the most insupportable kind. For five years he has not left his room, and only for a few hours now and then does he exchange his bed for his arm-chair. Opium is his daily nourishment, and the only thing that can make his pains supportable. It is truly astonishing that an illness which has its seat in the finest nervous tissues has not been able to work destructively on the organs of the mind. We were destined to receive the most splendid proof of this in Heine. He had had one of his worst days, and had already taken opium a second time. Weak and querulous, he received us in bed, which green screen sheltered from the entrance of draughts and light. He assured us that he was quite unfit to talk, and requested us to repeat our visit on the following day. Nevertheless, he put some rapid lively questions, which brought on a conversation that cheered him up. His voice became gradually stronger; he laughed; he spoke with the incomparable combination of jest and earnest which has made him the creator of poetic humor in Germany. Whoever, with closed eyes, had listened to him, would have taken him to be in complete health."

A Hungarian poetess, THERESA FERENCZY by name, has just committed suicide at Pressburg, by—an unusual thing among women—blowing out her brains. She was only twenty-six years of age, and was of wealthy family. Her works are greatly admired by her countrymen, and are more widely read than poetical works often are. Her last publication, called the *Birds*, was brought out only a few months ago. Some lines in it indicated that she would write no more, but no one could have believed that she contemplated self-destruction.

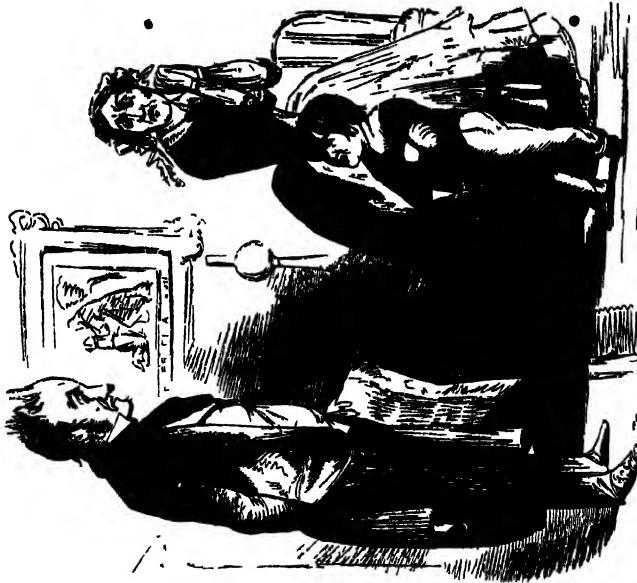
From Athens, it is stated that M. DEMETRIUS GALANOS, the most learned linguist that modern Greece has produced, and who for more than twenty years occupied with distinction the chair of Sanscrit at the College of Benares, in Hindostan, has died in the latter city, at the age of sixty-nine. His numerous works on the different idioms of Asia—the fruit of forty years' research, and which are all unpublished—M. Galanos has bequeathed to the University of Athens, on condition of its causing them to be published:—for which purpose the testator has left sufficient funds. The University accepts the gift and the office—and has appointed its rector Dr. GEORGE THYFALDOS, to conduct the publication. The works will make about ten folio volumes.

Canicalities, Original and Selected.



APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT.

* &c., &c., Represent Sparks of Divine Beautiful Colors.



YOUNG AMERICA ON HIS DIGNITY.

OLD AMERICA —Another impudent word, and I'll box your ears!
YOUNG AMERICA—Lay your hand upon me, Sir, and I abandon your roof forever!



DISCERNMENT.

CLAYTON CHILD.—Oh! Do look here, Mary! What a funny thing! Mr. Oldboby has got another forehead on the back of his head! [Mr. Oldboby is delighted.

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

THE DRESS is of green taffeta, open in front, as are almost all bodies at present. When this mode is not adopted the body is made high, with three plaits on the side. The number of bodies which do not conform to one or the other of these forms is very small. The skirt is very full, and is ornamented with three deep ruffles of veau and guipure. A narrower trimming of the same material

is placed down the open sides of the corsage, and upon the lower edge of the sleeves, which are of pagoda form.—For MANTILLAS, the greater fabrics of the summer months begin to give place to heavier and richer substances, such as Adana. The one which we give in the accompanying illustration is in the berthe style, composed of white *poult de soie*, heavily embroidered. The collar is slashed on the shoul-

ders, where it is cross-laced with cord, terminating in neat tassels—For BONNETS, Leghorns are in high favor, they continue to be worn far back upon the head, but the brim is rather smaller than has heretofore been worn. Feathers and ribbons constitute the ornaments. Ribbons, arranged in bows, in fact, are now worn upon all parts of the dress. Lace galloons, fringes, embroideries, and trimmings of all similar kinds, are now lavishly employed by *modistes* in such a manner as to produce a very charming style of ornamentation—LACES do not in general vary materially from those furnished by us last month. A style of collars which is now a great favorite, is extremely wide, having a large point upon each shoulder, and one upon the middle of the back.

BRIDE'S TOILET—We present a Bridal Dress very similar to that worn by the Empress of France. The hair is arranged in puffed bandeaux rolled one above another, and very finely undulated. A narrow bandeau of white lilac passes over the head, and is lost in each extremity between the origin of the bandeaux of hair. Two tufts of double hyacinths and branches of white lilac inclose the bandeaux behind, and accompany them below. A crown of orange-flowers is laid behind, over the comb. A veil of tulle illusion is thrown back so as to cover the crown and the top of the tufts of flowers; this veil is very large. Dress of terry velvet, ornamented with passementerie and lace. The body high, and very close, is prolonged down to the hips. It is trimmed in front with buttons and guipure, and ears of satin passementerie laid in chevrons. These ears, graduated, are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at top, $1\frac{1}{2}$ toward the waist, and rather over three inches at bottom. A narrow *engrelure* borders the bottom of the body, which is terminated by a lace of 6 inches, slightly gathered. The skirt has beautiful lace flounces. A lace collar, gathered, falls over the body. But a frill of tulle illusion *ruche* goes round the neck. The sleeves, of pagoda form, are trimmed with three rows of lace, looped up to a button and sewed under a little passementerie *engrelure*. The two first rows are on the sleeve, the third is sewed to the edge, and falls very full, like an under sleeve.

We have seen a very pretty toilet for a young lady, from fifteen to eighteen years. The hair in double bandeaux, as represented in the Bride's coiffure above, waved and raised. Dress of plain India muslin. Body high, gathered into a little band trimmed with lace on the fore-arm. Skirt full and plain, with a hem 4 inches deep. Apron with a body fastening behind, and a skirt of pink taffeta. The edge of the body is trimmed with a *ruche chicorée* of pink taffeta. The jockeys are similarly trimmed, the front one laps over the back one. The body has two plait on each side. The skirt is gathered at the waist, it is shorter than that of the dress by 10 inches, and is trimmed all around the bottom with a pink *chicorée*. Behind it is fastened by 4 taffeta bows, the edges of the opening are plain. The pockets are cut straight across, surrounded with little pink buttons, and ornamented at bottom with a pink bow. Rows of narrow lace on the collar. Lace mittens.



FIGURE 2.—BRIDE'S TOILET

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MEMOIR OF DAMASCUS BY JACOB ABBOTT.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CITY.

THE City of Damascus enjoys a grand pre-eminence over all the other ancient cities that are commemorated in the Scripture history, in the fact that its wealth, its populousness, its prosperity, and its splendor continue unimpaired to the present day. Almost all the other ancient Eastern towns, and even the great capitals that for their magnificence and their historical renown were objects of such universal regard two thousand years ago, are now in a state of melancholy dilapidation and decay. Some of them are wholly desolate and in ruins, and in others, where a little life still seems to linger, the feeble vitality is chiefly sustained by the influx of travelers from distant lands, who come to visit the fallen capitals, not for what they are, but from interest in the scenes that transpired in them twenty or thirty centuries ago. Even Jerusalem, at the present day, seems to owe its continued existence almost wholly to the desire of mankind to visit the spot where Jesus Christ was crucified.

The aspect of desolation and ruin which reigns like a lurid and dismal twilight over all the lands which are consecrated in the inspired narratives of our holy religion, gives to the satisfaction with which the Christian pilgrim visits them, in modern times, a very melancholy tinge.

The fields, once so luxuriant and fertile, have become waste and barren. The sites of ancient villages, once the abode of industry, happiness and plenty, are now marked by confused and unmeaning ruins, among which the traveler wanders perplexed, or sits in silent dejection, vainly endeavoring by his imagination to reconstruct out of the fallen columns, and broken walls, and grass-covered mounds, that lie before him, the ancient temples, palaces and towers that once stood proudly on the spot. Even those sites which still are tenanted as the abodes of men, present often to the view only groups of den-like dwellings crouching

among the grand and imposing ruins around them, and filled by inhabitants so degraded, that the traveler in sojourning among them, carries his own habitation with him, choosing to sleep in exposure in his own tent, pitched without the gates, rather than share the intolerable discomfort and misery that reign within.

The aspect, however, of Damascus and its environs is very different from this. The city stands in the midst of an extended and very beautiful plain, which is fertilized, and was perhaps originally formed, by the waters that descend from the ranges of Mount Lebanon, lying to the westward of it. From one of the southwesternmost peaks of this range—Mount Hermon—the traveler who ascends the summit, obtains a very widely extended view, overlooking the Mediterranean on the west, the Sea of Galilee and the mountainous region around it on the south, and the great plain of Damascus on the east, extending to the borders of the desert. A more near and still more beautiful view of the city and of its environs, is to be obtained from the summit of a hill which lies to the northward of it, a few miles distant from the gates. That portion of the plain on which the city is built, is devoted mainly to the cultivation of fruit, and forms one wide expanse of orchard and gardens—so that the domes and minarets of the Moslem architecture of the city rise from the midst of a sea of



THE TRAVELER AMONG RUINS.



VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

foliage and verdure, the masses of which envelop and conceal all humbler dwellings. The scene as it presents itself to the eye of the traveler who makes an excursion from the city, for the purpose of enjoying it, is inexpressibly beautiful. In fact, the richness and beauty of the orchards of Damascus and its environs, are proverbial throughout the whole eastern world. They have an ancient tradition that Mahomet, the prophet, on surveying the scene when he first approached the city, said that he would not enter it. "Man can enjoy but one Paradise," said he, "and if I enter one on earth, I can not expect to be admitted to one in heaven."

SITUATION OF THE CITY.

Damascus owes the long continued wealth and prosperity which it has enjoyed, to its situation; on the one hand as the agricultural centre of a region of boundless and perpetual fertility, and on the other as the commercial emporium of the traffic of several extended seas. These seas, however, are seas of sand, and the fleets that navigate them are caravans of camels. There are, in fact, two grand commercial systems now in operation among mankind, each of which has its own laws, its own usages, its own ports, its own capitals. The oceans of water are the mediums of transit for the one—for the other the equally trackless and almost equally extended deserts of sand. What London, Liverpool, Canton, and Amsterdam are to the former, Aleppo, Mecca, Damascus, and Bagdad are to the latter. Each system is, in its own way, and according to its own measure, perhaps as thrifty and prosperous as the other, and equally conducive to the wealth, the comfort, and the happiness of the communities that partake of its benefits. Damascus is one of the most important and most wealthy of

the ports through which the traffic of the Asiatic deserts enters the fertile and cultivated country which lies on their western shores.

The territories of the Turkish government have for many ages been divided into separate districts or provinces, called Pashalics. The fertile region of the eastern slope of the Lebanon ranges, of which Damascus is the centre and capital, forms the Pashalic of Damascus. It contains a population of about five hundred thousand souls. Damascus itself contains, according to the estimate of a late British consul resident there, considerably over one hundred thousand. The relative wealth and influence of the city, and of the province which it represents, in comparison with the other cities and provinces in that quarter of the world, were probably the same in ancient times as now.

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

The chief interest which attaches to Damascus, in the mind of the readers of sacred history, arises out of the circumstances connected with the conversion of St. Paul, which occurred on his journey to that city. His determination to go to Damascus, and the measures which he proposed to adopt there, in prosecution of the work which he had undertaken of suppressing Christianity, mark the energy and decision of his character. Damascus was remote from Jerusalem. To reach it, required a journey of nearly two hundred miles. A man of less enlarged and comprehensive views would probably not have embraced it within the scope of his vision at all. But Paul, who wished to accomplish what he had undertaken in the most thorough manner, perceived that if the new religion were allowed once to get a footing in such a capital, even if suppressed in Judea, it would still live and spread,

and might become ultimately very formidable. After having therefore adopted the most decisive measures to suppress, what he perhaps honestly considered the pestilent heresy, in Judea, he armed himself with authority from the chief priests, and with a suitable company of attendants to enable him to carry his plans efficiently into execution, and set out on the journey to Damascus, with a view of extinguishing at once the kindling flame which was rising there.

It was in the course of this journey, when the traveler was drawing near to the gates of the city, that he was suddenly arrested in his career, and changed at once, by the interposition of a power supernatural and divine, from a bitter and determined enemy, to a very warm and faithful friend, of the cause of Jesus Christ. The account given us of his conversion in the Scripture history is of such a character as makes it, as it were, a *test case* of testimony to the supernatural origin and divine character of Christianity—one of the most direct and strongest test cases too, which the New Testament contains. Let us pause a little to analyze it.

ANALYSIS OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF PAUL.

In the first place, the general facts in respect to the apostle's previous and subsequent history are well established on the ordinary historical evidence by which the transactions of those times are made known to us, and so far as we are aware have never been called in question. That he was an able and accomplished man, born a Roman citizen at Tarsus, and trained subsequently at Jerusalem to the highest legal and professional attainments known to the Jewish community in those days—that when the Christian faith began at first to be openly professed by the disciples and followers of Christ, after his crucifixion, he cherished an apparently implacable hostility to it, and engaged in a system of measures of the most determined and merciless character for its suppression—that he afterward stopped suddenly in the midst of this course, and from being the worst persecutor of the new faith, became at once, without any natural cause to account for the change, its most devoted champion and friend—and that at the same time his moral cast of character underwent also a total change, so that from being morose, stern and cruel, he became in a most eminent degree gentle, forbearing, submissive in spirit and forgiving—and that he continued to exemplify this new character until at length he gave up his life in attestation of the sincerity of his faith; all these things are established in the convictions of mankind by precisely the same kind of evidence as that which proves to us the leading facts in the history of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon.

The only question is, what was the cause of this most extraordinary moral revolution. We call it a moral revolution, for the nature of the case is such that we see at once very clearly that the change which took place was not a mere change of purpose and plan, but a radical change

of character. In all the latter portions of the apostle's life, there beams out from every manifestation of his moral nature the mild radiance of such virtues as patience, gentleness, charity, long-suffering and love—while in the former, we see only the stern and merciless resolution of a despot, in his doings. Men often change their purposes and plans in a very sudden manner, while yet on close examination we find that they act from the same motives afterward as before, though aiming at different ends. But in the case of the apostle, the very motives—the whole frame of mind, as it were, was changed. The only question is, we repeat, what was the cause of this sudden revolution.

We have two accounts of the transaction. One of these is the narrative of the circumstances by Paul himself, given in his celebrated speech to the Jewish populace on the stairs of the castle of St. Antonia, at the time when the soldiers had rescued him from the mob, and were conveying him into the castle for safety *

The other account, which is the same in substance though varying in form, is given by Luke in his general history of the Acts of the Apostles. The fact that Luke incorporates the story in his history is a very important one, inasmuch as it shows that the statements of Paul were made openly and publicly at the time, and were generally known and believed, by his contemporaries. If Paul had withheld his narrative for a considerable period of time, and then had only related the story in some private way, to persons who had no means of testing its truth, the force of the testimony would have been far less conclusive than it is now. But he did not do this. He took a very early opportunity to state the facts in the most open and public manner possible—to do this too in precisely the place, and before precisely the audience, that would have been chosen if the object had been to put his statements to the test. The audience was an audience of enemies, predisposed not to believe his statements. The place was Jerusalem, where the men lived who had gone with him to Damascus and were witnesses of the miracle. Then the general historian of the Church, writing very soon after these transactions occurred, gives the account in his narrative, with details not mentioned by Paul in his speech, showing that he derived his knowledge of the facts from other and previous communications. In a word, Paul proclaimed the facts in relation to his conversion in the most public and open manner, to all mankind, immediately after they occurred, and under such circumstances as to challenge an easy disproof if the statements were not true.

The occurrence, as Paul describes it, was of such a character that he could not possibly have been deceived in it. The effects of a disordered imagination, upon persons especially of a sanguine and impulsive temperament, are often very great. But the vision which appeared to Paul can not be disposed of on any such supposition as this. The occurrence took place at mid-day

* Acts xxii. 4-10.

It was in the presence of several witnesses. A permanent physical effect remained too, in the blindness from which Paul suffered for three days after the phenomenon occurred. All the circumstances of the case show that it could not have been a case of mental hallucination. Paul must have known whether the statements that he made were or were not literally true.

There are certain curious evidences to be drawn from the nature and character of the vision itself, and of the dialogue which took place between Paul and the supernatural voice which addressed him in it, which show very conclusively that the vision was no phantom of his own mind. The voice calls out first in a tone of expostulation, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Now we must admit that it is possible that a man engaged in such a work as that to which Paul had devoted himself, feeling perhaps some misgivings about it, might, under certain circumstances, especially if he were a man of excitable imagination, fancy himself appealed to in this way by a vision from the supernatural world, representing the departed spirit whose cause he was opposing. But in the very supposition that this were the case, it is implied that the mind creating the illusion should at once refer the vision which it had thus conjured up to the being which had been the object of its hostility. In other words, to suppose that feelings of misgiving and remorse awakened by his persecutions of the Christians, had conjured up in Paul's mind a phantom to say to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" involves of course, very directly, the supposition that in imagining the words, he should imagine them as coming from the being whose cause he was persecuting. Instead of this, however, the feeling that was awakened by the question was simple astonishment. He did not refer the words at first to *any* origin, real or imaginary. He did not understand what they meant. His rejoinder was, "Who art thou, Lord?"—the word Lord being used doubtless, as was customary in those days, simply as a respectful mode of address proper to be adopted in accosting any superior. It was not until he heard the reply, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," that the supernatural words which he had heard were referred to any origin. This circumstance does not prove the actual reality of the vision—but it seems to show very conclusively that the vision could not have been a mental illusion conjured up by an uneasy conscience, and appearing like a reality only to the excited imagination of the subject of it.

Besides this, the supposition that Paul was deluded in this case by a phantom of the imagination seems to be precluded by the character of the man. He was eminently a man of very cool, calculating, and unimaginative cast of mind. His speeches, his writings, and the whole course of his conduct indicate a temperament exactly the reverse of that which is subject to morbid nervous excitement. He was severe in his judgments, cautious and deliberate in all his actions;

and his writings indicate every where a mind in which the reflecting and reasoning powers predominate so decidedly, that it would, perhaps, be difficult to name any historical personage of ancient or modern times less likely to be deceived by images produced by the power of a morbid fancy than he. We are thus constrained to believe that he must have known what the actual facts were in respect to the extraordinary statement that he made. Unless he wholly invented the story, knowing it to be entirely false, it must have been strictly and literally true.

He could not have fabricated the story, for not only was there no possible motive to account for his doing so, but there was every conceivable inducement to prevent it. His position and his prospects before he embraced Christianity were bright and promising in the highest degree. By the change he made himself a fugitive and an outcast, lost forever the good opinion of all those whose friendship and favor he had prized, sacrificed his ambition, deprived himself of every worldly advantage, and subjected himself to a life of toil, privation, danger, and suffering, and in the end to a violent death. It is inconceivable that a man should invent a lie for the sake of procuring for himself such rewards as these.

Then, moreover, if a man under the circumstances in which Paul was placed, had intended to invent a story of this kind, unless he were actually insane, he would have arranged the details of it in a totally different manner. He would have chosen a time when he was alone, some dark hour of the night, perhaps, when no witnesses were near to be appealed to for the falsification of his statements. Or if any witnesses had been supposed to be present, they would not have been such witnesses as were with him on this journey. The men who accompanied Paul on his way to Damascus were all enemies of the new religion. They were his confederates in the persecution of it. They must have been under the strongest possible inducement to declare the story false, if it really were so—especially considering that they were involved in the transaction, as Paul relates it. It was at mid-day when it occurred, while they were all together on the road, and drawing near to Damascus. They saw the bright light, he says, as well as he—a light so vivid as wholly to overpower the brightness of the sun. The men all heard the voice, too, though they did not, like Paul, understand the words that were spoken. They were all overwhelmed with astonishment at the wonderful phenomenon, and yielded themselves, as well as he, to the authority of the vision, by conducting Paul by the hand into Damascus, in obedience to the directions that were given to them by the voice. By stating all these facts so openly and publicly, and so soon after they occurred, the narrator seems to appeal in the most full and decided manner to witnesses predisposed to go against him, and puts himself entirely in their power, on the supposition that his statements were not true.

SUMMARY OF THE CASE

The summary of the whole case then stands thus

1 A statement of facts is made by an eyewitness, which, if true, establishes uncontestedly the supernatural origin, and the divine character of Christianity

2 The witness is a man of very extraordinary calmness and steadiness of character, and the facts which he declares to have occurred are of such a nature that he could not possibly have been deceived in them

3 He designates other witnesses who were present when the transactions occurred—and who can not possibly be suspected of collusion with him—and he alleges that they were all convinced of the reality of the phenomena which took place and that they governed their conduct accordingly

4 He proclaimed the facts, as soon as they occurred, in the most open and public manner to all the world

5 He attested the sincerity of his belief in the reality of the communication from the spiritual world which he professed to have received, by

changing the whole course of his life in consequence of it, relinquishing every possible source of earthly honor and enjoyment, and devoting himself to a life of uninterrupted ignominy, toil, privation and suffering, which he persevered in, without flinching, to the end of his days

It would seem as if the force of human testimony, as evidence of fact, could not possibly go farther than in such an instance as this. The circumstances which are combined in the case are so striking and peculiar, as to make it one of the most marked and decided that the New Testament contains. It is in fact a test case, and brings the question of the truth or falsity of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, into a very narrow compass indeed

PAUL'S ENTRANCE INTO DAMASCUS

The attendants who accompanied the apostle on his journey, when they found that he had been struck with blindness by the supernatural light, took him by the hand and led him along through the region of gardens and orchards for which the environs of Damascus have been famed in every age, to the gates of the city

On entering the city Paul was conducted by



PAUL LED INTO DAMASCUS

his attendants to lodgings in a house kept by a man named Judas, who lived in a street called the Straight Street, and there remained three days, in a state of great suspense and agitation. At length a disciple of Damascus, named Ananias, was sent to him, to recognize him as a Christian brother, and to welcome him to the communion and fellowship of the Church. Paul remained at Damascus for some time, preaching the faith which he had before so bitterly opposed, until at length, plots were formed against his life by the Jews of Damascus, who were incensed against him for having, as they considered it,

betrayed the cause which had been intrusted to his charge. The danger at length became so imminent, and he was so closely watched and beset by those who had conspired against him, that the only way by which he could evade them was to be let down by his friends from the wall in a basket by night. In this way he made his escape from the city, and proceeding to Jerusalem he joined himself to the disciples there *

The street where Paul lodged in Damascus, or rather the one which ancient tradition designates as the same, and even the house of Judas,

still exist, and awaken great interest in all Christian travelers who visit the city at the present day. This, however, we shall have occasion to show more fully in the sequel.

EARLIEST NOTICES OF DAMASCUS

The city of Damascus, and the rich and populous province of which it forms the capital, are frequently alluded to, and in some instances figure as the scenes of very important occurrences and events, in the Old Testament history. These allusions date back from the very earliest periods. The city is spoken of in the book of Genesis as a place even then well known. The chief officer of Abraham's household—the general agent and manager of his affairs—was a Damascene, as appears from the complaint of the patriarch, when lamenting his childless condition, that there was no one to be his heir but his steward, Eliezer of Damascus (Gen xv 2). During the reign of David, Damascus, including the broad and fruitful territory that pertained to it, figures as a very wealthy and powerful kingdom. It was called *Syria of Damascus*—a phrase reversed in its form from the customary mode of speaking of a country and its capital at the present day but still very obviously proper to denote the meaning which was intended to be conveyed by it, namely that part of Syria which pertained to and was represented by Damascus. The kingdom of Damascus must have enjoyed at this time a high degree of wealth and prosperity, as appears from the fact that the government of it volunteered to aid some of the Canaanitish nations in resisting the progress of David's conquests by sending an army so large that more than *twenty thousand* men from it were slain in the battles that followed. The design of the

Damascenes in this interposition was to put a check to David's victorious progress, before he should reach their own frontiers. They supposed, doubtless, that after completing the conquest of all the southern territory, he would turn his steps northward, and traversing the mountains of Galilee, begin to make war upon them. Their efforts, however, to avert this danger operated only to bring it more suddenly upon them. David, having defeated the army which they sent against him, advanced into their territory, seized and garrisoned all the principal towns, and annexed the whole country to his own dominions (2 Sam vi 6. 1 Chron xvii 6).

STORY OF NAAMAN OF DAMASCUS, THE SYRIAN GENERAL

In the time of Solomon, the Syrians revolted against the Hebrew government under an adventurer named Rezon, and re-established their independence, and thenceforward there were frequent wars between the Syrians of Damascus and the princes of the Hebrew line. From time to time there were intervals of peace, and it was during one of these periods, when a friendly intercourse was prevailing between the two kingdoms that Naaman, a Syrian general, the commander in chief of the armies of the Syrian king, went to Elisha, the Hebrew prophet to be cured of the leprosy. The circumstances connected with this transaction are very curious, and strikingly illustrative of the manners and habits of the times. They were as follows.

Naaman had in his family a captive maiden who had been taken prisoner from some one of the Hebrew villages, in former wars, and according to the custom of the times, had been made a slave. She served in the family as waiting



NAAMAN AND THE HEBREW MAIDEN

maid to Naaman's wife. Although a slave, she seems to have felt a strong interest in the welfare of her master, and having heard, while in her native land, of the wonderful powers which had sometimes been exercised there by the prophet Elisha, she said one day to her mistress, "Would God, my Lord were with the prophet which is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy" Some one reported this story of the maiden to Naaman. Naaman was greatly interested in it At length it came to the knowledge of Benhadad, the king, and the king determined immediately to send the distinguished patient to the land of Israel to be healed

Kings in making communications with foreign kingdoms, always act through kings, and thus Naaman was sent by the Syrian monarch, not directly to Elisha, but to Joram, who was then the King of Israel He took with him from Damascus, for presents to the King of Israel, large sums of money both in gold and silver coin, and various other valuable gifts, and bore also a letter to him from Benhadad of the following purport

"Benhadad, King of Syria, to Joram, King of Israel With this letter I send my servant

Naaman to thee, that thou mayest heal him of his leprosy."

Whether in addressing the king himself, as the one by whom he expected the leper was to be healed, Benhadad meant merely to compliment the monarch by assuming that it was through his power, and not through that of any of his subjects, that so great a boon was to be obtained, or whether he had not taken pains to understand precisely what the captive maiden had said, does not fully appear However this may be, Joram was greatly alarmed when he read the letter He uttered loud exclamations of astonishment and indignation. "Am I God," said he, "to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me" His apprehensions were, however, soon quieted by a message from the prophet Elisha, who on being informed what had occurred, sent word to the king requesting that the Syrian stranger might come to him Naaman proceeded accordingly to the house of Elisha with his chariot, his horses, and his retinue, and stood there in great state before the door



NAAMAN AT ELISHA'S DOOR

Elisha sent out a message to him, directing him to go and wash seven times in the river Jordan, saying, that by this means he should be healed

We have already stated that the city of Damascus is situated upon a very rich and fertile plain, which is watered, and was perhaps origin-

ally formed, or at least covered with its fertile soil, by streams descending from the Lebanon Mountains. These streams in meandering across the plain form a complicated net-work of channels, irrigating the land in every part as they traverse it, and losing themselves finally in a large lake lying to the eastward of the city. The

lake has no outlet, so that the waters which descend from the mountains are all absorbed by the land on their passage across the plain, or are evaporated from the surface of the lake where they finally repose. Of these streams, the two principal, in the days of Naaman, were called Abana and Pharpar, and the people of Damascus like all other inhabitants of alluvial plains that owe their fertility to the inundations of rivers, entertained very high ideas of the virtues and the dignity of the streams on which they saw that their wealth and prosperity so plainly depended. Naaman was accordingly indignant to find that he had made a journey of hundreds of miles away from such magnificent and salubrious streams as those by which Damascus was encircled and adorned, only to be told at last, to bathe in such a river as the Jordan.

"Behold I thought," said he, "he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

His anger, however, soon subsided, and on being expostulated with by some of his attendants, he allowed himself to be appeased. Finally, he concluded to follow the prophet's directions and was healed.*

ELISHA'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS

The history of the kingdom of Damascus, under the name of Syria, during the period of which we are writing, is closely involved with that of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel for several successive reigns, and the international intercourse with these powers—sometimes warlike and sometimes peaceful—gives rise to some of the most dramatic and striking incidents and narratives which occur in the Old Testament history. On one occasion in the course of this period, during an interval of peace, the prophet Elisha made a visit to Damascus, and resided for some time in that city; and the house where he is said to have lived, forms, as we shall see in the sequel, one of the special objects of attraction and interest to modern travelers who visit the city. It seems that Elisha's power and authority as a prophet were fully recognized by the people of Damascus while he remained in the city. This might have been owing, perhaps, in part to the fame of the healing of Naaman, an occurrence which must have been extensively known throughout the whole kingdom of Damascus, and must have awakened among the people a sentiment of wonder and awe. Besides, the pagan nations of the earth were in those days far less exclusive in their religious ideas than they are now. The gods which each man believed in, were national gods, as it were, not divinities of supreme and universal sway; so that the people of one country having one set of deities and one established mode of worship

of their own, could still entertain a high veneration and respect for the apostles and prophets of other systems pertaining to other lands. A great many incidents might be adduced from ancient history, both sacred and profane, illustrating this fact. For example, when, on a former occasion, Benhadad the King of Syria had invaded the land of Israel, and had been defeated in a great battle in the hill country of Samaria, by numbers far inferior to his own, his counselors in attempting to account for the fact, alleged that the gods of the Hebrews were gods of the hills, and that thus so long as the war was waged among the hills, the cause of the Hebrews was effectually sustained by the Divine protection. They proposed, therefore, that in the next campaign the seat of war should be transferred to the valleys and plains, where, as they maintained, the Hebrew deities would be comparatively powerless. This shows that, notwithstanding that they were pagans, they were in a sense believers in the Hebrew religion, though they conceived the object of the Hebrew worship to be a set of local divinities whose power, though supernatural and real, was confined by physical limits and restrictions, so that it might be circumvented and evaded by the ingenuity and the stratagems of men.

Thus Elisha on his visit to Damascus, although the prophet and the minister of a foreign religion, was looked upon with great respect and veneration. Benhadad the king was sick. He was anxious in respect to the issue of his sickness, and he sent Hazael, one of his ministers of state, to Elisha, to inquire of him what the result of it was to be. The light in which Elisha's character and claims as a divine prophet were regarded in Damascus, is shown by the fact that Hazael took with him, when he came to consult him on the part of the king, forty camels' burden of costly presents, products, probably, of the arts and manufactures of Damascus, and commenced the annunciation of his errand in the language, "Thy son Benhadad, King of Syria, hath sent me to thee." It was at this interview that Elisha uttered the remarkable prophecy in respect to the subsequent career of Hazael, which was afterward so signally fulfilled.*

The account of the forty camels' loads of presents, and other similar allusions continually occurring in the histories of those times, indicate very clearly the high rank which Damascus had attained in arts and manufactures, even at that distant day. The genius of the people displayed itself too, apparently in the ornamental as well as in the useful arts. It is mentioned on one occasion that a king of Israel when on a visit to Damascus, was so much pleased with the richness and beauty of an altar which he saw there, that he sent a model and pattern of it to Jerusalem, in order that one similar to it might be constructed in that city.† This was a very strong testimonial in favor of the taste and skill of the Damascene designers, especially

* For the full account of these transactions, see 2 Kings, chap. v.

* 2 Kings, viii. 7-13.

+ 2 Kings, xvi. 7-16.

considering the peculiar circumstances under which the King of Israel was then visiting Damascus. Wearyed out with his long and hopeless contests with Hazael, he had sent to Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, to come to his rescue. Tiglath-Pileser had accordingly advanced at the head of an army, and after defeating Hazael in various battles, had finally made himself master of Damascus, and Ahaz, rejoicing in the subjugation of his enemy, had gone to Damascus to join him in triumphing there over the conquered city. If he had sent the altar itself to Jerusalem, it might, perhaps, be supposed that he regarded it in the light of a trophy of victory. But as he sent only the pattern of it, the act stands simply as a strong and disinterested testimonial to the beauty of the structure as a work of art.

DAMASCUS IN THE TIME OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

After passing through various revolutions and being held in succession by various powers, the Damascene territory became at length a Roman province, and remained in that condition during the time of Christ and his apostles. It was in this condition, at the period of Paul's celebrated expedition to the city, which has already been described. During the interval which elapsed between the era of the ancient Hebrew monarchs and the time of Christ, the country passed through many changes, having been possessed successively by the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, the city becoming, of course, at each change of mastership the scene of an exciting revolution. As it was, however, a city of arts, industry, and commerce, and was devoted wholly to peaceful pursuits, and inasmuch as from the exposed position which it occupied in the midst of a plain, with the sources of its wealth spread very widely over the fertile region which surrounded it, it was almost impossible to hope to defend it against any powerful invading force, it generally made little resistance to these changes, and, accordingly, suffered much less from the devastating influence of wars than such great strongholds as Acre, Tyre, and Jerusalem, which being strongly fortified, garrisoned, and armed, usually resisted their conquerors to the last extremity, and were in consequence besieged, stormed, sacked, burned, and devastated again and again, under an endless succession of calamities. Damascus, however, seldom made any very vigorous resistance to the power of the various conquerors that in turn made themselves masters of Asia; and thus the thirst and prosperity for which it was always so greatly famed was subject to very little interruption or change.

THE SURRENDER OF DARIUS'S TREASURES.

Sometimes, however, these revolutions made the city the scene of very stirring and exciting events. When Alexander, with his small but terrible force of Macedonians and Greeks, commenced his march into Asia, to invade the immense empire of Darius, Damascus was a province of that empire, and was ruled by a governor

whom Darius had placed in command there. As soon as Darius was informed of the Macedonian invasion, he assembled an immense army—an army which formed one of the most enormous military organizations which the world has ever seen. Pomp and parade were the characteristics of the Persian monarchy in those days, and Darius, besides fitting out his troops with the most magnificent and costly equipments and trappings, so as to give the immense column more the air of a triumphal procession than of an army of fighting men, determined also to take with him his whole court, and a vast store, likewise, of the treasures of his palaces. Whether it was because he did not dare to leave these riches in his capital, for fear of some insurrectionary or rebellious movement there during his absence, or whether he took them with him purely for the purpose of ostentation and display, is, perhaps, uncertain. However this may be, he determined to leave nothing behind, and the vast cavalcade, when the march commenced, exhibited the spectacle of a court and capital, as it were, as well as an army, in motion.

All the nobles of the Persian court were in the train of the army, with queens, princesses, and ladies of honor without number. Great stores of food were carried too, comprising every possible luxury, together with utensils of every name, and cooks in great numbers, and services of plate both of gold and silver for the tables, and every thing else necessary for the most sumptuous feasts. There were also large companies of men and women connected with the public entertainments of the court—singers, dancers, actors, stage-managers, harlequins, and over three hundred singing-girls, personal companions and favorites of the monarch. The train contained also immense treasures, consisting of costly equipages, vases of gold and silver, rich clothing, and sumptuous trappings and paraphernalia of every description—together with immense sums of gold and silver coin for the pay of the army. The treasures were laden in wagons and upon beasts of burden, and they followed in the train of the army, protected by a powerful guard. When at length this immense host reached the confines of Asia Minor, where the small but compact body of Greeks and Macedonians were advancing to meet it, Darius chose Damascus as the place of rendezvous and deposit for his court and his treasures, while he went forward with his troops to meet the invader. The ladies of the court, accordingly, the young princesses, the dancing-girls, and the whole train of treasures, were sent to Damascus, and intrusted to the charge of the governor of the city there. That they could be in any possible danger by being so placed was an idea that no one for a moment entertained; for so great and overwhelming, as they supposed, was the force that Darius commanded, and so contemptible was the opinion which they had formed of the power of the youthful Alexander, and of the small band of Greeks which he led, that they did not conceive of the possibility even of a battle. Darius

was going forward, they thought, rather to arrest a prisoner than to conquer a foe.

It was not long, however, before the gay and careless throngs that were assembled at Damascus were thunderstruck with the tidings that a general battle had been fought at Issus, that the Persian army had been entirely overthrown, that Darius himself had barely escaped with his life, having fled from the field of battle and made his escape to the mountains, almost alone, and that Alexander was preparing to advance into the heart of Asia, with nothing to oppose his progress. Under these circumstances the governor of Damascus, either knowing that resistance on his part would be hopeless, or else acting on the general principle that the policy of non-resistance was the true policy for a city

so exclusively industrial in its pursuits, sent a letter to Alexander, informing him that the treasures of Darius were under his charge at Damascus, and that he was ready to surrender them at any time to whomsoever Alexander might appoint to receive them.

Still, however, the governor of Damascus did not dare to act quite openly in thus betraying the trust which had been committed to his charge: so he stipulated in his letter to Alexander that he should surrender the treasures in a covert manner, as if against his will. He could not be sure that Darius would not regain his lost ascendancy, and conquer the invaders after all; in which case he knew full well that any voluntary agency which might be proved against him of having betrayed his trust would have brought



DARIUS'S TREASURES.

upon him all the awful penalties which in those days were the customary reward of treason. So he agreed that Parmenio, one of the chief generals of Alexander's army, should come to Damascus on a designated day, and that in the mean time he would pretend that he was going to remove the treasures to some place of safety, and would accordingly issue with them from the gates, on the day of Parmenio's arrival, so that he might appear to be surprised by the sudden onset of the Greek detachment, and thus seem to lose the treasures by the unavoidable fortune of war, and not by any open and designed betrayal.

This plan was carried into full execution. On the appointed day the governor issued from the gate of the city with all the treasures in his train. The treasures were borne on the backs of men and of beasts of burden, and were accompanied by a guard—all the arrangements being, however, hurried and confused, as if the governor had been induced by some alarming information which he had received, to determine on a sudden flight. The escort had reached but a short distance from the city, when Parmenio and his troop came suddenly upon them. The guard, perceiving at once that resistance would be vain, took to flight. The porters who were bearing the treasures threw down their burdens and followed them. The roads being bordered by gardens and orchards were inclosed with walls, over which the fugitives leaped with disorder and confusion, abandoning every thing that could impede their flight. The roadsides were covered in every direction with the rich spoils thus thrown aside. Bags of gold and silver coin, rich caparisons and trappings, costly and highly ornamented arms and accoutrements, vases, utensils, goblets, embroidered dresses, caskets of jewels, and every other imaginable symbol of wealth and luxury, strewed the ground in every direction, and were overturned and trampled upon by the pressure of horses and men that were rushing hither and thither, regardless of every thing but safety, in the wild precipitancy of their flight. Parmenio and his troop gathered up the spoils, and carried them back to the city. They took captive the princesses, the nobles, the ladies of the court, and all the innumerable members and attendants of the royal household, and placed a garrison in charge of the city. Thus Damascus, with all its wealth and industry, its commerce, its arts, its manufactures, its orchards, and gardens, and its broad and fertile fields and plains, became an integral portion of the great Macedonian empire.

Two or three centuries later, in the year sixty-five before Christ, Damascus fell into the hands of the Romans more easily still, having yielded at once to the summons of a Roman general, whom Pompey, then in command of the Roman forces in that quarter of the world, sent to invest it. It remained a Roman dependency until the time of Paul.

THE SARACENS.

After the period of the Christian era, years

and centuries rolled on, and many revolutions both political and social, occurred in the Eastern world, until at length a nominal Christianity prevailed over almost the whole of the vast territory which was comprised within the limits of the Roman Empire. After a considerable period of comparative peace and prosperity, there at length suddenly arose a power that was destined to a long career of conquest, and a very widely-extended dominion—that of the Saracens, a dynasty of chieftains, half soldiers and half priests, who, by mingling the most sublime religious enthusiasm with the fiercest military daring in the character of their troops, soon raised up a power which nothing could withstand. The Prophet Mohammed was the founder of the line. Mohammed himself, however, did not commence the career of military conquest. He prepared the way for what was afterward accomplished by his successors. His immediate successor was Abubeker, who at once organized a military force, and after establishing his authority in Arabia by suppressing every appearance of opposition to his power which manifested itself there, and enlarging his dominion in the east by making considerable conquests in Persia, resolved on moving westward, and spreading the Moslem faith and power over the Christian countries of Syria and Palestine. Jesus Christ had strictly enjoined upon his followers the policy of peace. Mohammed, on the other hand, had directed his disciples to spread his religion by force of arms. In obedience to this injunction, therefore, Abubeker, when his government was established and settled at home, sent a proclamation to the various Arabian tribes, summoning all who were disposed to obey the injunction of the Prophet, to come to Medina, and join his standard with a view of entering at once upon the solemn duty of compelling mankind to receive the true religion.

This celebrated proclamation was expressed substantially as follows:

"In the name of the most merciful God, to all true believers.

Health and happiness and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you. I praise the most high God, and pray for the prosperity of the cause of his prophet Mohammed. This is to inform you that I am about to lead the true believers into Syria to wrest that land from the hands of the infidels, and I trust you will remember that fighting for the spread of religion is obedience to the command of God."

This proclamation awakened the utmost enthusiasm and ardor among all the wild tribes to whom it was sent. Men came in great numbers from every quarter, and assembled in a vast concourse, pitching their tents around the gates of Medina. An army was soon organized. It was placed under the command of Kaled, the lieutenant of Abubeker, a soldier of great personal strength and bravery, and of the most exalted devotion. He assumed the command of the army, with the loftiest ideas of the solemnity

and religious grandeur of the work which he was commissioned to perform.

"When the army was ready to commence its march, the Kaliph Abubeker came out to the summit of a hill overlooking the plain where the forces were encamped, to review the troops, the horses, and the arms; and there, in connection with other appropriate religious services, he offered a long and fervent prayer to God for his blessing on the enterprise which they were about to undertake in his name. When at length the order to march was given, Abubeker accompanied the army for the first day, in per-

son, traveling on foot in token of his humility and of his reverence for the holy cause in which the expedition was engaged. Some of the officers of the army who rode on horseback were embarrassed at seeing their supreme ruler on foot, and would have dismounted to accompany him, but he forbade them, saying that in serving the Almighty God they who rode and they who walked were all on the same level. When at length he was about to leave the army and return, he gave the officers who commanded it their parting instructions in the following extraordinary terms :



ABUBEKER GIVING HIS PARTING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Remember soldiers, that whatever you do, and wherever you go, you are always in the presence of God, on the verge of death, in certainty of judgment, and in hope of heaven. Never be guilty of any injustice or oppression. Confer with one another, and agree together in respect to all your measures, and study to deserve and retain the love and confidence of your troops. When you fight the battles of the Lord, acquit yourselves like men, and never turn your backs upon the enemy. Be humane, and never let your victories be stained by the blood of helpless women and children. Destroy no palm-trees nor burn any fields of corn. Cut down no fruit trees, nor do any injury to flocks or herds, except so far as you actually require them for food. When you make any compact or covenant, stand firmly to it, and be as good as your word. If you find religious people living alone in retirement, in hermitages or monasteries, choosing to serve God by thus secluding themselves from the world, do not molest them; but wherever you encounter Christian priests with shaven crowns, cut them down. They are of the synagogue of Satan. Be sure that you give them no quarter unless they will be-

come tributaries or converts to the Mohammedan faith."

The army marched on, governed apparently by the spirit and principles which these instructions enjoined. All profane and frivolous conversation was forbidden. The services and duties of religion, as enjoined by the Prophet, were regularly observed in the camp. The intervals of active duty were employed in prayer, in meditation, and in the study of the Koran. In a word, the vast army went forward to its work with the zeal, the resolution, and the solemn and sublime exaltation of spirit that animated the souls of Joshua, and Gideon and David, in going into battle with the conviction upon their minds that they were commanding the armies and sustaining the cause of Almighty God, against his human foes.

THE SARACENS AT THE SYRIAN FRONTIER.

The Saracen army advanced to the northward by the great caravan route which led to the northward and westward, over the sands of the desert, toward Syria. They at length reached the borders of the cultivated land. The first town was Bostra. Bostra was situated nearly one hun-

dred miles to the southward from Damascus, and being near the borders of the desert toward Arabia, and thus much exposed to the incursions of the Arabs, was strongly fortified. Still the governor of Bostra, whose name was Romanus, was not disposed to resist the invaders. Whether he considered the town not strong enough to resist them, or whether he was secretly inclined to favor the Saracen cause, or whatever other motive may have actuated him, he proposed to surrender. The people of the town, however, refused to accede to this proposal. They were exasperated against their governor for counseling such a course. They deposed him immediately from his office, and appointing another commander in his stead, prepared vigorously for defense. They considered themselves, equally with the Saracens, the champions of the cause of God. They hung out crosses and consecrated banners from the walls, instituted grand religious services to invoke the blessing of heaven upon their cause, and prepared for the onset.

In the course of the several succeeding days, many assaults upon the city from the besiegers without, and sallies from the garrison within, took place, without any very decided advantage on either side; when at length one night as the Saracen sentinels were going their rounds in their camp, they saw a man coming out of the city toward them. His dress indicated that he was a man of distinction, as he wore a camlet coat, embroidered and wrought with gold. The sentinel that first met him challenged him, setting his lance at the same time, and pointing it at the stranger's breast.

"Hold!" said the stranger, "I am Romanus, the governor of Bostra. Bring me before Kaled the general."

The sentinel accordingly conveyed the stranger to the general's tent. Here Romanus informed the Saracen commander that he had been the governor of Bostra; that he had urged the people of the city to surrender, but that they had rejected his counsel and deposed him from office; that in revenge for this injury, he was determined to admit the Saracens to the city at all hazards, and had accordingly caused a passage to be dug under the wall of the city from beneath his house, which he said stood close to the wall, and that if Kaled would send a hundred men with him he would admit them to the city through this subterranean opening. They, once admitted, could easily surprise and overpower the guards, and open the gates to the remainder of the army.

This plot was carried into successful execution. The one hundred men were admitted into the house of Romanus within the city, by the passage beneath the wall. They then issued forth into the streets, and as it was night, and as they were moreover disguised as Christians, by dresses which Romanus had provided for them in his house, they could traverse the city without suspicion. They were divided into four bands of twenty-five men each, and proceeding to the several principal gates, they killed the guards and admitted Kaled and his whole army. Thus Bostra fell into the hands of the Saracens; and a few days afterward, Kaled leaving a garrison in the place, commenced his march northward toward Damascus.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

It was four days' journey from Bostra to Damascus. As the Saracen army advanced, the people of all the towns and villages on the plain of Damascus abandoned their houses and fled

within the walls of the city for safety. Great preparations were made for defending the place. The army was strongly reinforced; new supplies of arms and ammunition were provided; the citadel, the towers, the battlements, and the gates were all garrisoned by bodies of guards; and military engines, constructed to hurl ponderous missiles upon the invaders' heads, were set up every where along the walls. In a word, the whole population of the city was engaged in the most vigorous preparations for defense.

In the mean time, the Saracen army continued to advance through the fertile country, and at length entered the region of gardens and orchards that surrounded the city. The wild sons of the desert were enchanted with the fertility and beauty of the



ROMANUS AND THE SENTINELS

scene. They advanced to the city and encamped on the open grounds which surrounded the walls. They invested the place closely on every side, stationing strong detachments of troops near to every gate, so as to hold all the avenues of communication with the city under their control. They then sent in summons to surrender, giving the people their choice, either to become Mussulmans themselves, or else to submit themselves as subjects and tributaries to the Mussulman power. The Damascenes indignantly rejected those proposals, and the contest began:

For several weeks the struggle continued without leading to any decisive or permanent advantage on either hand. There were furious assaults made upon the walls by the besiegers from without, and equally furious and desperate sallies from the gates, both by day and by night, on the part of the garrison within. Single combats, according to the custom of the times, were fought in the presence of the contending armies on the plain, and on one occasion the Saracen champions, in one of the affrays that occurred, having killed two of the Greek generals, carried their heads on the tips of lances up to the walls, and threw them over into the city as a token of their hatred and defiance. The Saracens proved themselves in general, the strongest in these combats, and thus the Christian troops were soon compelled to confine themselves altogether to the city walls, and were closely hemmed in on every side.

They contrived, however, one night to let down a man from the wall in a basket, at a place less securely guarded than the rest, with orders to proceed to the capital and call for succor. This messenger succeeded in making his way through the Saracen lines, and then, traveling with all speed, delivered his message. The emperor immediately sent forward a powerful army under the command of Werden, to save Damascus if possible from its impending fate. The Saracens, when they heard that this army was drawing near, went to meet it, leaving a small portion of their force to watch and guard the city. They encountered Werden and his force at a place called Ajnadin. A furious combat ensued, in which the Greek troops were entirely routed and driven from the field, and the Saracens then returned to the walls of Damascus, laden with spoils and flushed with victory.

THE TAKING OF THE CITY.

The siege was now prosecuted with new vigor, and after a long and protracted contest, during which the most desperate assaults on the one side were repelled by the most determined and obstinate resistance on the other, it finally fell. The circumstances under which the Saracens at last succeeded in gaining admission to the walls, were, if the tales of the ancient Arabian historians are true, of a very extraordinary character. The people of the city, as they say, became at length wearied out with the contest, and finding that they must finally be overpowered, induced the governor to consent to surrender while it was yet in their power, to make some terms with

their conquerors. The governor, accordingly, sent a messenger to Kaled to ask for an armistice, that they might have time to prepare proposals for a surrender. Kaled refused to grant this request. He did not wish to make any terms with his enemy, for he now felt sure of his prey, and chose therefore rather to carry the city by assault than to receive it on capitulation, in order that he might be under no restrictions in respect to slaughter and pillage, in the hour of final victory.

Kaled himself had command of the besieging army on one side of the city, while on the other side, there was a force led by another general, named Abu Obeidah, a man of a more mild and humane disposition than Kaled. Kaled himself was of a very rugged, stern, and merciless character. Being baffled in his attempts to negotiate with Kaled, the governor now determined to see what could be done with Obeidah. One night, therefore, he sent out a messenger who understood the Arabic language, through the gate where Obeidah was posted. On issuing from the gate, the messenger called out to the sentinels asking for a safe-conduct for some of the people of Damascus to come out to the tent of Obeidah in order to confer with him on the terms of a capitulation. When the sentinels had communicated this request to Obeidah, he was very much pleased, and immediately sent the safe-conduct desired. Under the protection of the guarantee thus obtained, a commission of about one hundred of the chief citizens of Damascus, including magistrates, officers, and dignitaries of the church, came forth from the gates, and being received by the sentinels at the Saracen lines, were conducted in safety to Obeidah's tent. They asked Obeidah whether his rank and authority among the Saracens was such that he was authorized to make stipulations. He said that he was not—but that still whatever he should agree to, would be sacredly observed by the army, as the solemn fulfillment of all covenants was made the imperious duty of the Mohammedan soldiers, by a fundamental article of their religion. The two parties then entered into a negotiation for the surrender of the city, and it was finally agreed on the part of the Christians, that the gates should be opened to Obeidah, and on Obeidah's part, that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared. Obeidah moreover promised certain other privileges and immunities, among the rest that the churches of Damascus should be allowed to stand, after the capture of the city.

In accordance with this stipulation, the gates on that side of the city were opened, and Obeidah intended, after thus getting possession of the city at night, to send word in the morning to Kaled, informing him what he had done.

He had not proceeded far, however, in his progress through the streets, before he began to hear shots and outcries, and to see lights gleaming to and fro, on the opposite side of the city. It seems that while the transactions which we have been describing were taking place in Obeidah's quarter, a somewhat similar scene had been

enacting in the tent of Kaled. A Damascene named Josias had come out secretly from the city to Kaled, and had offered to betray one of the gates on that side to the besiegers. He had always been a Christian, he said, but he had been reading the book of the prophet Daniel, and had found there such clear and decided predictions of the rise and future greatness of the Saracenic power, that he was convinced of its heavenly origin. He proposed, therefore, that Kaled should send a body of one hundred men with him, whom he said he could secretly admit to the city, and then with their assistance open the gates to the whole Saracenic army. This plan was immediately carried into effect. The one hundred men, as soon as they found themselves within the walls, opened the gates to admit their comrades, and then ran in every direction through the streets, uttering loud shouts, and outcries of Allah Achbar!—the Saracen cry of triumph—thus awaking the inhabitants from their sleep, and throwing them into a state of the utmost consternation and terror. A strong column of Kaled's troops immediately rushed in, with arms in their hands, and began to massacre all who came in their way. Thus while Obeidah was advancing to take peaceful possession of the town, under articles of stipulation, on one side, Kaled was carrying it by assault on the other. The two bands met in the streets near the centre of the city, and each immediately began to upbraid and remonstrate with the other. Obeidah strongly protested against any violence to the inhabitants, saying that he had given them a solemn guarantee for their safety, and he begged and entreated the soldiers to stop the work of slaughter, and to sheathe their swords. Kaled, on the other hand, denied that Obeidah had any authority to make such a compact, and refused to be governed by it. After a long and earnest altercation between the contending generals, it was finally concluded that the city should be spared, at least until the generals could send a report of the case to Medina and learn the Khaliph's will. Thus Damascus fell into the hands of the Saracens, and although many vigorous efforts were subsequently made by the Christian powers of Europe to recover possession of it, they were all in vain. It remained after the conquest of it by Kaled, for several centuries, in the hands of the Mohammedans, until at length, in 1400, it was taken from them by the great Tartar chieftain Tamerlane.*

CONQUEST OF DAMASCUS BY TAMERLANE.

Tamerlane, after having made many conquests in the central parts of Asia, and established a very extended and powerful dominion there, turned his course toward the west, and invaded Syria, about the year 1400 of the Christian era. He advanced to the gates of Damascus. The people of the city did not dare to resist him, and the municipal officers immediately opened the gates to him, and agreed to pay a tax or ransom as the price of their lives. There was, however, a very strong castle or citadel within the city, the governor of which refused to surrender. This citadel was at that time one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was built of massive stones, firmly compacted together, and was encompassed with a ditch about sixty feet wide. This ditch was filled with water drawn from the rivers which flowed into the neighborhood of Damascus—the water being admitted to the ditches when the rivers were high, and retained there by suitable embankments and gates. At the corners of the citadel were vast bastions and towers, all constructed in the strongest manner. On these bastions there were placed immense military engines constructed for throwing great stones, gigantic darts and javelins, and other ponderous missiles. There were contrivances also, the precise nature of which is not now known, for pouring down upon the assailants below streams of a sort of liquid fire, dreadful and wholly irresistible in its effects. Even water would not extinguish it.

The troops of Tamerlane advanced to attack this citadel. They first drew off the water from the ditch, so as to give access to the foot of the wall. They commenced their operations under one of the principal bastions, by shoring up the wall with immense props, to support the superincumbent mass while they undermined it below. They broke out the lower stones, it is said, by building great fires against them and then pouring vinegar upon them, by which means they were so cracked and opened that they could loosen them with bars. This work was of course carried on in the midst of great danger, and with an enormous destruction of life; for the besieged in the bastion above, hurled down incessant showers of missiles and of fire upon the laborers below. In fact, the resistance which the garrison within thus made would have entirely defeated the efforts of the assailants, had it not been in some degree counteracted by the meas-

* This personage is known in history by the various names of Timour Bek, Timour the Tartar, Timour Leuk, Tambourian, and Tamerlane. The two last named appellations seem to be derived from Timour Leuk, which means Timour the Cripple, or the Lame. His historians say that he was originally a shepherd, and that he commenced his career as a conqueror by robbing the other shepherds in the mountains around him, and was lamed by an arrow which was shot at him by a man whose sheep he was stealing. However this may be, it is known that, he was marked through life by a lameness which gave rise to the designation by which he has since been most commonly known throughout the Christian world. His true official title, at the time when he was at the height of his power, was the Sultan Kiamram Cothb-E-

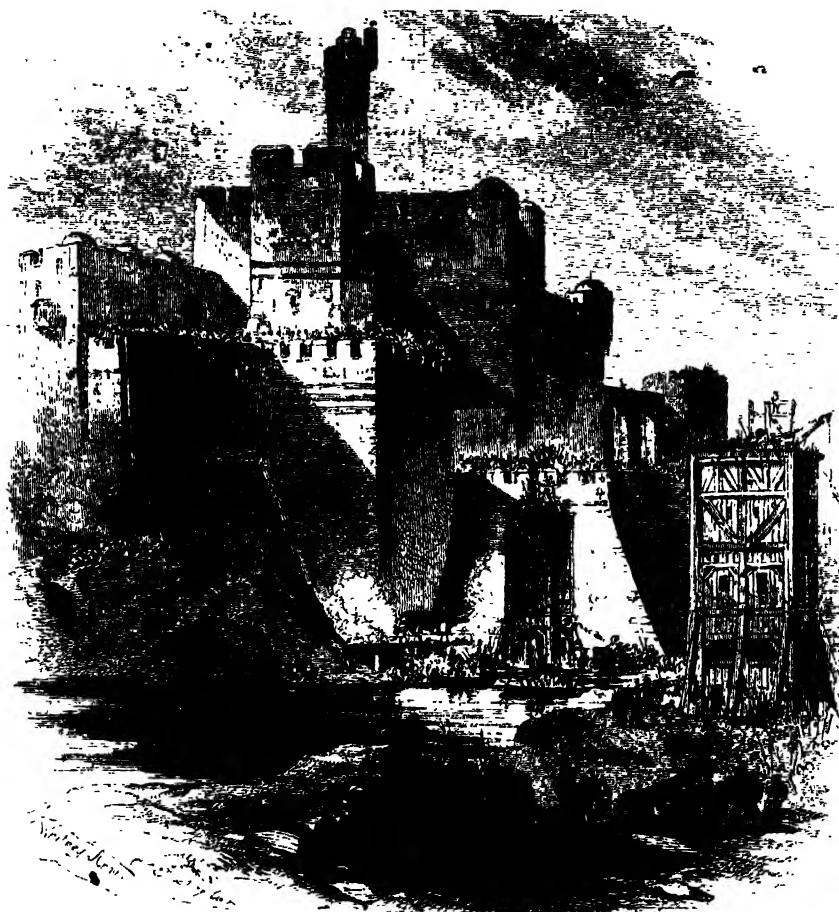
din Timour Kour-Khan Sahab-Karan. The words Cothb-Eddin and Sahab-Karan are honorary titles signifying, as nearly as they can be translated, Defender of the Faith and Master of the World. The word Kiamram means great, powerful, happy, and Kour-Khan, descendant of the Khans or of the royal line of Tartar princes. From these lofty appellations, forming the grand and imposing title by which the conqueror was known to his courtiers and his armies while he lived, the descent is very great to the humble designation of Timour the Cripple, which was destined to be his name on the page of history.

The injury, whatever may have caused it, from which Timour suffered, was quite an extensive one, affecting, as it would seem, the whole side of his body. The arm, as well as the leg, was disabled on that side.

ures adopted by the besiegers to protect the sappers and miners in their work. For this purpose they built, at a short distance from the walls of the bastion which they were attacking, an immense platform, or rather series of platforms, for the structure was three stories high. The several floors of this staging they protected by parapets, and they filled them with armed men, and planted military engines upon them, like those that were mounted on the walls of the bastion. Thus they could attack their enemies

on the ramparts of the citadel, and from nearly the same level with them; and so were enabled in a great measure to keep them back, and thus allow the work of undermining to be continued below.

When an opening was made beneath the walls, sufficient to remove the support of the bastion on the foundation, and cause the whole mass to rest on the wooden props which had been set up to support it, the men piled up a great mass of fuel against the walls and against the wooden



THE CITADEL OF DAMASCUS.

beams which formed the props, and then set the whole on fire. Of course, as soon as the props were burnt away, the whole bastion, with all the towers and engines and other military structures which it sustained, came down with a terrific crash, burying every thing beneath the ruins. The besieged made a last and desperate effort to repair the breach and to resist the ingress of their foes, but they soon found it would be of no avail, and they determined to surrender. The

governor accordingly opened the gates and came forth in token of submission, with the keys of the citadel in his hands. Tamerlane ordered him to be beheaded for not having surrendered before.

It might perhaps be supposed that since the inhabitants of the city had made no resistance to the army of Tamerlane, they would escape suffering any serious injury in consequence of his obtaining possession of it. But it was not

so. The triumph of the Tartar chieftain was the means of overwhelming the city with the most terrible calamities, the greatest probably that Damascus ever suffered during the whole period of its history. In the first place the troops of Tamerlane, without any positive orders from him, though doubtless presuming on his concurrence, broke into the city soon after it was surrendered to him, and pillaged it—slaying at the same time an immense number of the inhabitants. The next day after this the city took fire, by accident as was said, and though every effort was made to extinguish the flames, they spread in all directions, until a very large portion of it was consumed. The mode of building which prevailed at that time in the city, was to construct the upper stories of the houses of wood, though the lower one was built of stone. The flames consequently spread with great rapidity, and all attempts to arrest the progress of them were unavailing.

When Tamerlane returned to the seat of his empire in the East, he took with him an immense amount of treasure from Damascus, consisting not merely of gold and silver, but of the rich manufactures of Damascus, the fabrics of linen and of silk, and the costly arms and implements

which were produced so abundantly there. He took with him moreover, as was said, many of the most skillful artisans, with a view of transplanting the skill itself which produced such treasures to his own dominions. The consequence was that some of the arts which had flourished in Damascus up to that time, were lost to the city, by this transaction, and were never recovered.

In 1516, a little more than a hundred years after the capture of Damascus by Tamerlane, the city was taken by the Turks, and it has continued to form a part of the Turkish dominion—excepting that it was a few years since for a short period in the hands of Ibrahim Pasha—to the present day.

MANUFACTURES AND ARTS OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus has been greatly celebrated, during the whole period of its history, for the beautiful products of industry and art, which have in all ages issued from the workshops and manufactories of the city. In the middle ages, the silks, the dyes, the arms, and the ornaments which came from Damascus were renowned through-

out the world. These fabrics, together with the endless varieties of fruit for which the gardens and orchards that surround the place were so famed, were conveyed away from the city in all directions by the long caravans, which, at stated periods, were sent out across the sandy deserts, on every side, some to the interior cities of Asia, and others to Beirut, to Acre, to Antioch, and to other ports on the Mediterranean, where they were transported by sea to every part of the civilized world.



One of the most celebrated of the arts of the ancient Damascenes, was that of weaving silk and linen with ornamental figures, formed in the substance of the web, by means of a peculiar mode of manufacture. The art was for a long time confined to the weavers of Damascus, and the texture was accordingly known by the name of *damask*; and although similar textures are now produced by the artisans of various manufacturing countries, they still retain the name derived from the city in which the art of weaving them first had its origin.

THE SWORD-BLADES OF DAMASCUS.

Perhaps the most famous of all the manufactures for which the city of Damascus has been in every age so renowned, were the sword-blades and sabres which were produced there in the early centuries of the Christian era, and which became celebrated throughout the world for their beauty, the hardness and keenness of their edge, and the very extraordinary strength and elasticity of their temper. A Damascene blade became, in fact, a proverbial expression. The praises of weapons were sung by bards, celebrated

by princes and warriors, and were immortalized in history. In the romantic accounts given in



DAMASCENE SWORD-BLADES.

these days, of the deeds of knights and crusaders, most extraordinary tales were told of the feats performed with these magical blades; of the cutting off of heads and limbs, and the cleaving down of skulls, and even of the sundering of bars of iron. They could be bent into a circle and retained in that condition at pleasure, and then, on being released, they would restore themselves by their elasticity to perfect straightness as before. They would stand the roughest usage, moreover, without becoming blunted, or indented, or otherwise in any way marred. The art of manufacturing this famous steel was supposed to be lost from Damascus when Tamerlane carried the captive artisans away with him to the East; and though the fabrication of swords was afterward continued there, and is carried on still, the modern weapons do not at all enjoy the fame which tradition assigns to those of ancient manufacture. The most extravagant value was attached to the possession of one of these ancient swords by the soldiers of the middle ages. They were sometimes sold at a price nearly equal to a thousand dollars of our currency.

The interest which was attached to these famous weapons, was increased by a peculiar appearance which characterized the steel of which the blades were composed. The surface of the steel was marked by waving lines, extending parallel to each other in curious spiral convolutions, from the hilt to the point of the sword. These mysterious lines were objects of great curiosity and wonder to all who examined them, and many fruitless attempts were made to discover by what means they were produced. Grinding the blade would remove them, for the time being; but applying an acid to the fresh surface thus produced, the variegation would immediately re-appear—showing that the effect was not superficial, but that it depended upon some cause pervading the substance of the steel.

A great many attempts were made, from time to time, in different parts of Europe, to discover by what means this peculiar metal was formed, and to manufacture sword-blades in other places in imitation of it; but these attempts were never entirely successful. Some supposed that the effect was due to original peculiarities in the grain of the steel used at Damascus, while others imagined that it was produced by combining alternate plates or bars of iron and steel, and welding them together, and then *twisting* the compound bar when hot. Some imitations of the Damascene blades were made in a tolerably successful

manner during the last century, by French armorers, under the direction of an officer of artillery in that country. His method was to take a number of bars of steel of two kinds, differing from each other in color and lustre, and laying them, side by side in alternation, to weld them all together, so as to form one compound rod or bar. This bar was then heated to a red heat and twisted into a spiral form, by fixing one end into a vice and then turning the other by means of strong pincers. Three of these twisted rods were then laid side by side and welded together, and the sword-blade was then forged out of the doubly-compounded bar thus formed. On grinding and polishing the weapon thus produced, the surface was found to be marked by waving variegations similar to those of the Damascus blades; but the manufacture never attained any great celebrity. The Damascus steel thus retains, and will probably always retain, its traditional pre-eminence; though it is doubtful, after all, whether the very lofty reputation which it has enjoyed, is not due more to the spirit of exaggeration and extravagance in respect to every thing connected with feats of arms, which prevailed in the age in

which it was fabricated, than to any real superiority of the metal over that produced by the artisans of modern times.

PRESENT CONDITION OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus continues to enjoy to the present day a condition of great prosperity. The gardens and orchards that environ it, and the immense expanse of fertile land which extends on every side around, in broad plains and green and fertile valleys, are as rich, as beautiful, and as populous as they were in ancient days. The traveler in traversing this region, is struck with wonder at the luxuriant verdure of the landscape, the density of the population, and the general

aspect of thrift and prosperity which reigns on every side, as he journeys toward the city.

On entering within the gates he finds the same air of wealth and prosperity reigning within; although the style of architecture adopted, as in all the ancient Oriental cities, is of an entirely different character from that which prevails in the West. The houses of the wealthy classes are very spacious and magnificent. They cover a great extent of ground, being built so as to inclose open spaces, called courts, within. The wall toward the street is plain and unpretending. Through this wall a broad portal opens, leading to the courts and apartments



EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

within. It is only on entering these courts that the visitor sees the true frontings of the edifice, which face the open spaces in the interior, and are enriched with porticos, piazzas, balconies, columns, and all the other adornments of the most imposing and costly architecture. The court itself is a sort of garden, having a fountain in the centre, with groups of fig trees, orange trees, and the rich flowering shrubs of tropical climes, blooming near it, and with walks and porticos, paved with rich mosaics, all around.

There are sometimes two courts, an outer and an inner one, and from both of them richly ornamented alcoves open, leading to the apartments of the house. These apartments are adorned in the most sumptuous manner with carvings and gildings, and are furnished with rich carpets, sumptuous divans, and other household appliances of Oriental life, all together forming a scene of romantic enchantment which excites the astonishment and quite bewilders the mind of the beholders. In fact every scene and every



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

object which strikes the eye of the European traveler in the city, fills him with wonder, and makes him fancy that he is looking upon the visions of a dream. The streets, with the strange figures and costumes witnessed there, the bazaars, the coffee-rooms, the bathing-houses—the arrivals and departures of the immense caravans, consisting sometimes of several thousand camels—these and other similar scenes which meet his eye on every side, have the effect upon his mind of a bright and romantic vision. All that his youthful fancy pictured to him on reading the tales of the Arabian Nights, as baseless but fascinating illusions, he now finds full before him in living and acting reality.

And yet, notwithstanding the elegance and grandeur that reign in the interior compartments of the palaces of Damascus, nothing can be less attractive than the view which is presented by the exterior of them, to the passing traveler, as he walks through the streets of the city. The streets themselves, it is true, are tolerably well paved, and they have raised sidewalks on either hand, according to the European fashion; while the caravansaries, the shops, and the bazaars, present an open and in some respects an inviting appearance. But the exterior aspect of the dwellings, as has already been intimated, is gloomy and repulsive in the highest degree. In the first place, it is the true and habitual policy of men of wealth, in all despotic countries, to conceal the amount of their riches, in order to avoid the exactions of the government. This leads to a style and fashion of building which avoids all outward display, and reserves its resources for decorations which can be in some measure concealed. Then the Mohammedan custom of secluding the inmates of a family, and especially females, as much as possible, from the public view, forbids entirely the placing of domestic apartments upon a public street. Finally, the material used in building in these Eastern cities consists of bricks indurated only by being dried in the sun. Such bricks are far more durable, it is true, than would be at first supposed possible. In fact, many such bricks remain perfectly preserved among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, to the present day, with the written characters originally impressed upon them, all distinct and well defined. Still the bricks used in Damascus for the construction of ordinary dwellings are soon disintegrated and worn away by exposure to the weather, and the inferior houses require constant watchfulness and many repairs to keep them inhabitable. At one time, about twenty years ago, on the occasion of a great rain, three thousand houses were very seriously damaged by the water, and three hundred, it is said, actually fell.

From all these causes the result is, that the dwellings of the wealthy classes in Damascus present to the street a dark and repulsive aspect. There are but few windows opening upon the street, and those are placed very high; so that the front of the edifice is in the main a dead wall, with a plain and unpretending portal in the centre of it—a façade which conveys to the spectator

no idea whatever of the wealth and splendor that reign within.

The bazaars and khans are more open and more attractive. In passing through them the interest and curiosity of the Western traveler is strongly excited by the strange scenes that he witnesses, and the unwonted phases of social life which are presented to his view on every hand. Here is a blacksmith's shop—the workman seated at his forge, and his bellows-man blowing a bellows of a form and structure never seen before. There a carpenter is at work on an Oriental bench and with Oriental tools. In another place are stalls filled with every variety of Eastern merchandise, while the articles themselves that are offered for sale, in their style and fashion, and the groups of buyers and sellers, in their attitudes, their costume, and their whole demeanor, present the most striking contrasts to their several representatives on the hither side of the Aegean. The traveler, as he walks along among these scenes, gazes at the ever-shifting pictures which present themselves to view with continual curiosity and wonder.

Among the most striking of the establishments which attract the visitor's attention in walking through Damascus are the Khans. The Khan is a neat edifice which answers the double purpose of a warehouse and a hotel. The visitor enters by a portal, and finds himself in the interior of a spacious court, surrounded by a splendid range of buildings. The lower story of these buildings is finished in arcades, in each of which are piled up boxes and bales of merchandise, with the salesman who has charge of them at hand, on a raised platform, to attend to the customers. The upper stories are occupied as lodging rooms. Here the merchants and travelers visiting the city lodge—their meals being brought to them from the coffee-houses and restaurants in the neighboring bazaars. The access to these rooms is by staircases from the court, which lead upon a gallery that extends all around the buildings on the second story. This gallery forms not only the vestibule or corridor from which the lodging rooms are entered, but serves likewise the purpose of a promenade. Here, too, the merchants, when their day's work is done, come out and sit, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee—conversing the while with one another about the business and the news of the day, or looking down upon the scenes that are passing in the court below.

The interior of the Khan below, on the floor of the court, presents always a very animated scene. Mules and camels loaded with goods are coming and going, or are standing in groups in the centre, waiting for their turns to drink at the fountain.

The only strictly *public* buildings in Damascus, are the mosques. Of these there are several hundreds scattered throughout the city, some larger than the rest for public worship, others smaller, for prayer. These, however, no Christian, known to be such, is under any circumstances ever allowed to enter, under penalty of death.

SACRED LOCALITIES OF DAMASCUS.

The *Via Recta*, as it is called in modern times—which, as is supposed, is the “street called Straight,” of the Scripture history, is an imposing and busy street which extends in a direct line through the heart of the city, from west to east. It is lined with bazaars, caravanserais, coffee-houses and other similar edifices pertaining to Oriental commerce, and is filled with merchandise, comprising all the products and manufactures of Europe and Asia. The house of Judas, or rather the building which tradition designates as the house of Judas, is still shown. All that remains of it is a sort of vault below the ground, which has been converted, by the Latin convent that now has possession of it, into a small chapel or oratory. A short distance beyond the house of Judas, is the place where Ananias lived, but the spot is now covered by a mosque—which of course no Christian can enter. Passing along the street still farther toward the east, we come at length to the gate of the city, and here in the parapet of a lofty wall, near the gate, has long been shown an opening, said to be the one through which Paul was let down in the basket. A little beyond the gate, outside the wall, is a spring where tradition says that Paul was baptized. The Christian pilgrims and travelers who visit Damascus approach this spring with a sentiment of solemn awe, and drink a portion of the water in a very reverent manner in honor of the memory of the great apostle.

The place where Paul was arrested by the vision on his approach to Damascus is likewise shown, and this spot, as well as the fountain where he was baptized, lies on the eastern side of the city. The ancient road from Jerusalem approaches the city on this side. The spot is about half a mile from the gate. There is also a small cave in this part of the environs of the city, where it is said that the apostle lay concealed for a short period, at the time when he made his escape from his enemies by being let down from the wall. There is also in a cemetery near by, a tomb, which is shown to visitors as the tomb of Gorgias, a soldier who connived at Paul's escape, and was afterward executed for it by the military authorities of the place. In addition to these localities, there are many others, in and near the city, of great celebrity in ancient tradition. In one place are the ruins of the tomb of Ningod, in another the spot where Abel was murdered; and in a certain meadow, a place where the soil is of a peculiar reddish hue is pointed out as the spot from which the earth was taken to form the body of Adam! In the immediate environs of the city there are the remains of a sort of cave or grotto, where Elijah was fed by ravens. The place where Elisha anointed Hazael king of Syria, and the house where Naaman the leper lived, are still shown. This last, however, is now a hospital for lepers, and visitors, in fear of the contagion, generally decline to pay it a visit.

It might seem, from what has been said of the

extreme luxuriance and beauty of the fruitful groves among which Damascus repose, and of the brilliancy and splendor, and the Oriental novelty of the scenes which present themselves to view within the walls, that the Syrian capital would possess the strongest attractions for every Eastern traveler, and that like Paris, Vienna, and Rome, it would become a place of resort and of residence for those rambling and restless spirits of the Western world, who roam about the earth, thinking that by incessantly changing the scene of existence, they vary and heighten its pleasures. But this is very far from being the case. It is only here and there that a solitary traveler from the West enters within the precincts of this paradise, and they who do so do so at paths beset by so many intolerable restrictions, and themselves the objects of such universal hatred and contempt, that they are soon glad to retrace their footsteps, and return within the confines of Christendom. The fact is, that Damascus seems to be the spot where, above almost all places upon the earth, that most extraordinary instinct of man, the only one as it would seem of all human instincts which is wholly and only evil—the insane and unaccountable propensity which impels him to hate those who differ from him in opinion—is most developed, and bears the fullest and most universal sway. There are, it is true, about ten thousand nominal Christians among the permanent inhabitants of Damascus—members chiefly of the Greek and Maronite Churches. This class of the population is tolerated by the Mohammedan majority, but is still regarded with feelings of great contempt and scorn; while foreign Christians, who come from the European countries of the West, clothed in Frank costume, and *wearing hats*, are the objects of universal detestation. Until within a very recent period, no Frank dared to enter Damascus except in the disguise of a Mussulman. A traveler entering the city dressed in the English costume, and wearing a hat, would be hooted at, pelted with stones, and assaulted with every other conceivable indignity, and would scarcely be able to reach the caravanserais alive. Since the conquest of the city by Ibrahim Pacha, this has been changed, so far as outward acts of molestation are concerned. The feeling, however, remains. It is only to a very small portion of the city that the traveler can by any possibility gain access, and in traversing this small portion, he carries with him wherever he goes, the feeling that of the whole hundred thousand inhabitants of the city, almost every one who looks upon him, hates and despises him.

Before we condemn too strongly the intolerance of these secluded and unenlightened Mohammedans, let us look carefully into our own hearts and see whether we are not ourselves actuated in some degree by a spirit analogous to it, in the feelings which we cherish toward those who, through an education different from ours, have been led to differ from us in theological opinion.

THE PRISONS AND PRISONERS OF PARIS.

NO one fails to visit the palaces of France. The pyramids of Egypt are not more identified with the history of the world, than are the Louvre, Versailles, Tuilleries, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud. Each has played an important part in the annals of this empire, and they now embody its long series of triumphs of art and civilization. To comprehend its history, it is necessary to explore its palaces. The associations of long and troublesome centuries cluster densely about them. To enter their halls is to lose sight of the present in the resurrection of the past. It is like retracing the track of time, step by step, recalling generation after generation of kings, courtiers, and subjects, until we see once more the legions of Gaul forcing the imperial sway upon the gifted but apostate Julian. But were we, as is usual, to confine our researches only to the palaces, we should obtain but an imperfect view of the glory and shame of France. To complete the picture it is requisite to visit its prisons. They have played an equally interesting rôle in its annals; and rich as the palaces undoubtedly are in all that makes history attractive and instructive, the prisons are no less rich in warnings and example. Indeed they are inseparably connected, for, as times were, no palace could exist without its prison, and there have been but few of the builders of the former that have not, at some interval or other of their career, tasted themselves of the bitterness of the chains and confinement they prepared for others. Louis XVI., as if embued with the presentiment that he one day would become the most wretched of prisoners, was the first monarch who deigned seriously to interest himself in the improvement of the prisons. At that time Paris alone contained thirty-two prisons of State. Its historians have represented it as being a nest of jails, a truth unfortunately but too evident, arising from the despotic nature of its feudal institutions, with their numerous civil and religious communities, each possessing distinct jurisdictions and rights of high and low justice, with edifices destined to receive into their gloomy cells alike the innocent and guilty, so that aristocratic interest or priestly intolerance justified their captivity.

The excesses of the Revolution of 1789 have well-nigh obliterated the remembrance of its benefits. Humanity, however, is indebted to it for many reforms and concessions to natural right and justice. The *right to labor* was formerly a manorial right, granted by the king to those who *purchased* it. A decree of 1791, for the first time since France was a kingdom, restored to Frenchmen the privileges of the primeval curse, and they now all possess the general right to wring the sweat from their brows, though each species of labor is still girt about with a net-work of restrictions.

I know not how others may feel, but as for myself, in visiting the nucleus of a nation's civilization, I am not content with noting only its

external glitter. Palaces, parks, galleries, and all the outer show of luxury and refinement, form a pleasing exhibition, but—if the view extend no further—a delusive picture of the actual condition of the people. We study history to ascertain the true progress of man, and our hopes of the future are modified by the lessons of the past. It is not enough that we see history only in the garb of rank, or splendor of its palaces. We must equally seek it under the humble raiment of the laborer, in his hut or home; and in the prisons, which, from being mere citadels of private revenge, have at last become places of detention of criminals of every rank.

The prisons of Paris are now reduced to eight, under humane and enlightened supervision. Those, with the military jails, are the sole survivors of the numerous array of prisons that were at once the disgrace of Paris and the scourge of humanity. To walk its streets with history in hand, is to stumble momentarily over rings of iron, chains, instruments of torture, and tumular stones, the cruel débris of cells and prisons. All who ruled—whether kings, lords, bishops, provosts, or corporations, even the holy church, bishops and monks; all who in any way had by fraud, violence, or even talent, raised themselves above the then low standard of humanity—built dungeons, and stored them with instruments of torture, ostensibly to repress crime, but in reality to conserve power or inflict revenge.

The predecessor of the present chateau of the Louvre was a political dungeon. Its tower was called by Louis XI., "Le plus beau fleuron de la couronne de France;" Le Cloître Notre Dame of the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois has succeeded to the prisons of the "Bishop" and "Officialité." The Place du Châtelet echoed often to the groans and complaints of the prisoners of the provosts of Paris and of the merchants; while there is scarcely a religious edifice raised upon the ruins of a monastery that has not its foundations in an ecclesiastical dungeon. Saint Martin des Champs was a prison; the Sainte Chapelle, a prison—Sainte Geneviève, a prison—Saint Germain des Prés, a prison—Saint Bénoît, a prison—The Temple, a prison—Saint Gervais, a prison—Saint Méry, a prison; indeed, wander where you will in old Paris, and your footstep are upon the remains of civil or religious tyranny, the catacombs of sectarian or political hate, but now exhibiting only temples of the Prince of Peace. The *prison* has disappeared, the *church* remains. Humanity has made such an advance, that we can now scarcely credit the fact that in the fourteenth century every convent and monastery had a subterranean stone cell, ironically called "*vade in pace*," into which the victim was let down, never to reappear alive. Sometimes they were immediately starved to death, but generally they were supplied with coarse food, by means of a basket and rope. An abbé of Tulle was accustomed to mutilate his prisoners. He cut off the

left hand of a man who had appealed to the parliament against him for having cut off his right hand. Such was the justice and humanity of the church of that age.

Vincennes, from a palace, was converted by Louis XI. into a prison of State, and has continued ever since to retain its mongrel character of fortress and dungeon. It is the legitimate successor of the Bastile, and far more formidable as a means of offense to the citizens of Paris than ever was that fortification; yet under the superior moral power of modern civilization, reduced to an innocent dépôt of munitions of war. In its "donjon" Charles IX. expired in torments of conscience far more terrible than those of the rack. Gladly would he have exchanged his downy bed for the hole in the stone-wall—in the "Salle de la Question"—with the heavy iron chains that confined the limbs of the prisoner while he was subjected to the agonies of the "Question," could he by so doing have expiated by suffering of body the sins of his soul. But no. The night of St. Barthélémy was vividly before him. He wept, he shrieked, he tore himself, he groaned and sweated in his agony, but no relief came. He knelt humbly at the feet of the queen-mother, the partner and stimulator of his crimes. He asked pardon of the King of Navarre, and, with clasped hands, exclaimed, "O! my nurse, my nurse! how much blood, how many murders! Ah! I have followed bad counsel. O! my God, pardon me—forgive—grant me mercy, if it please Thee! O! nurse—help—draw me from this. I do not know where I am, I am so agitated, so confused—what will become of all this? What shall I do? I am lost—I know it well! O! nurse, nurse—I strangle—I strangle!" It was the blood of Coligny and forty thousand of his murdered subjects that suffocated him.

His ancestor, Louis XI., the friend of the bourgeoisie, but the tyrant of the nobles, took a peculiar pleasure in torturing his victims of rank. He shut them up in iron cages, and came often to interrogate, accuse, or insult them. But with all his ingenuity of cruelty, he never arrived at that refinement of inhumanity which in the eighteenth century doomed the prisoner of State, who had become dangerous by his courage, patience, or resignation, to the treatment of a maniac. Such were conducted to the hospitals, thrown into close cells, clad in strait jackets, or the "camisole de force," bled, and subjected to



LOUIS XI. VISITING HIS PRISONERS AT VINCENNES.

the regimen of the insane, until their minds were extinguished in raging despair or pitiful imbecility.

The chapel windows of Vincennes contain a full-length portrait of Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of Henry II., painted by his order, entirely naked, amid a crowd of celestial beings. The royal ciphers are interlaced with her silver crescent. It is called a good likeness, and is readily known by the blue ribbons with which her hair is bound.

Sainte Pelagie still exists as a prison, the most ancient of Paris, and, singularly enough, retains upon its front the same appellation by which it was formerly known as an asylum for pious women—the spouses of Christ. It was here that Madame Roland expiated her vain theories of political liberty, that led both herself and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Hero Madame du Barry shriekingly resisted her executioners, having incessantly besought heaven, during her imprisonment of two months, to prolong a life still covetous of the pleasures of the world. Within its walls the Empress Josephine received her first lesson in the vicissitudes of fortune, sustained by the prediction that promised her a throne; consoling her companions in misfortune with the same grace that won for her in power the homage of all hearts. Later it became a prison for debtors. An American of the name of Swan has attached a souvenir to its dreary wall worthy of perpetual remembrance. He was a colonel in the revolutionary army, the friend and compatriot of Washington, and had served with Lafayette in our War of Independence. Frequently did the latter bow his white hairs beneath the wicket of the jail as he passed through to visit his old brother-in-arms. But it



MADAME DU BARRY LED TO EXECUTION.

was in vain that he or rich friends sought to prevail upon him to escape from this retreat. He had had a long lawsuit with a Frenchman, and having lost his cause, preferred to give his body as a hostage to paying a sum which he believed not to be justly due. He was arrested, and remained twenty years in confinement, lodging in a little cell, modestly furnished, upon the second floor. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, said to resemble in his countenance Benjamin Franklin. The prisoners treated him with great respect, yielding him as much space as possible for air and exercise, clearing a path for him, and even putting aside their little furnaces upon which they cooked their meals, at his approach, for fear that the smell of charcoal should be unpleasant to him.

He had won their love by his considerate and uniform benevolence. Not a day passed without some kind act on his part, often mysterious and unknown in its source to the recipient. Frequently a poor debtor knocked at his door for bread, and in addition obtained his liberty. Colonel Swan had means, but he applied them to the release of others and not of himself. Once a fellow-prisoner, the father of a numerous

family, imprisoned for a debt of a few hundred francs, applied to be received into his service, at six francs a month. Colonel Swan had lost his servant, and inquired into the history of the new candidate. Upon learning it, he replied, "I consent;" and, opening his trunk, counted out a pile of crowns, saying, "Here are your wages for five years in advance; should your work prevent you from coming to see me, you can send your wife." Such deeds were often renewed.

One creditor only retained the venerable captive, hoping each year to see his resolution give way, and each year calling upon him with a proposal for an accommodation. The director of the prison, the friends of Colonel Swan, even the jailers urged him to accept the proposed terms, and be restored to his country and family. Politely saluting his creditor, he would turn toward the jailer, and simply say, "My friend, return me to my chamber." Toward the end of the year 1829, his physician had obtained for him the privilege of a daily promenade in one of the

galleries of the prison, where he could breathe a purer atmosphere than that to which he had long been subjected. At first he was grateful for the favor, but soon said to the doctor, "The inspiring air of liberty will kill my body, so long accustomed to the heavy atmosphere of the prison."

The revolution of July, 1830, threw open his prison doors, in the very last hour of his twentieth year of captivity. After the triumph of the people, he desired to embrace once more his old friend Lafayette. He had that satisfaction, upon the steps of the Hotel de Ville. The next morning he was dead.

Clichy has succeeded Sainte Pelagie as a debtors' prison. To the rich debtor it has but few terrors, though the law of France places his personal freedom at the disposition of his creditors. Some may, like Colonel Swan, refuse to pay from principle, others from whim or obstinacy. Of the latter was a noble Persian, Nadir Mirza Shah. Rich, young, and dissipated, he plunged into every species of folly, and finally flogged his coachman, who summoned him before the civil tribunal, which sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and damages. Re-

fusing to pay, he was confined in the debtors' jail, where he passed some time carousing with his friends and voluntary companions in captivity and surrounding himself with Oriental luxury. Mattresses served for tables and divans; they sat *à la Turque*, ate with their fingers, and, forgetting the Koran, drank wine like Christians.—Nadir Mirza Shah was as intractable in requiring of his companions the rigid observance of Persian etiquette, as he was in refusing to pay the damages due the unlucky coachman, who in his eyes was simply a dog of an infidel.

Clichy possesses a rich fund of individual eccentricities, and curious anecdotes, such as only Parisian life can develop. In 1838, a tailor of the Rue de Helder caused the Count de

B——, a noble Dalmatian, to be confined for a debt of six thousand francs. He remained five years in prison, passing the entire time in his chamber. Not once did he descend into the garden, nor did he ever walk in the corridors. Whenever spoken to he replied with great court-



COLONEL SWAN AT THE SAINTE PELAGIE.



NADIR MIRZA SHAH IN THE DEBTORS' PRISON.

THE PRISONS AND PRISONERS OF PARIS.

esy, but he never entered the cells of his companions, or invited them to visit him. During the five years of his imprisonment he was not once seen to open a book, to read a newspaper, or to do any work whatever. He passed entire days standing before his window, in full dress, with his coat buttoned to his throat. His linen had given out, but his boots were scrupulously polished each morning by a fellow-prisoner. He never bathed, but his handsome black beard was always as carefully combed and perfumed as if he was going to a ball. Two letters only reached him, and two visitors only called during these five years.

The first time, about two years after his incarceration, his creditor appeared at the wicket, and the following conversation ensued :

" Monsieur Count, you have done me the honor to send for me ; what can I do for you ? "

" Sir, I have exhausted my personal resources ; a gentleman like myself can not live on the prison allowance of sixteen sous per day. Since you believe me good for six thousand francs, I will pay you a greater sum when I have sold my estates in Dalmatia."

" That appears just, Monsieur Count : how much do you desire ? "

" I wish fifty francs a month."

" You shall have them. I am too happy to be useful to you. Is that all you desire ? "

" Absolutely all ; and I am very grateful to you."

" Do not speak of that, I beg of you ; I am your servant, my dear Monsieur Count."

During three years the fifty francs a month were regularly supplied by the tailor.

In 1843 the tailor reappeared, followed by two porters carrying a heavy trunk.

" Monsieur Count," said he, " I have received the letter with which you honored me, and I accept your propositions. I place you at liberty, and I have brought you effects suitable to your rank. You will find, also, a watch, chain, pins, rings, eye-glass—every thing of the best description. Here is a purse of five hundred francs in gold for the fifteen days that you desire to pass in Paris for relaxation. These five hundred francs are for your petty expenses, for I have taken the liberty to pay in advance for an apartment and domestic at your orders in the Hôtel des Princes. My notary is coming, and we will arrange the security for all my advances, now amounting to eighteen thousand francs, to which it will be necessary to add three thousand francs that I shall give my clerk, who, at the expiration of the fortnight, will post to Dalmatia with you, paying your joint expenses, and bringing me back my money."

The contract was duly signed, and the release given. The Count faithfully amused himself during his carnival of fifteen days, according to his stipulation. On the sixteenth he left with the clerk, who never had made a more agreeable journey. But on his return, he was obliged to announce to the munificent tailor, that owing to previous incumbrances on the estates of the

Count, it was extremely doubtful whether he would ever receive a hundred crowns for his twenty-one thousand francs.

Imprisonment for debt, like most cruel remedies for social misfortunes, seldom attains the desired end. An honest man will pay if he can ; an dishonest one can evade justice even within prison walls ; and for the unfortunate it becomes a double evil. It was powerless to open Colonel Swan's purse, because its strings were tied by principle. It was equally futile in contact with the obstinacy of Nadir Mirza Shah, who preferred his prejudices to his freedom, and chose rather to carouse in the cell of a jail, than to wound his pride by paying a fine which would have transferred his festivity to a palace. The tailor shut up the count in close confinement for five years for six thousand francs ; and at the end of the time was swindled by him out of twenty-one thousand. These cases are characteristic of a large class. But the pains and penalties of incarceration fall heaviest on the poor debtors whom misfortune has pursued with a heavy hand until they are left powerless for exertion in the grasp of avarice, or withered in heart and mind by the exactions of inflexible severity. The race of Shylocks will never expire except with the razing of dungeons for debtors. The thoroughly vicious are seldom caught. To the unfortunate it becomes a living tomb. Respectability is blighted, enterprise chained, the mind paralyzed, and the poor debtor is reduced to a chrysalis state. He is fortunate if his better qualities and intelligence are not extinguished in the heavy atmosphere of his cell, or transformed into mischievous tendencies or reckless desires, while his destitute family are left a prey to vice or want. Clichy from its first days has been stained with the blood of suicides, and haunted with the ravings of maniacs. One poor workman, who had seen sold for a debt of three hundred francs his humble furniture, and even the clothes of himself and his wife and infants, was here confined, after being divested of every thing but his naked arms wherewith he could gain a subsistence for his family. By what process these were to supply them with food, and to pay his debt when confined between the stone-walls of a cell, none but a bowelless creditor could conceive. Despair overcame his reason. He was found the next morning covered with gore, and the name of his creditor traced with a bloody hand on the walls of his cell.

Confinement for debt is bad enough of itself, but in France it is aggravated by unnecessary restrictions and a penurious aliment. The law allows eighteen cents a day for the debtor's subsistence, or thirty francs a month, which he is obliged to divide daily as follows :

	Cents.
Hire of furniture	5
The right to warm his feet at a common fire	1
Barber	1
Washing	2
Light	1
Food	8
	18

Such are the resources of the poor debtors. What proportion of these can be withdrawn for families it would puzzle the wants of even a Lilliputian to decide. The number annually confined in Clichy is 580 to 600; of whom about one-fourth are single persons, and over two-thirds have children. Wives are separated from husbands by being confined in separate building. They are allowed no intercourse, except in a common parlor, in the presence of a guardian.

Another anomalous feature of this system is, that the director of the prison becomes peculiarly responsible in case of the escape of one of his prisoners. This is rarely attempted, as the chances of final escape are very limited in a city like Paris. Mr. G., one of the directors, said to the Prefect of the Police, who had reminded him of his pecuniary responsibility: "I am able to respond for a few thousand francs, and I should satisfy the obligation if the debt was small. But if, notwithstanding my vigilance, a debtor of an hundred thousand francs should escape, I should open immediately the gates to all others. It is as well to be responsible for several millions as for a hundred thousand francs, if one can no more pay the lesser sum than the greater."

It is a significant fact in the annals of imprisonment for debt in the Department of the Seine, that of 2566 debtors discharged during six years, 307 only owe their enlargement to the payment of their debts.

The souvenirs of the prisons of Paris include the history of France. "It were well if, with the disappearance of the walls of La Force, all its deplorable associations could have been as readily erased. Not one stone of the Bastile has been left upon another. A column of liberty announces the site of that fortress of tyranny; yet no existing prison of stone and mortar, with its iron gates and gloomy cells in all their dreadful reality, stands half so conspicuous to the eye as that which is palpable to the imagination. It will exist as the emblem of tyranny through all ages, and yet its history is not worse than that of numerous others. Indeed democracy owes it some gratitude as the instrument by which aristocracy, in accomplishing its selfish designs, often avenged upon kindred blood the wrongs of the people."

The dungeons of the Abbaye were the handiwork of monks. The architect, Gomard, in 1635, completed the abbey, but refused to build the prison. He carried his opposition so far as to prevent any laborers from engaging in the work. "My brothers," cried the Superior, "it is necessary to finish what the obstinacy of the architect refuses to achieve. Let us put our own hands to the work, build the jail, and complete our *sacred* edifice." The brothers obeyed.

In those days every spiritual and temporal power had the privilege of placing in the pillory those declared culpable by its special laws. There was not a corporation but had its distinct code, judges, executioners, racks, and



THE MONKS BUILDING THE ABBAYE PRISON.



MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL SAVING HER FATHER.

prisons. The old historian, Sauval, has left a list of twenty-four distinct jurisdictions which possessed the right to condemn men to the gallows, and the city of Paris to-day, divided into numerous municipal divisions, had then for the limits of its sub-divisions as many gibbets. The discipline of the Holy Catholic Church of that century required a dungeon, or a "*vade in pace*," no less than its faith the emblem of the cross. If they ever abused their power by the persecution of the innocent, fearfully did they expiate their want of charity in the slaughter of their brethren on this very spot, on the 2d of September, 1792. Externally and internally, it is the most gloomy of all the prisons of Paris. It contains several subterranean dungeons, the same, perhaps, on which the old monks worked.

It was here that Mademoiselle de Sombreuil won from the murderers of September the life of her father, at the price of drinking a glass of warm blood fresh from their still writhing victims.

The most touching souvenir of this prison is that of the venerable Cazotte, who was also saved by his daughter under circumstances more grateful to humanity on either side. The evening before, she had obtained leave to remain with him, and had, by her beauty and eloquence, interested several of his guards in his fate. Condemned, at the expiration of thirty hours of unremitting slaughter, he stepped forth to meet his fate. As he appeared in the midst of his

assassins, his daughter, pale and disheveled, threw her arms about him, exclaiming, "You shall not reach my father, except through my heart!" A cry of pardon was heard, and repeated by a hundred voices. The murderers allowed her to lead away her father, and then coolly turned to recommence their work of slaughter on less fortunate prisoners.

A little later, Cazotte separated from his daughter, became the victim of the revolution, whose excesses he had so faithfully predicted. The sketch by La Harpe of the dinner scene, in which his prophecy is made to appear, is one of the most remarkable and graphic scenes in French literature.

"It seems to me but yesterday," says La Harpe, "and notwithstanding, it was the commencement of 1788. We were at dinner at one of our fellow-members of the Academy, a great lord and wit. The company was numerous, and of every class—courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, academicians, &c. The fare was rich, according to custom. At the dessert, the wines of Malvoisie and Constance added to the gayety of the company that sort of freedom in which one does not always guard a perfectly correct tone; for it was then allowable to do or say any thing that would call forth a laugh. Chamfort had read to us his impious and libertine tales, and the grand ladies had listened, without even having recourse to a fan. Then there arose a deluge of pleasantries and jokes upon religion.

one cited a tirade of the Fucelle; another recited the philosophic verses of Diderot. The conversation became more serious. They spoke with admiration of the revolution which Voltaire had made, and all agreed that it was his first title to glory. 'He has given a book to his century, which is read as well in the antechamber as the salon.' One of the company related to us, choking with laughter, that his barber had said to him, as he was powdering him, 'Do you see, sir, although I am only a miserable hair-dresser, I have no more religion than any one else.' They all concluded that the revolution would not be slow to perfect its work; that it was absolutely necessary that superstition and fanaticism should yield to philosophy, and that all they had to do was to calculate the epoch when they would see the *reign of reason*.

"One only of the company had not taken part in the levity of the conversation, and had even let drop quietly some pleasantries upon our fine enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but, unhappily, infatuated with reveries of the future. He took up the conversation in a serious tone. 'Messieurs,' said he, 'be content; you will all see this grand and sublime revolution that you desire so much! You know that I am somewhat of a prophet: I repeat it to you, you will all see it!'

"Here the company shouted; they joked Cazotte; they teased him; they forced him to foretell of each what he knew in this coming Revolution. Condorcet was the first that provoked him; he received this mortal answer.

"Ah! we will see," said Condorcet, with his saturnine, mocking air; 'a philosopher is not sorry to encounter a prophet.'—'You, Monsieur de Condorcet,' replied Cazotte, 'you will expire extended upon the pavement of a cell; you will die by poison, which you have taken to cheat the executioner; the poison which the *happiness* of that time will force you always to carry about you.'

They were somewhat astonished at this species of pleasantry, spoken in so serious a tone, but soon began to reassure themselves, knowing that the good man Cazotte was subject to dreams. This time it was Chamfort that returned to the charge with a laugh of sarcasm. He received an answer in his turn.

"You, Monsieur Chamfort, you will cut your veins with twenty-two strokes of the razor, and notwithstanding you will not die until some months after."

Then it was the turn of Vicq d'Azir, M. de Nicolai, de Bailly, de Malesherbes, de Roucher, all of whom were present. Each who touched Cazotte received a shock in return, and each shock was a thunder-stroke that killed him. The word scaffold was the perpetual refrain.

"Oh! it's a wager," cried they on all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all."—"No, it is not I that have sworn it."—"But shall we then be subjected by the Turks or Tartars?"—"Not at all, I have already told you. You will

then be governed by the *only philosophy*, by the only *reason*."

The turn of La Harpe arrived, although he had purposely kept himself somewhat apart.

"Plenty of miracles," said he, at length, "and you put nothing down to me."—"You will see there" (replied Cazotte to him) "a miracle, not the least extraordinary: you will then become a *Christian*."

At this word *Christian*, in such an assembly of scoffers, one can imagine the exclamations of laughter, mockery, and derision.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am reassured; if we are not to perish until La Harpe becomes a *Christian*, we shall be immortal."

Then came the turn of the ladies. The Duchess of Grammont took up the conversation.

"As for that," said she, "we are very happy, we women, to pass for nothing in the revolutions. When I say nothing, it is not that we do not mix a little in them; but it is understood that they do not take notice of us and our sex."—"Your sex, Madame" (it was Cazotte who spoke), "will be no defense this time. It will be in vain that you do not mingle in them, you will be treated as men, without any distinction whatever."

One can readily conceive the finale of this dialogue. Here it became more and more dramatic and terrible. Cazotte arrived by steps to cause greater ladies than duchesses to feel that they would go to the scaffold—princesses of the blood, and even more exalted rank than the princesses themselves. This passed being a play. All pleasantry ceased.

"You will see"—another essay of irony by the Duchess of Grammont—"that he will not leave me even a confessor."—"No, Madame, you will not have one; neither you nor any person. The last victim who, by an act of grace, will have one, will be—"

He stopped a moment. "Indeed! who then is the happy mortal that will enjoy this prerogative?" Cazotte slowly replied, "It is the last that will remain to him, and this person will be the *King of France*."

The master of the house arose brusquely, and every one with him; but not before Cazotte had predicted his own death by the executioner.

What a subject for a painter! The assemblage of these master-wits of France at the festive board, unconsciously scoffing at the fate then ripe to swallow them in its inexorable jaws; a modern Belshazzar-feast, mocking at the Daniel that foretold the coming tempest, and awakening only from their dream of philosophy and reign of reason to find themselves in prison or on a scaffold. The prophecy was true. La Harpe has, in his narrative, given it strength and effect; but, as he justly remarks, their several destinies were more marvelous than the prophecy. La Harpe became a *Christian*, and survived the reign of terror and the dynasty of reason.

Of all the prisons of Paris, the Conciergerie is the most interesting, from its antiquity, asso-

ciations, and mixed style of architecture, uniting as it were the horrors of the dungeons of the Middle Ages with the more humane system of confinement of the present century. It exhibits in its mongrel outline the progressive ameliorations of humanity toward criminals and offenders, forming as it were a connecting link between feudal barbarity and modern civilization. As a historical monument it is unsurpassed in interest by any other of this capital. Situated in the heart of old Paris, upon the Ile de la Cité, separated from the Seine by the Quai de l'Horloge, it is one of a cluster of edifices pregnant with souvenirs of sufficient importance in the annals of France, for each to supply a volume. These buildings are the "Sainte Chapelle," the Préfecture de Police, and the Palais de Justice, formerly the residence of the French monarchs. The Conciergerie, which derives its name from *concierge*, or keeper, was anciently the prison of the palace. It is now used chiefly as a place

of detention for persons during their trial. The recent alterations have greatly diminished the gloomy and forbidding effect of its exterior, but sufficient of its old character remains to perpetuate the associations connected with its former uses, and to preserve for it its interest as a relic of feudalism. The names of the two turrets flanking the gateway, Tour de César and Tour Boubec, smack of antiquity. Compared with César, however, its age is quite juvenile, being under nine hundred years. At the east corner, there is a tall square tower, containing a remarkable clock, the first seen in Paris, the movements of which were made in 1370, by Henry de Vic, a German. It has been recently restored, and is one of the most curious bijoux of sculpture which have been bequeathed to us by the revival of the arts.

In this same tower hung the bell, known as the "tocsin du Palais," which repeated the signal for the massacre of St. Barthélemy, given



THE CONCIERGERIE.

from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The low grated gateway through which passed those condemned to die upon the Place de Grève still exists. The Bridge of Sighs has not been witness to more anguish of mind and physical torture than this same ominous dungeon door. The aspect of this portion of this ancient prison, its dark corridors, with their low ponderous vaulted roofs and arched staircases, is peculiarly sinister, suggesting the mysterious horrors of a political inquisition, unexcelled in this respect by the entrances to the subterranean dungeons of the Doges of Venice.

The people of Paris, through all time, will bear the reproach of the massacres of September, 1792, the horrors of which are indelibly affixed to this jail. But impartial justice will recall the fact that five centuries previous a Duke of Burgundy perpetrated within its walls a still more fearful slaughter of his unarmed and unresisting countrymen, destroying by smoke and fire those that he could not reach by the sword.

There is a retributive justice to be traced in the history of every institution resulting from the inhumanity of man to his fellow man that carries with it a warning as legible as the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*," on the palace walls of Babylon. The Conciergerie was for centuries the stronghold and prison of feudalism, and the repository of its criminal justice. It was stored with its diabolical inventions to rack human nerves and to excruciate human flesh, agonizing the body so that the soul should disown truth, or that shrinking humanity should be forced to confess crimes which otherwise would have slumbered unrevealed until the day when all secrets will be disclosed. It faithfully served its aristocratic builders, but when Louis XI. and later, the Cardinal Richelieu, succeeded in erecting a Kingdom of France upon the ruins of feudal power, the Conciergerie received into its cells its late lords, and avenged in their fall the blood that they had so often spilt.

A description of the various instruments of torture which were employed even as late as the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., scarcely sixty years since, by the judiciary of France, would now be received with incredulity. Yet this species of human butchery is so recent and was so long sanctioned by the highest civil and religious authorities, that one may readily be pardoned for a shudder at its recollection, not without a fear that human nature might in one of its avenging paroxysms recall so terrible an auxiliary of hate.

By a singular freak of time, the oldest legible entry in the archives of the Conciergerie is that of the incarceration of the regicide Ravaillac, dated 16th May, 1610. His sentence, pronounced by Parliament, on the 27th of May, was as follows: "To be conducted to the Place de Grève, and there upon a scaffold to have his breasts, arms, thighs, and calves of his legs lacerated with red hot pincers, his right hand, which had held the knife with which he committed the said 'paricide,' to be burned off in a fire of sulphur, and into

all his wounds to be thrown melted lead, boiling oil, burning pitch, and water and sulphur mingled. This done, his body to be drawn and dismembered by four horses, and afterward consumed by fire, and his ashes thrown to the winds." Such were the tender mercies of the Parliament of France in 1610, repeated with aggravated horrors more than a century later upon Damiens, by the Bourbon "*Bien Aimé*." It is necessary to recall to mind the judicial barbarities perpetrated in the name of justice in this country, that we may rightly appreciate the services rendered humanity in their abolition by the philosophy that gave birth to the revolution; in this instance the more conspicuous, when we reflect that religion had long lent ~~to them~~ additional terror by its perverted sanction. The iron collar of Ravaillac and the tower of Damiens, at present the warming-room of the prison, still serve to transmit to posterity the double recollection of their crimes and the appalling tortures to which they were subjected previous to their final execution. Their diabolical ingenuity has failed to stay a single attempt on "sacred majesty," as almost every ruler of France has since repeatedly borne witness; so that now the inheritors of the "divine right" content themselves by simply bestowing upon their assassins the sudden death which is the just penalty of their crime.

The Conciergerie has repeatedly borne witness to the lofty resolution and unshaken firmness of woman; the result, it must in sorrow be confessed, as often of hardened guilt as of conscious innocence. It is strange that virtue and vice in the extremity of death, should so nearly resemble each other. I am tempted to give a few examples, leaving to the reader his own inferences upon the strange problem of human nature.

In 1617, *Eléonore Galigai*, the wily and ambitious confidante of *Marie de Médicis*, fell a victim to stronger arts than her own. Corruption, treachery, prostitution of honors, treasure, and employments, were all practices too common with the accusing courtiers and great lords, for them to venture to condemn her upon such grounds. Not one was to be found to cast the first stone of a just condemnation. The parliament accused her of Judaism and sorcery. In the chamber of torture they asked her if she were really possessed. She replied, that she had never been possessed, except with the desire to do good. She was then asked if she had sorcery in her eyes. "The only sorcery," said she, laughing, "that I am guilty of, is the sorcery of wit and intelligence."

Certain books having been found at her hotel, they questioned her in regard to their character. "They serve to teach me that I know nothing." Next they sought to discover by what sacrilegious means she had acquired her influence over the queen. She replied, "That she had subdued a weak soul by the strength of her own."

Such replies being little edifying to her successors in intrigue and chicanery, they destroy-



EXECUTION OF ELEONORE GALIGAI.

ed the tongue they could not subdue, by giving her head to the ax.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, political hate, or private interest and revenge, had taken the more subtle and less conspicuous shape of impoisonment. The crime was aristocratic, and so were its victims. The person who affrighted Paris with the first pinch of the "*poudre de succession*," was a lady and a "marquise." In 1680, the common talk of Paris and Versailles was of poisons and their effects. Deaths were frequent and mysterious; the causes so subtle as to elude detection. It was finally discovered that the vender of the poison was a woman known by the name of La Voisine. She had succeeded to the fatal secrets of the laboratory of Madame de Brinvilliers, the "marquise," who four years before, after being subjected to torture, had expiated her crimes on the scaffold. It was now the turn of La Voisine. Unlike the marquise, who was beautiful, spirituelle, and accomplished, she was gross, ugly, and brutal. The marquise feared the torture, and confessed all and perhaps more crimes than she had committed. La Voisine, on the contrary, scoffed at the instruments of torture, and mocked alike the judges and executioners. She seemed exalted above fear or suffering, by the very enthusiasm of wickedness. No martyr to religion ever showed more firmness, and indifference to all that is most appalling to human nerves. She even accused herself of impossible crimes, in the excitement of her depraved pride, glorifying

herself by the intensity of her abominable passions. She joked with the lieutenant of police; she laughed at her keepers; she drank with the soldiers that watched her; she spat in contempt upon the engines of torment; she parodied modesty by an indecent arrangement of her dress; she sang, for fear that they would pity her; she insulted the tribunal when interrogated; she blasphemed if they spoke of God; she cursed, when she feared that she should faint under the torture; she did all that it was possible for human depravity to do, exhausting in its folly and crime the very dregs of sin.

When the officers entered the chamber of torture of the Conciergerie to read her sentence, she bowed herself as indecently as possible, almost touching the earth, and coolly said, "Gentlemen, I salute you;" and then proceeded to interrupt the recital with songs, blasphemies, and insults.

"You are condemned," said the president—"for impieties, poisonings, artifices, misdeeds, thefts, and compacts against the lives of persons, for sacrilege, and other crimes without number, such as homicide in fact and intention, as culpable of diabolical practices and treason—to make honorable amends at the door of Notre Dame—"

"A wonder!" cried L^e Voisine; "we shall see the devil in the holy water—"

"And to be conducted to the Place de Grève, to be burned, and your ashes thrown to the wind."

"Which will waft them to hell, I hope," exclaimed the incorrigible woman.

"You are also condemned to submit to renewed torture, to extract from you the names of accomplices not yet given."

"You have only to choose them among your great lords and noble ladies. Have they not prevented me by their folly from continuing my own profession of an accoucheur. They commenced by asking of me secrets of the future, and I have drawn their cards and given them the most brilliant horoscopes; they then demanded of me *"fioles de jeunesse,"* and I have sold them pure water under the guise of water of youth. They have asked of me some grains of that powder of succession which succeeded so well with Madame de Brinvilliers, and I have given them my strongest poisons. You now know all my accomplices."

"And, finally," continued the judge, "you are condemned to submit to the torture extraordinary."

"I shall answer the best I can, Monsieur Judge. Bind me, with my hands behind my back, lash my legs with cords, lay me down upon the wooden horse" (an instrument of torture); "torture me at your leisure; I will continue to laugh, to blaspheme, to sing, regretting all the while that you do not put a little wine in your water." (The species of torture was to cause the prisoner to swallow several quarts of water by means of a little stream trickling slowly into the mouth.) "Go on! courage! Judge and executioner, I am ready!"

"First pot of water for the torture ordinary," said the judge, making a sign to the executioner.

"To your health!" replied La Voisine.

The "question" was begun by two large pints of cold water turned, drop by drop, into the mouth of the criminal. When the jug was emptied they turned three spokes of the wooden horse, elongating the limbs until the tendons were ready to snap.

"You are right, my friends; one should grow at all ages. I always grumbled at being too small. I wish to be as large as my sister Brinvilliers."

"Second pot of the ordinary," ordered the judge.

"May God render it back to you," exclaimed the poisoner.

They emptied the second jug. The horse was stretched anew. The bones of the old woman cracked and snapped under the torture. Seven jugs of water were successively emptied down her throat, drop by drop—one continuous strangulation—a hundred deaths condensed into a few hours. Upon the advice of the physician La Voisine was resuscitated. They placed her upon a mattress near the fire. If the gradual insensibility of the criminal had been protracted torture, the slow revival was a greater agony.

Returned to her cell at midnight, La Voisine sought daily to pass her time in riotous indulgences. She had swallowed fourteen pints of

water: she demanded to drink fourteen bottles of wine.

It is to Madame de Sévigné that we are indebted for a narrative of her last moments. True to her fanaticism of wickedness, she feasted with her guards, sang drinking songs, and mangled as she was in every limb, spared not herself from the most scandalous excesses of debauchery. It was in vain that they attempted to recall her to serious thoughts, and recommended that she should chant an *Ave* or a *Salve*; she chanted both in derision, and then slept. Neither force nor torture could wring from her the required confession; even when chained to the fatal pile, she swore constantly, and contrived five or six times to throw off from her the burning straw with which she was enveloped; but, at last, the fire prevailed; she was lost to sight, and her cinders borne aloft by the eddying current of air, where Madame de Sévigné, with a levity that does no credit to her heart, says they still are.

The life of Cartouche, the grand robber, *par excellence*, suggests many a striking parallel with that of the "Grand Monarch." It would be a curious and instructive history, if my space permitted, to show the congeniality of principles and actions between Louis XIV. and the most dexterous and munificent of bandits. Versailles lodged the one, and the Conciergerie the other. Which was the greater criminal, when weighed in the balance of the King of kings, it is not for a fellow-sinner to decide. Each admirably acted his part in the estimation of the world. The evil done by the one perished with him; the vanity, lust, pride, and bigotry of the other still weighs upon the energies and industry of France. The king died peacefully in his bed, in the comfortable belief of passing from his temporal kingdom to a brighter inheritance above. The robber perished on the wheel, amid the jeers of the populace and the curiosity of fine ladies. It is devoutly to be hoped that the breed of each is extinguished.

To visit the Conciergerie and not recall the image of the most illustrious and innocent sufferer of all that have hallowed its walls by examples of piety and resignation, would be to refuse a tribute to those sentiments which most dignify human nature, and reconcile us to its mingled weakness and grandeur. The dungeon of Marie Antoinette is now an expiatory chapel, with nothing to recall its original condition except the souvenirs connected with the sufferings by which she so dearly expiated the frivolities and thoughtlessness of her early career. To add the bitterness of contrast, and the contact of vice with virtue, to her end, she was dragged to the scaffold in an open cart, in company with a prostitute, guilty of having cried in a cabaret, "*Vive la reine.*" The poor girl, still capable in her abasement of appreciating the intended insult to the Queen of France, knelt at her feet, and humbly said to her, as they drove to their joint death, "Madame, madame, forgive me for dying with your Majesty."



MARIE ANTOINETTE BORNE TO EXECUTION.

I believe there is but one species of natural or artificial violence to which mankind do not in time become, if not reconciled, at least reckless or indifferent. Famine, pestilence, war, and civil calamities in time cease to affright or warn. Human nature with its versatility of powers, for good or evil, soon reconciles itself under one aspect or the other to any inevitable condition, however terrible its first appearance. The exception is the earthquake. The first shock is the least fearful; every succeeding one increases trepidation and destroys self-possession. The prisoners of the Conciergerie were almost daily decimated by the guillotine during the reign of terror; yet their daily amusement was to play at charades and the—guillotine. Both sexes and all ranks assembled in one of the halls. They formed a revolutionary tribunal—choosing accusers and judges, and parodizing the gestures and voice of Fouquier Tinville and his coadjutors. Defenders were named; the accused were taken at hazard. The sentence of death followed close on the heels of the ac-

cusation. They simulated the toilet of the condemned, preparing the neck for the knife, by feigning to cut the hair and collar. The sentenced were attached to a chair reversed, to represent the guillotine. The knife was of wood, and as it fell, the individual, male or female, thus sporting with their approaching fate, tumbled down as if actually struck by the iron blade. Often, while engaged in this *play*, they were interrupted by the terrible voice of the public crier, calling over the "names of the brigands who to-day have gained the lottery of the holy guillotine."

Imperfect as are these souvenirs of this celebrated jail, I should be doing injustice to the most interesting of all, were I to omit the last night of the Girondists, that antique festivity, the greatest triumph of philosophy ever witnessed by palace or prison walls. Those fierce, theoretical deputies who had so recently sent to the scaffold the King and Queen of France, were now on their way thither. Christianity teaches men to live in peaceful humility, and to die with

hopeful resignation. . The last hour of a true believer is calmly joyous. Here was an opportunity for infidelity to assert its superiority in death, as it had claimed for itself the greatest good in life. Let us be just to even these deluded men. They had played a terrible rôle in the history of their country, and they resigned themselves to die with the same intrepidity with which they had staked their existence upon the success of their policy. They made it a death fête, each smiling, as he awaited the dread message, and devoting his latest moments to those displays of intellectual rivalry, which had so long united them in life. Mainville, Dacos, Gensonné, and Boyer' Fonfréde, abandoned themselves to gayety, wit, and revelry, repeating their own verses with friendly rivalry, stimulating their companions to every species of infidel folly. Viger sang amorous songs; Duprat related a tale; Gensonné repeated the Marseillaise; while Vergniaud alternately electrified them with his eloquence, or discoursed philosophically of their past history and the unknown future upon which they were about to enter. The discussion on poetry, literature, and general topics was animated and brilliant: on God, religion, the immortality of the soul, grave, eloquent, calm, and poetic. The walls of their prison echoed to a late hour, in the morning to their patriotic cries, and were witness to their paternal embraces. The corpse of Valazé, the

only one of their number who by a voluntary death eluded the scaffold, remained in the cell with them.

The whole scene was certainly the greatest, wildest, and most dramatic ever born of courage and reason. Yet throughout their enthusiasms there appears a chill of uncertainty, and an intellectual coldness that appalls the conscience. We feel that for the Girondists it was a consistent sacrifice to their theories and lives; but for a Christian and patriot, a sad and unedifying spectacle. While history can not refuse her tribute of admiration to high qualities, even when misdirected, she is equally bound to record the errors and repeat the warnings to be derived from those who claim for themselves a space in her pages. The lives of the Girondists as well as their deaths, were a confused drama of lofty aspirations, generous sentiments, and noble sacrifices, mingled with error, passion, and folly. Their character possesses all the cold brilliancy of fireworks, which excite our admiration but to be chilled with disappointment at their speedy eclipse. Their death scene was emphatically a *spectacle*. It possessed neither the simple grandeur of the death of Socrates, nor the calm and trustful spirit that characterized the dying moments of Washington; the one yielding up his spirit as a heathen philosopher; the other dying as a Christian statesman.



LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTS.



WYOMING, FROM THE SOUTH.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE great State of Pennsylvania is drained by the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Ohio rivers. More than one-half of its wide area of forty-seven thousand square miles is tributary to the first and noblest of these grand

conducts. The others of the triumvirate swallow up the rest, excepting only about two thousand miles, which swell the floods of the Potomac and Lake Erie. From its sources among the western outposts of the Catskills, the Susquehanna makes a devious journey of five hundred miles through the southern counties of New York, the entire breadth of Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland, when it is lost in the waters of the Chesapeake. It drinks up in its course innumerable streams, many of which—

“But for other rivers nigh,
Might well themselves be deem'd of dignity.”

Chief among these vassals are the Tioga, the Northwest Branch, and the Juniata, which come from the far-off declivities of the Alleghanies, in the western part of the State. The Susquehanna is generally broad and shallow, and is broken by bars and rapids, which, but for artificial aid, would prevent all navigation. The floods in spring and autumn time swell the waters sometimes to an extra elevation of twenty feet or more. It is at these seasons that the great rafts of lumber which the intervals have accumulated, are floated off to market.

The passage of these rafts down the angry stream, and their brave battles with the opposing shoals is a gallant and stirring sight. The lifting of the waters is a gala event with the hardy dwellers “on Susquehanna’s side;” but the joke is sometimes—as the best of jokes may



IN THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

be—carried too far. Now and then, not the rafts only, but the unselled forests, the inhabitants, houses, farms, and shores, are swept away. In the spring of 1784, a terrible disaster of this kind nearly filled the adventurous settlers' cup of misfortune, already deeply mixed with the miseries of civil and foreign war. The horrors of these scenes are not unfrequently relieved by the most ludicrous incidents and positions. On one such occasion, an entire family of several generations, with the whole stock of cattle, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and rats were found huddled together on the extreme point of a small island elevation.

From the top of yonder tall tree, a curious voyager is gazing in wonderment upon the nautical achievements of astonished chairs and tables, bedsteads and beds, whose occupants have, like the sluggard in the song, been awakened too soon, but not to "slumber again." So summary and arbitrary are the freshet's writs of ejection, that the laziest must, perchance, obey, and that, too, right speedily.

But to return to our topography. Pennsylvania, though much inferior to many other States in landscape charms, yet offers rich re-

wards for the labors of the tourist. The rivers and the mountain-passes which they traverse, are the chief dispensers of these rewards. The Delaware and its tributaries, the Lackawaxan, the Lehigh, and the Schuylkill, unfold fresh pages of interest at every turn. The West-Branch and the Juniata are richly-laden portfolios, crowded with novel and varied pictures; but above all, the Susquehanna is the Alpha and the Omega of Nature's gifts to the Keystone State—the first and noblest in beauty, as it is in extent and position. Hither the artist, who scents the beautiful by instinct, as infallibly as the bee detects the fragrant flower, flies and settles, and is content. From its rippling mountain-springs to its vast and swelling *débouche*, every step of this noble river is amidst the picturesque, whether flowing in broad and placid expanse through the great sun-lit valleys, or gliding in ghostly shade at the base of lofty hills, or wildly disputing the way with obstructing rock and precipice.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna may be found an epitome of the 'scenery of the State; and in like manner the Susquehanna may be justly studied in the region of Wyoming. At

least this famous valley is, for many reasons, a capital point at which to rendezvous for the lovers of the river; and thither, therefore, we will hasten without longer delay.

Wyoming is a classic and a household name. At our earliest intelligence, it takes its place in our hearts as the label of a treasured packet of absorbing history and winning romance. It is the key which unlocks the thrilling recollection of some of the most tragical scenes in our national history, and some of the sweetest imaginations of the poet. Every fancy makes a Mecca of Wyoming.

Thus sings Halleck :

" When life was in its bud and blossoming,
At waters gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies."

The pen of Campbell and the pencil of Turner have taken their loftiest and most unbridled flights in praise of Wyoming, and though they have changed, they have not flattered its beauties. " Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured—"

Again, Halleck says of the mythical Gertrude, the fair spirit of Wyoming, and of the real maidens of the land :

" But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised, even by her worshiper—Poesy."

Such a " heart-spell" unreachable, has the smile and gladness of Nature; the sunny sky,

the rustling trees, the dancing waters, and the frowning hills—a heart-spell which the feebleness of Art is powerless to approach, and for which its most boasted tricks of form and light, shade, effect, and color, are but wretched substitutes. Who indeed can paint like Nature!

The Valley of Wyoming (Large Plains) covers a magnificent stretch of twenty miles, and spreads out on either side of the river, in flats and bottoms of unsurpassed richness and fertility. Mr. Minor, a resident, and the author of a valuable history of Wyoming, says of the *physique* of the valley: " Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river—the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut; while here and there scattered through the fields, a huge shell-bark yields its summer shade to the weary laborers, and its autumn fruit to the black and gray squirrel, or the rival plow-boys. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course, all of them abounding with the delicious trout. Along these brooks, and in the swales scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum and the butternut; while, wherever the hand of the white man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion."

The valley of Wyoming, with its accumulated attractions of luxuriant soil, delicious climate, and picturesque scenery, is of course thickly and happily settled. Homestead and cot send up their curling smoke from every bosquet and dell; and numerous thriving villages within



RIVER WALK ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.



ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.

its borders afford all the material comforts of life, and all desired social advantages to the people.

Wilkesbarre, the principal town, is a populous and busy place, near the centre of the valley, and in the immediate vicinage of the sites of the most memorable scenes in the early history of Wyoming. Wilkesbarre is the portal through which all tourists enter upon the delights of this region. It is speedily, cheaply, and agreeably reached from all points: whether from below, *via* Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and the canal, which follows the whole course of the Susquehanna; from the eastward, through New Jersey; or from the north, by the Erie Railway. Three miles east of Wilkesbarre, Prospect Rock commands a fine panorama of the entire area of Wyoming, with its cottages, towns, and its grand western amphitheatre of hills. Near the little village of Troy in the distance is detected the tall granite shafts erected by the ladies of the valley, to the memory of the victims of the terrible conflict fitly known in history as the Massacre of Wyoming.

We are reminded here that it is time we made some brief reference to the deeply interesting historic associations of our theme. From the first settlement of the valley, in 1762, through a long period of twenty years, the afflicted people were everlastingly in hot water. Wars, or rumors of wars, clung to them inexorably. Internal or external trouble and quarrel, was the never ending fear of one day and the realization of the next. Their daily bread was concocted of forts and barricades and redoubts, negotiations, truces, stratagems, besiegings, and capit-

ulations. First came a long-protracted civil contest, famous in the ancient chronicle as the Pennymite and Yankee war. This struggle, which endured twice the length of the siege of Troy, was made up of the alternate successes and defeats of the original Yankee settlers, under the claims and auspices of Connecticut, and the opposing Pennsylvanians, who sought to dislodge and oust them. Battles, negotiations, and commissions, failed to restore peace, until the greater struggle of the Revolution smoothed the way for the burial of lesser animosities. The Pennymite war, distressing enough as it doubtless was at the time, and to the unhappy parties concerned, comes to us now, in all its ups and downs, in rather a droll light.

In 1763, one year after the first settlement, the Pennymite contest, and the colony itself, were stunned, and for a season prostrated, by an incursion of the Indian neighbors, who killed or scattered all the inhabitants.

The vicissitudes of the Pennymite war may well be forgotten in the fearful memory of that one great event which will make Wyoming ever memorable in history—the fated battle of 1778, “in which,” to use the words of the inscription upon the monument which commemorates the misfortunes of the day, “a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory, and Indian force, of thrice their number.” This

memorable battle was fearfully disastrous to the colony. The patriots were slain without mercy, and with revolting cruelty. Friends and brothers, in the bestial temper of the hour, fiendishly betrayed and slew each other. Large circles of prisoners were gathered around isolated stones, pinioned and held fast, while some murderous hand deliberately dispatched them one by one, in rotation. One of these stones, called Queen Esther's Rock, on the old battle-field, and within sight of the monument, is still an object of interest to the curious visitor. Sixteen captives were circled around it, while Queen Esther, the famous Catharine Montour, brandishing her tomahawk, and chanting the death-song, murderously destroyed them one after the other, in the order in which they were placed. Neither youth, age, nor sex was protection against the horrid fury of the Indians on this awful day. All were slain but the few who escaped to the mountains, and of these many died a scarcely less fearful death from fatigue, or cold, or famine.

Before continuing our voyage down the river, let us take a hasty peep at the Coal Mines, which form a prominent feature in the *physique* of the valley. All the world is familiar with the vast mineral resources of Pennsylvania, and particularly the abundance and richness of its coal beds. "Lehigh" and "Schuylkill" are grateful names to us as we gather round our winter fires. The black Cyclopean mouths of the coal pits, in the mountain sides of Wyoming, continually arrest the eye, and the ear is ever and anon assailed, on the hill-tops, by the stifled thunders of the blasts in the bowels of the earth

beneath. The even and moderate temperature of the mines makes them an agreeable resort on a sweltering summer's day. The mines here, for the most part, ascend into the flanks of the hills, instead of being reached by shafts, deep down, as in other parts of the State. The coal is excavated by blasting, and is drawn out by mules or horses on narrow wooden railways. They are lighted only by small lamps attached to the caps of the miners. On the occasion of our first visit, our guide left us for a moment, lightless, in the narrow ghostly passage. We quickly detected the rumbling sound of an approaching car, and vainly cast about us for a side nook in which to shelter us. To deepen our alarm, there came at this critical moment the many echoes of a mighty blast, the thunders of which were heightened by the quickly following flash of sulphurous light, revealing the whole sweep of the mystic cave, in dreadful distinctness. Altogether, we experienced a singularly unpleasant sensation, which made us feel that we were a long way from home, and without a friend in the world. Happily we escaped the accumulated dangers, and subsequently learned to look upon the mines as very comfortable nooks, and upon the miners, despite their terrible visages, as very clever and Christian people.

Entering our inn one evening after a hard day's work, we sat us down for a moment, with our sketch-box over our shoulder. Our travel-stained and generally forlorn aspect attracted the inquisitive notice of a gaunt native.

"What are yer peddling?" he at length ventured, after most wistful scrutiny.



INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.



THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

"Peddling?" we echoed, half-awakened from our reverie.

"Yes; what have yer got to sell?"

"O! ah! yes! we are peddling—coal mines!"

"Coal mines! where is they!"

"In the Rocky Mountains," we answered; and thereupon displayed the pages of our sketch-book, showing him the two views, which we have included in the illustrations of this paper. "This," said we, "is the outside, and that is the inside of the beds; that is the way they are to look—when we find them!"

"O, ye-eed I see!" said our friend, with a chuckle of dawning comprehension. "He, he, he! I guess you're one of them chaps what's going 'round making picters! I've seen three or four on 'em 'bout here lately. Didn't mean no offense—"

"Oh, no, not at—"

"Only I seed yer have a box, and I thought yer might have something to sell: and I guess yer did sell me—didn't yer?"

We acquiesced; and by way of making the amende to our wounded dignity, were requested to "step up and take something." As we were at length departing, our new friend called out:

"I say you there, mister! Guess if you don't sell all them coal mines afore you get back, I'd like to take a few on 'em! he, he, he!"

The humbler and less educated dwellers on the Susquehanna, as in the ruder portions of all our new and matter-of-fact land, look upon the earnest labors of the artist with wondering curiosity; and when made fully aware of their

nature, they still think some ulterior purpose must be involved—being quite incompetent to understand how sturdy young men, and grave old men can so devotedly pursue a toil, which to them seems so idle. Of the vast moral effect, and of the great intellectual blessings of art, they have never dreamed; and scarcely less could they be made to comprehend their indebtedness to its lesser results, in the world of comforts and conveniences, which make up the sunshine of their simple lives. They pay all proper reverence to the ingenious implements by which their daily labors are so simplified and accelerated; to the grace of design and charm of color displayed in the fabrics with which they deck their persons; to the elegance and convenience of the furniture and ornaments which endear their homes to their hearts; even to the rude pictures of "Martha Jane," the "Belle of the Village;" the "Soldier's Farewell," and other affecting or inspiring subjects which cover their simple walls; but of the connection between all this and art—the great source of all the comforts, and refinements, and delights of life—of the progression and perfection of life, they have no conception whatever. It is related of the immortal Audubon, that in his devoted forest wanderings, he was sagely regarded with suspicion or pity. An eminent painter once amused us with a narrative of the summary manner in which the burly lord of a little brook-side ordered him away, as a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond! Another artist, after explaining to a curious observer that he was

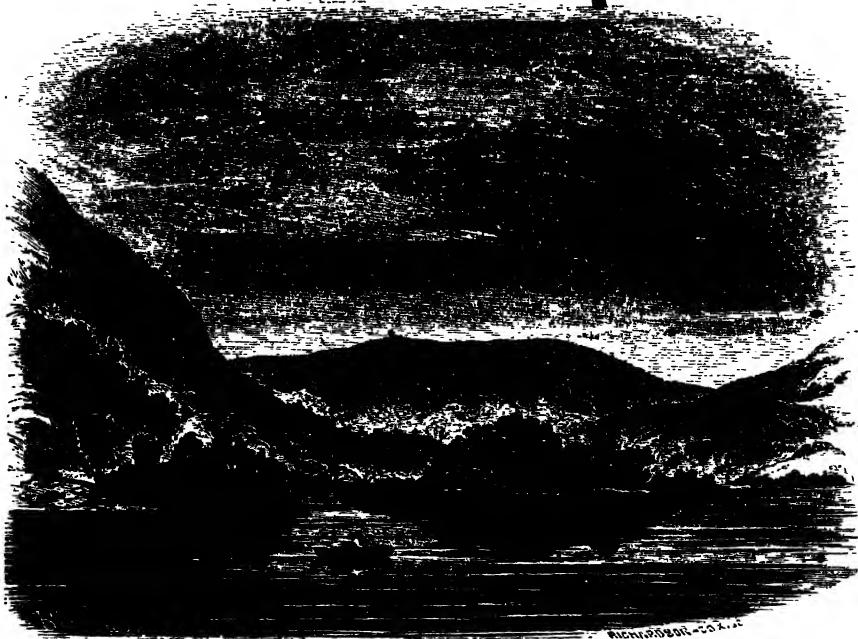
sketching his homestead, that yonder was his house and his barn, and the fence and the poplar-tree, and the old white horse down there in the meadow, thought he had let a little ray of the divine light of art into the benighted mind of his audience—when the audience turned abruptly away, with only a contemptuous “pshaw!” They will scarcely believe that man can have no loftier end than merely to ‘make pictures’ They raise you, *nolens volens*, at least, to the eminence of a peddler, and express their respect for, and interest in ounce-pins, combs, needles, and kindred solemnities In a region where gold veins have been newly found, a strolling sketcher was eagerly besought to reveal some little knowledge of the valuable secrets of old Mother-Earth and failed utterly to convince the good people that his mysterious note book was *bona fide* nothing more than a budget of sketches of trees and rocks, and winter falls On the Susquehanna the inhabitants were greatly interested during the visit of our party in the various surveys then going on for new railroad routes consequently, we were universally mistaken for engineers, and much were we amused at the efforts, adroit or awkward, made to pump us respecting the direction of the road at this and that point Of course we humored the determined error, by occasionally alarming a worthy farmer with the intimation of an incursion into his garden, or of a whistle and dash through his parlor windows An amusing chapter might be made of the various characters assigned to artists while professionally engaged in the country but per-

haps we have exceeded the *scope* of our theme in venturing even thus far upon the ground

Our particular business in this paper is to explore that portion of the Susquehanna, or “Crooked River,” according to the Indian signification of the name, extending from the Valley of Wyoming, one hundred miles south to the mouth of the Juniata Within these limits lie the main points of attraction, and a just example of the general character of the whole river North of Wyoming, the mountainous feature is preserved for some considerable distance, then comes a fine pastoral country of great fertility of soil and luxuriance of vegetation Below the Juniata, the broken and rugged character of the shores continues at intervals and in degrees almost to the Chesapeake Leaving the valley at the south end, we now come again into the mountain passes and for several miles traverse the most beautiful portion of the river a succession of noble scenes, which bear the same relation to the Susquehanna that the famous Highlands do to the great Hudson The general voyager may not tarry long here for want of sufficient hotel privileges, but the artist with whom material comforts are the smallest consideration will pitch his tent intuitively and in matter of bed and board, thankfully except the smallest favors This southern exit of the great valley is known as Nanticoke One of the finest series of the rapids of the Susquehanna, is found here at the Nanticoke Dam Hard by is Nanticoke Mountain and the hamlet of West Nanticoke and across the river on the eastern side is East Nanticoke, or Nanticoke



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW NANTICOKE



SUSQUEHANNA AT SHICKSHINNEY.

briefly, and *par excellence*—as we say, “Napoleon,” and “Napoleon III.”

From all the high grounds around Nanticoke, delicious vistas of the plains of Wyoming feast the eye. Hereabouts we selected our frontispiece. Mining and boating make up the sum of human avocation at Nanticoke—as indeed they do to a greater or less extent through all the course of the river. Beautifully-formed and densely-wooded islands contribute greatly to the charms of this part of the Susquehanna. Harvey's Creek and other little mountain-streams, full of picturesque falls and fine rocks, drop into the river here.

A beautiful mountain-picture, near the mouth of Harvey's Creek, has the unusual foreground, in American views, of a ruined bridge, whose venerable stone arches would grace the landscape of the olden time of any country. When the afternoon shades cool the river-walks on the eastern shore at Nanticoke, it is delightful to ramble on the richly-wooded and rock-dotted lawns; and to gaze far out upon the quiet river indolent in the sunshine. Our “view at Nanticoke” is from the beach, looking down the river, which here spreads out into noble lake-like expanse. The canal winds along under the hills on the right. The next picture is found some mile or two below, looking back upon the broad face of the Nanticoke Mountain. The tow-path lying between the canal and the river affords a noble walk for many miles; and is of especial interest in the neighborhood of Nanticoke. It affords exquisite glimpses both of river

and canal scenery. The post-road on the other side of the canal reveals in its progress yet another set of charming views.

The frequent recurrence of shoals here affords abundant facilities for the vigorous prosecution of trade in that great Susquehanna staple—eels.

By the compelling aid of slight stone inclosures, the descending current and its finny freight are drawn into an apex, where the slippery gentry are easily secured.

The angular architecture of these weirs, or traps, adds nothing to the beauty of the waters, though we never introduced them into our sketches without exciting the highest admiration of the rural populations bending over our easel. Submitting our portfolio, “by particular request,” to the inspection of a native amateur in Nanticoke, he expressed his gratification at the opportunity of seeing pictures “in the rough.” We said something about the “stuff that dreams are made of;” but our classicism was not appreciated.

Living over again our hours at Nanticoke, we are reminded mournfully of the fate of one* of the merriest of our merry party there, in the summer of 1852, whom we left ardently pursuing his happy studies by the mountain and brook side—only to hear of him again when we returned soon after to our city home, as having gone to that brighter land, where art is perfected. He was a true, humble, and devoted worshiper of nature—never wearied in watching

* John Irvine Glasgow—a young landscape painter of bright promise and earnest effort.

the changeful expression of her lovely face ; in scaling the mountain-paths, or in exploring the tortuous brooks ; he was always the hopeful and eager pioneer ; his pleasant companionship lighted up for us the dark chambers of the coal-beds, or guided our skiff gayly over the threatening rapids. In our hours of rest, or in our evening strolls, he scented out the most luscious peach-tree, as by instinct, and he alighted upon melon-patches with the celerity and certainty of genius. Alas ! that his facile hand will never more express the imaginings and emotions of his bright fancy and his truthful heart !

Four miles below the Nanticoke rapids is a way-side station, known to boatmen as " Jessup's." Mr. Jessup is a kind and courteous host, well becoming the best inn of all the region round. A noble glimpse up the river is commanded by the site of Mr. Jessup's house ; and from the hills near by, you follow its graceful windings for miles below, through a landscape of gratefully alternating hill and vale.

At the terminus of the next four miles' travel, in the whole extent of which the highland beauties of the Susquehanna continue in the finest and most varied development, we reach the village of Shickshinney—a small hamlet of no very winsome features, apart from the natural beauties around it. Here, as above, the eye will delightedly follow the river both up and down in its windings amidst the green isles, and reflecting the wooded or rocky banks and walls.

The imposing mountain-ridge which continually terminates this view in our passage down the river after leaving Shickshinney, is the great

Wapwallopen hill, protecting the village which bears its name, and which lies hidden at its base. This noble peak is best seen on the southern approach, where its summit presents a vigorous and grand rocky front.

The Wapwallopen Creek comes in here, contributing a new chapter of rugged charms to the riches of the Susquehanna. A double bend in the " Crooked " river places the Wapwallopen ferry in the centre of a charmingly framed and quiet little lakelet.

For some miles hence, old Susquehanna may be said (in contrast with his late wakeful mood) to nod a little : doubtless, however, only in wise preparation for the watch and vigil he always keeps down among the mountains and cliffs of Cattawissa.

Cattawissa unfolds well at all points. The white spires of the little town, buried in the hills, seem to give you a hospitable beckon onward, as on your departure they suggest moistened cambrics, waving a last, distant, and loving adieu. The evening occupation which we found in the society of the few dainty books, which female taste had collected in the parlor of our inn at Cattawissa, no doubt heightened the pleasure of our strolls on the river banks ; and of our long days in the woods and on the hill tops. A genial book, with your evening cigar, is a piquant sauce to a rough day's adventures. We usually endeavor to insure ourself this *sinc quā non* of comfort, by carrying plentiful stores with us ; but though our trunks are ponderous enough to be had in everlasting remembrance by all porters, we often, on extended tours, find



CATTAWISSA.



THE SUSQUEHANNA ABOVE THE JUNIATA.

our supply inadequate. In such dilemmas it is pleasant to be greeted in strange lands by the welcoming pages either of old favorites, or to meet the proffered friendship of new volumes. You get wearied, in time, of antique almanacs, Domestic Medicines, or even the *Life of Washington*, and the *History of the Mexican War*. Why do not our country hotels provide their guests with the luxury of a moderate library of books suitable for after dinner and evening hours—books of travel, poetry, and romance? A pleasant book would often detain the traveler as long as will a good table.

Some admirable rocky bluffs and well-wooded hill-sides, and much good material for the study of the artist in the nature of loose, moss-grown stone and tree-trunks, is to be found about Cattawissa. On the road and on the tow-path, above and below the village, many nicely composed pictures may be got, as also from all the panoramic sites. In our sketch down the river, overlooking the village, the waters sweep away in exceedingly graceful outlines.

From Cattawissa down to Northumberland, we meet with no points claiming extraordinary attention. The road here drops off from the water; occasionally, however, touching or nearly approaching it, and every where traversing an agreeably diversified country of intermingled forest and meadow land—well besprinkled throughout with villages and farms. The canal still accompanies the river; and the tow-path—as also the shores—often present graceful scenes, with an occasional vista of marked beauty. Fine groups of trees abound every where.

Northumberland, if it had fulfilled its ancient

promise, and made good use of its eligible business position, and whilome prestige of success, would now be one of the most thriving towns in the State. But when called to account for its "time misspent and its fair occasions gone forever by," like the idle steward, it brings back only its one buried talent. Here the great west branch of the Susquehanna joins the parent river; and here, too, the western division of the canal unites with the main route. Eighty miles up the west branch, the scenery is scarcely less attractive than that which we have passed in the vicinage of Nanticoke; yet being more out of the way of general travel, is much less visited by the hunter of the picturesque.

Northumberland is as much favored pictorially as geographically. Its position, in the apex formed by the two great arms of the Susquehanna, is admirably seen in the noble view up the river from the bold hills on the opposite side. Upon the summit of these bluffs a grotesque fancy has perched certain ungainly looking wooden summer-houses, which lean over the precipice, *à la Pisa* and Saragossa.

Several immense bridges connect the cape of Northumberland with the opposite shores. The Susquehanna bridges are, from the usual great width of the river, always of such Leviathan length, as to compel especial notice. It is a journey for a lazy man to traverse one of them: *par exemple*, the Columbia bridge, which is a mile and a half from one extremity to the other. These bridges, being made of wood, and generally roofed, are more useful than ornamental. They not unfrequently hide charming stretches of hill and river with their uncouth bulk.

In the present culinary condition of the land, we can not conscientiously advise our dainty readers to tarry long any where in the next forty miles, between Northumberland and the meeting of the river with the Juniata. The artist, however, and all others who look up to the bright sky and abroad upon the smiling face of Nature, before they poke their noses into the kitchens, may halt here and there with advantage.

The lake form of the river, seen below from Liverpool, with its far-off distance of interlacing hills, broken by nearer headlands and varied island groups, makes, if not a very striking, at least a most pleasing picture. The canal, from this point onward, winds through a particularly interesting region. At one moment it is buried in the dense shadow of over-arching leafage; and anon, huge rocky cliffs tower up in the foreground—a narrow ravine lets in a dash of sunshine across the balustrade of the little bridge at the bend of the water in the middle-distance: while far off, on the opposite side, sweep the gallant floods and the smiling islands of the great river.

The last picture of this series is a peep up the Susquehanna, from the tow-path near the mouth of the Juniata. The great width of the waters here and onwards, produces that high delight in the contemplation of Nature—the grateful sensation of distance and space—the secret of the universal pleasure afforded in the wide-reaching views commanded by mountain-tops. To many hearts the thousand variations in the picturesque, yet more confined, defiles and passes presented in the upper waters of the river, offer no compensation for the absence of this quality of expanse and freedom. The waters here are so shallow as to expose long capes of sand bar, often covered with cattle; and indeed the cows, in their search for relief from the summer heat, wander far out into the river, where they seem like little groups of islands; a singular appearance, which would be odd enough in a picture, which is never received with that unquestioning faith given to Nature herself, however surprising her eccentricities.

We ought not, perhaps, to omit cautioning the tourist against certain dregs which may lie at the bottom of the cup of pleasure he may dip from the waters of the Susquehanna. While inhaling the soft airs of brightening morn, or the zephyrs of gloaming eve, he must have a care of the miasmas with which they are mingled—the dews and fogs, so productive of the much-feared agues and fevers. This ill is one to which all the river shores of Pennsylvania are more or less exposed. Few of the inhabitants but have experiences to relate thereof, and the stranger must maintain a proper vigilance, or he will certainly come away a wiser if not a better man.

At the junction of the Juniata with the Susquehanna, we touch the grand lines of railway and canal from the Atlantic to the far West. One hour's journey will transport us, if we please, to the State capital, from whence we may readily plunge again into the stream of busy life.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WAGRAM.

NAPOLEON had now, in Vienna, nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was entrenched opposite the metropolis, with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria, powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow, among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous enginery of war to dispute the passage! This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna, the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long, and three miles wide. The two channels, which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in times of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island. To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about twelve hundred yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, and, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to the left bank of the river, was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians. For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking

heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon balls. These were all carefully arranged so that, at the last moment there should be nothing to do, but to throw them into the river.

At ten o'clock at night on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Concealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place, to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel. Along this single pass the French army began to file. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge traversed the island, and promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shore. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed that by noon of the next day the bridges were completed, and a road cut across the island. During the afternoon, and the whole of the succeeding night, the troops filed without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining every thing, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition-wagons, and baggage-wagons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st, found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still not one half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon several of the boats, composing the great bridge, were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube

took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marchfield. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoitre. The whole northern horizon was illuminated by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon from the steeple of Essling discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the archduke, marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marchfield. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-wagons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marchfield.

Napoleon was confident that could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was every where present, entirely exposed to



THE CHURCH-TOWER AT ESSLING.

the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures the Austrians set adrift large boats loaded with stones; and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridges, making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery-wagons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot, which swept the water. Darkness, at length, put an end to the bloody

conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illuminated the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw cutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the blood-stained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river. Notwithstanding the Herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were

made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Still, during the night, nearly thirty thousand men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about sixty thousand men in order of battle. With these and with the fresh troops still continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6000 horse, and with relentless vigor charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The cen-

tral charge swept every thing before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and in refluent waves rolled back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" rang like thunder peals above the clangor of the battle. At that critical moment the disastrous intelligence was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time, were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition-wagons which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor,



MASSENA HOLDING THE POSITION.



NAPOLEON AND LANNES.

with but one half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100,000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors, they interpreted the defenseless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy, the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marchfeld. Two hundred pieces of artillery plowed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke upon their segried squares. The

ranks continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and reserving their fire that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heart-rending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting every thing in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed :

“ Lannes ! do you not know me ? It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes ! you will yet be preserved to us.”

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and pressing his hand said, “ I wish to live to serve you and my country. But in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms, and your best friend. May you live and save the army.”

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, "Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army." But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the uninterrupted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.*

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days, and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon when at St. Helena, "of none but me. Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better; yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a Providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicitly rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition,

he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape from him; but he would have blown out the brains of any one who had ventured to repeat it. Originally his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and at the period of his death he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honor; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The Archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood, smoke, and flame, the fusiliers of his Guard, as perfect a body of soldiers as military discipline could create. To their commander Napoleon said, "Brave Mouton, make one more effort to save the army. Let it be decisive; for after these fusiliers, I have

* To Josephine he wrote: "The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply afflicts me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it." Subsequently Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honor to the Empress.



THE COUNCIL OF WAR



nothing left but the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, a last resource to be expended only in case of disaster."

Five times had the Austrian columns been hurled upon Essling. Five times had they been driven back by the indomitable defenders. The French were fighting one against four, and were rapidly falling before their assailants, when General Rapp and General Mouton, heading two divisions of the fusiliers, came to their rescue. They saw the desperate state of affairs, and grasping each other's hands, in token of a death-defying support, rushed headlong, with fixed bayonets, through a tempest of balls and shells, and grape and bullets, upon the Austrians, and swept them from the village. A battery from the isle of Lobau poured a raking fire of grape on the repulsed masses, and Essling was again saved.

The conflict had now raged almost without interruption for thirty hours. Fifty thousand mangled bodies, the dead and the dying, were spread over the plain. During the whole day Napoleon had been exposed to every peril, and had been deaf to all entreaties to shelter a life on which the safety of all depended. In the midst of the action, General Walther, appalled by the danger which threatened the Emperor, as bullets swept away the officers and the privates who were near him, exclaimed, "Retire, Sire, or I will order my grenadiers forcibly to remove you."

The evening twilight was now approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat during the night into the island of Lobau. So long as the two

posts of Aspern and Essling were secure, the retreat of the army was insured. The Austrians still kept up a tremendous cannonading, to which the French could make no reply. Napoleon sent to Massena to inquire if he could still hold Aspern. The staff-officer found the indomitable general, harassed with fatigue, blackened with smoke, and with blood-shot eyes, seated upon a heap of smoking ruins, with the mutilated bodies of the dead strewn all around him. In emphatic tones, characteristic of his iron will, he replied, "Go tell the Emperor that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Satisfied upon this point, Napoleon crossed the bridge to the island, to select a site for the encampment of his troops. The spectacle which the banks of the river presented was indeed heart-rending. He pressed along through the wounded and the dying, painfully affected by their piteous moans, which filled his ear. After exploring the island on horseback, in all directions, he satisfied himself that the army could find in it an entrenched camp which would be unassassivable, and where it might take shelter for a few days, until the great bridge could be repaired.

It was now night. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and a cold and dismal rain drenched the exhausted armies. Napoleon crossed the island and looked out upon the wild and surging flood which had swept away his bridge, and which seemed hopelessly to separate him from one half of his troops. He immediately con-

vened his general officers in a council of war. It was not, however, his object to ask advice, but to give it, and thus to infuse his own undying energy into the spirit of the desponding. He sat down, in the darkness and the rain, under a tree, upon the banks of the black and rushing flood, and waited for Massena, Davoust, Bessieres, and Berthier to join him. The flame of a camp fire illuminated the sombre scene. "Let the reader," says Savary, who was present on this occasion, "picture to himself the Emperor, sitting between Massena and Berthier, on the banks of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained a vestige, Marshal Davoust's corps on the other side of the broad

river, and behind, in the island of Lobau, the whole army, separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, and deprived of all means of extricating itself from this position—and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."

The Emperor was perfectly calm and confident, displaying as much of fortitude in the endurance of disaster as he had exhibited of heroism in braving death. Some of his generals were entirely disheartened, and proposed an immediate retreat across the island of Lobau, and then, by means of boats, across the broad arm of the Danube to the opposite shore, where they



NAPOLEON AND THE DYING OFFICER.



NAPOLEON AND THE YOUTHFUL ASSASSIN.

could be joined by the rest of the army, and could defend themselves in Vienna. Napoleon listened patiently to all the arguments, and then said :

"The day has been a severe one. But it can not be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a huge river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss, in killed and wounded, is great. But that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army in Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three-fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous reinforcements which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary's. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed in what has happened we must consider ourselves as very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which was no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause for discouragement. It is

necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night, without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all, without losing honor."

"But there is another retrograde movement both dishonoring and disastrous. It is to repass not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can; with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon, one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000 men, which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us ten thousand of the wounded, who in a month might be capable of service. Under such circumstances we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case it is not a retreat to Vienna but to Strasbourg for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugene, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the

empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davout," said he, turning to them, "you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done."

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardor of the moment the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, "You are a man of courage, Sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us not lose our victorious attitude. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavor to cross in pursuit of us." Davout, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack, during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night Napoleon with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected, and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors, whom his foresight had provided, were found invaluable in this trying hour. At midnight Massena commenced the retreat, aided by the darkness, the rush of the tempest, and the utter exhaustion of the enemy. Division after division defiled by the small bridge, carrying with them all the wounded, and all the material of war. It was not till the lurid morning dawned that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement of the French. They immediately commenced the pursuit, and opened a brisk fire upon the crowded bridge. Massena remained upon the left bank amid the storm of balls, resolved to be the last man to cross. Defiantly he looked about in all directions, to satisfy himself that not one wounded man, one cannon, or any object of value, was left behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the straggling horses he caused to be driven into the river, and forced them to swim across it. At last, when every duty was performed, and the bullets of the Austrian sharp-shooters were whistling around him, he stepped upon the bridge. The cables were then cut, and the floating mass was swept to the island shore, to which the other end of the bridge was attached. Thus terminated this

horrid conflict of two days. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the numbers of the slain. As the French, behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, and by the configuration of the ground, fought much of the time under cover, while their foes were in the open field, the loss of the Austrians was much the most severe. It is generally stated that 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 Frenchmen perished on that bloody field. Of the wounded, also, multitudes lingered through joyless years, in the military hospitals of Austria and of France. "It was the height of insanity," say the critics who write by the peaceful fireside, "for Napoleon, under such circumstances, to attempt to cross the river in the face of so powerful a foe." "And it would have been still more insane," Napoleon calmly replied, "for me to have remained in Vienna, while five hundred thousand men were rushing from all quarters to cut off my communications, and to envelop my comparatively feeble army in ruin."

Napoleon in the mean time threw himself upon a bundle of straw, and for a few moments soundly slept. But before the dawn of the morning he was again on horseback, superintending the movements of the troops. He foresaw that a month at least would be requisite to await the subsidence of the flood, and to prepare for the passage of the Danube in a manner which would bid defiance to accident. He immediately commenced works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, an enduring monument of the energy of Napoleon, and of the skill of his engineers. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks one large bridge was constructed across the stream, upon piles which reared themselves above the highest flood-mark. The bridge was twelve hundred feet long, formed of sixty arches, and on which three carriages could pass abreast. Upon the broad platform of this magnificent structure any quantity of artillery and cavalry could pass. About a hundred feet below this another bridge, on piles, was reared, and intended for the passage of the infantry. Both of these bridges were protected by strong works above them, to break the force of the current. Added to this there was a bridge of boats; so that the French could pass to the islands in three columns. The whole island of Lobau was converted into an intrenched camp of impregnable strength. Batteries were reared, mounting howitzers and mortars capable of throwing projectiles to a great distance.

To deceive the Archduke, he took all possible pains to convince the enemy that he would cross where he had effected a passage before. He consequently erected here numerous and magnificent works to command the opposite shore. But the most important preparations were secretly made to cross a few miles further down the river. He had every thing so admirably arranged that in a few minutes several thousand men could cross the small branch, and take the Austrian advance-posts; that in two hours fifty

thousand others could deploy on the enemy's side of the river; and that in four or five hours one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, forty thousand horses, and six hundred guns could pass over to decide the fate of the campaign.

In crossing the river under such circumstances, it is necessary, first, to send some resolute men to the opposite side in boats, while exposed to the fire of the enemy. They disarm or kill the advance-post, and fix the moorings to which the boats are to be attached which float the bridge. Planks are promptly spread upon the floats. The army then rushes along the narrow defile as rapidly as possible. To facilitate the operation, Napoleon had large flat-bottomed boats constructed, capable of carrying three hundred each, and having a movable gunwale of thick plank to protect the men from musketry, and which being let down upon hinges would greatly facilitate the landing. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats. Thus fifteen hundred men could be carried over almost instantaneously at each point of passage. A hawser was to be immediately attached to a tree, and the boats were to ply along it to and fro. The construction of the bridges was immediately to begin. Every thing being precisely arranged, and each individual man knowing exactly what he had to do, and with formidable batteries beating off the enemy, Napoleon was satisfied that in two hours he could have four bridges completed, and fifty or sixty thousand men on the opposite side of the river in battle array. To enable a column of infantry to debouch on the instant the advanced guards had crossed in the flat boats, Napoleon invented a bridge of a novel description. The common way of making a bridge is to moor a series of boats side by side, and then cover them with planks. Napoleon conceived the idea of having a bridge in one single piece, composed of boats bound together beforehand, in one long line capable of spanning the stream. One end was then to be made fast to the shore, the other pushed out into the river would be carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank, to which it was to be attached by men who were to run along it for the purpose. It was calculated, and rightly, as the result proved, that a few moments would be sufficient for this beautiful operation. To guard against any possible disappointment, timber, rafts, and pontoons were arranged that four or five additional bridges might very speedily be thrown across the stream. Napoleon was incessantly employed galloping from point to point, watching the progress of the works, and continually suggesting new ideas. His genius inspired the engineers. At the same time he took infinite pains to guard against any revolt from the inhabitants of Vienna. Discipline was rigorously observed. Not one offensive act or expression was permitted. Every breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the mean time, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the pas-

sage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the Island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the Isle of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and gray coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the Isle of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good." "It will not make us drunk," replied one of their number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor, a few days before, for the army, had been purloined, and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial, and condemned to be shot.

The fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the armies. It was a favorable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore, rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells, blended with the flashes of the lightning; and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery, mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embar-

rasement, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gayly caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines, with the most enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the Emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have indeed," said the Archduke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over, that I may throw them into the river." "Very good," rejoined the Emperor. "But do not let too many of them come across."^{*}

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions not merely so that they might be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men,

extending in dense masses of infantry and cavalry, along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon-balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death, than if they had been snow flakes. Napoleon was every where present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the marred visage, and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers, into the dust. Thousands in either army who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon-balls plowed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress, which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop, a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced the most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians slowly retiring in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the Archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step, huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Mac-

* This remark became subsequently quite a byword in the army.

Donald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge the head of that column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth; while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unhurt amid his falling guard; and with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valor which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die, to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes, by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. *Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired herd pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward,' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answers the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the Empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned

at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him drop from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon with his glass earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Anxiously Napoleon kept his eye upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust was seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessieres was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest of cannon-balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessieres was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go, I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

The Emperor sent Savary to see if the Marshal were still alive. Most singularly, Bessieres, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said, "The ball which struck you, Marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe, in the face of an army one hundred and fifty thousand strong, supplied with all the most destructive enginery of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy, on their own ground, with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the

field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians, and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that four days after the battle the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony. The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot. He knelt beside him, felt of his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognized his Emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes. But he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last. After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped, and offered his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!" *

Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped and gazed for a moment, sadly, upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the

* Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who joined the Pretender, and after the battle of Culloden escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles, and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt, he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no son.

battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every thing." *

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy.† A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though sick and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and every thing to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It

* "There was no injury," says Savary, "Napoleon was so well disposed to forgive all that which was personal to himself. A single good action had the effect of removing from his mind the unfavorable impression created by ten bad ones. But a breach of the laws of honor, or a breach of courage, would forever ruin, in his mind, the person guilty of either."

† "Napoleon's attention," says Savary, "was particularly directed to the hospitals, and he had them regularly visited by his aids-de-camp. After the battle he made them the bearers of a gratuity of sixty francs, in crown pieces, to each wounded soldier, and from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred francs to each of the officers, according to their respective ranks. He sent still larger sums to the wounded generals. The Emperor's aids-de-camp had for several days no other occupation to attend to. I can assert, as far as concerned myself, that I was constantly engaged during forty-eight hours in making the distribution to three of the hospitals. The Emperor had given orders that this should be done in the manner most calculated to soothe the feelings of the wounded. The visits to the hospitals, for example, were made by the aids-de-camp in full uniform, accompanied by the war-commissary, the officers of health, and the director. The secretary of the hospital went before them, with the register of the sick in hand, and named the men as well as the regiment to which they belonged; after which twelve five-franc pieces were placed at the head of the bed of each wounded soldier; this sum being taken out of baskets full of money, carried by four men dressed in the Emperor's livery. These gratuities were not drawn from the military chest, but entirely supplied out of the Emperor's private purse.

"A collection might have been made, no less valuable as materials for the Emperor's history than as redundant to his glory, of the many expressions of gratitude uttered by these gallant fellows, as well as of the language in which they gave vent to their love and attachment to his person. Some of the men could not hope to spend those twelve crown-pieces; but, at the very brink of death, the tears running down their cheeks, strongly indicated how feebly alive they were to this mark of their general's remembrance. At no time did I feel so enthusiastic an admiration for the Emperor as when he was attending to the wants of his soldiers. His heart expanded at hearing of any service rendered to them, or of his being the object of their affection. He has been accused of being ungenerous of their lives. But they never encountered any danger without having him at their head. He was every thing at once. Nothing but the basest malevolence can calumniate the sentiment which was nearest his heart, and which is one of the numberless claims which his immense labors have given him to the homage of posterity. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he loved them in return. It is impossible that they could have for him a greater attachment than he entertained for them."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself*, vol. ii. pp. 96-97.

has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war. And yet throughout his career he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures. And I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest." All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is the prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all." The other party contended: "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words: "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice." *

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schonbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did every thing in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian

plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavored to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English on the 31st of July landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilities, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote: "Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the force of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind entrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion." He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet above Antwerp; but by no means to sink hulls of vessels in the channel of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it. In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote: "It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was necessary to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of

* Bernadotte ventured to arrogate to himself the privilege of issuing an independent bulletin, in which he claimed for the Saxon troops under his command a principal share in the victory. Napoleon, justly displeased, caused the following private order to be distributed to each marshal of his army: "His Imperial Majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Corvo's order, which was inserted in the public journals of the 7th of July. As his Majesty commands his army in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning to all their respective degrees of glory. His Majesty owes the success of his arms to French troops, and not to others. The Prince of Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops of secondary merit, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honor. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His Majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may operate as a caution to every marshal not to attribute to himself more glory than is due to him. That the Saxon army, however, may not be afflicted, his Majesty desires that this order may be kept secret."

an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control. And yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his most envenomed historians. Francis, finding it in vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid. M. Bubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good nature, and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said :

" If you will deal honestly with me we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy, by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I give you my word that I have no wish to do so.*

The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of those about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke of Wurzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event. Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied: "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of the empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

" Well," replied Napoleon, " if that be so, I authorize you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something

* " To separate the three crowns would be to destroy the House of Austria; and to do that required two or three more great victories, which Napoleon was very likely to gain, but which would, probably, make Europe desperate, alarm Russia, and disgust her with our alliance, and cause a general rising of the nations."—THIERS, *Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxvii. p. 816.

more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose any thing on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Gallicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route toward Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I can not have that influence but by becoming the neighbor of the Turkish Empire. By hindering me from crushing the English, as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet half-way. I will consent to fresh sacrifices I renounce the '*uti possidetis*.'* I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon upper Austria to the Ems; I give up the Ems, and even Traun, and restore Lintz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurther. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."†

" After this long and amicable interview," says Thiers, " in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna so familiarly as to pull him by the mustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful." On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schonbrunn with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that

* "*Uti possidetis*," a basis of settlement by which each party retains the territories which their respective armies occupy, subject to such exchanges as may be mutually convenient. Napoleon was in possession of Vienna and of nearly the whole valley of the Danube, including a population of nine millions of inhabitants, which amounted to one-third of the Austrian empire. Upon this basis, Austria would be compelled to cede, from other portions of her dominions, as much territory and population as might be restored to her in the centre of her monarchy.

† Accounts of this interview, drawn up both by Napoleon himself and by M. Bubna, are deposited in the imperial archives.

greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible. On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I have renounced the basis of *uti possidetis*. I relinquish my claim to a population of more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent every thing to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one sovereign to tell another, in writing, *You do not know what you say.*"

In all this delay and these subterfuges, Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his ambassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away until the middle of October in disputes of the diplomats over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schonbrunn. A young man, about 19 years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a criminal purpose. With perfect composure he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon. He sent

for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye, beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he, kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No!" Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and have ruined it by the war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, Sire," the boy replied, "that your Majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes!" the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no! if we have war."

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was reconducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.*

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers. "I can not make so many promotions," said Napoleon, "Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant."—"That may be, Sire," General Rapp replied, "but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body, implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request. "It is for your advantage," said he,

* "An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befell Napoleon at Schonbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

"that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion, I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I can not expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act. "Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and bursting, like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterraneous fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar, which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy. These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of *Bararia*, that his ally might not be again so defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the Kingdom of *Saxony*. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Poland, rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being again ravaged by Austrian troops.* The infant kingdom of *Italy*, Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory,

that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signalized his native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognize any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives. "When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation.—Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn." According to such representations, Napoleon was indeed a wayward lover; making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis! *

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Staps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland, would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily growing hostility of the haughty empress-mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France

* Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honor of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Leoben, and that as soon as he was in Egypt she had again grasped arms, that she had again signed the treaty of Luneville, after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword, only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

* The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism, which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.*

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous foes, are alleged as proofs of insatiable ambition and a blood-thirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army. "Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government. But I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the protestations of sincerity which were then made to me, rest assured that I should not have retired, as I did, from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence, from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended

* Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are entirely in the hands of your Majesty. You may give me a certain pledge, in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth, on the interests of Russia in connection with the late kingdom of Poland." Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us. But the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves." Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated, 'the world is not large enough,' for I desire nothing further in it." The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense, that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition*, in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war.—See Biganon, viii. 351, 354.

his reply in these words, "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances, of good or bad fortune. But at the same time you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French, by Wellington, at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manoeuvre more awkwardly. I can not be present every where!"

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thralldom of Austria.* Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Wurzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to rouse the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Hungarians!—The moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language, you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed

* Souvenirs Historiques de M. Le Baron Meneval, vol. I. p. 303.

how deeply he had lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavements laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not triumphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp.

"Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the House of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am 'not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless. I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side.

"I committed a great fault after the battle of Wagram in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle I should have made known by proclamation that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia."

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men; but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognized leader, they quar-

reled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies six hundred leagues distant upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro. The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem. It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages. But they found that easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure. And I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 31st of May, 1809: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who can not bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavoring to tame them; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again on the 17th of June he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State: "I can not with propriety omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his Majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for

for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal, was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandizement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal. "So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

BERTHA'S LOVE.

PART II.

IT was a strange sensation, the awakening from what seemed to me a long sleep. I had never had a severe illness in my life before, and when I opened my eyes languidly, and became feebly conscious of myself, I felt a vague wonderment whether I was reviving to the same existence, or to a new one. I tried to remember what I had been—what had happened before the long sleep came, but the mere effort of memory dizzied me, and I closed my eyes again, and lay passive, till a stir in the room aroused me.

I felt some one draw near me. I looked, and saw Mary bending over my bed.

The innocent face, the soft eyes, brought all back to my mind. I could not suppress a low cry, as I hid my face, and turned from her—remembering!

She, poor child! uttered fond, soothing words to me, while her tears fell on my hands—my shrunken, pallid hands—which she clasped in her own, and ever and anon pressed lovingly to her lips. Then she gently raised my head, and supported it on her bosom. I had no strength to move away. I was constrained to lie still, and bear her caresses, only closing my eyes, that they might not meet the tender, steadfast gaze of hers.

"My darling, my darling Bertha," she kept saying, "you are better, you will be well now, thank heaven!"

And she, with her soft, cool hands, smoothed the hair from my forehead, and then kissed it.

"You know me, don't you, dear?" she asked, presently. "You will say one word to me?"

"What has been the matter?" I said, startled by a sudden fear. "Have I been ill—delirious?"

"Hush, darling! Keep quite still and quiet. No, you have not been so ill as that; and now I trust there is no danger of it. But we were afraid."

I sighed—a deep sigh of relief. I heard her saying more, and I gathered from her words, interrupted as they were by tears and sobs, that I had broken a blood-vessel, and that they had for some hours despaired of my recovery.

"And it was for me, for me," she went on; "it was in saving me you nearly lost your life. Oh, Bertha! if you had died."

A passionate burst of weeping choked her voice. I repeated softly to myself—

"If I had died!—ah, if I had died!"

"It would have broken our hearts," sobbed Mary—"mine and—and Geoffrey's. We should never have been happy again. Poor Geoffrey!" she repeated, arousing herself suddenly, "I am forgetting him in my own gladness. He has been waiting and watching in such terrible anxiety I must run and tell him. Let him come and speak to you at the door."

"No, no!" I cried, clutching her dress, to detain her. "You must not. I can not—I can not bear it."

I was too feeble to assume the faintest semblance of composure. Even when I caught her look of innocent surprise, I could not dissemble any the more. I fell back, closing my eyes, and hardly caring whether she suspected or not. But hers was too transparent a nature to suspect. She smoothed my pillow, and kissed my hot brows with her fresh lips—blaming herself the while, in low murmurs, for her thoughtlessness in exciting me. Then she stole softly out of the room.

Geoffrey must have been waiting in the next chamber. I heard his voice, uplifted in a rapturous thanksgiving—his voice, blessing God that I was saved! Somehow, it fell on my heart with a strange pang, which yet was not all pain; and, like a thick cloud breaking and dissolving into rain, a heavy choking sob burst from me; and I wept blessed, gentle tears, such as I had never yet known. And then, exhausted, like a troubled child, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I heard subdued voices in the room. I distinguished Doctor Ledby's grave tones pronouncing that I was now out of all danger; that I should recover—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Then I felt some one come and hang over me as I lay, and, languidly opening my eyes, I saw my father gazing on me, with more affection expressed in his face than I had ever dreamed he cherished for me. It sent a thrill to my heart, half-pleasure, half-remorseful pain, for the bitter things I had sometimes thought of his want of love for me.

"I am awake, father," said I; and he kissed me tenderly, and with great emotion.

"We have been in much trouble about you, child," said he, hoarsely. "We thought—we thought—"

He broke off, and turned hastily away. Then my step-mother came. Even she, cold and impulsive as was her disposition, showed kindness, almost tenderness toward me now. She busied herself in settling my pillows, brought me a cooling draught, and in various ways testified her interest and solicitude. And she was habitually so indolent and indifferent, that such trifling offices assumed quite a new importance in her.

"Now, then," said she, sinking down in a chair, when her labors were concluded, "I will sit by you for awhile. Your nurse is taking a walk in the shrubbery, by Doctor Ledby's desire. Poor child! she was quite pale and worn with watching so anxiously; and Geoffrey fairly dragged her out of the house."

"I can see them now walking together in the laurel-path," said my father, who was standing at the window. "They are talking earnestly enough. They make a pretty pair of lovers."

I could see them, too. I kept silence.

"Bertha, my dear," added he, walking to my bedside again, and assuming something of his old manner, "are you prepared to be a heroine in these parts?—to have your name immortalized in guide-books, and mis-pronounced by garrulous old women? I hear they already call that creek, 'Bertha's,' and that rock, 'The Escape.' And you may expect an ode and two or three sonnets in the next *Cornish Luminary*."

I smiled. It may have been a very sickly smile, for my father again turned away, and again grew unwontedly grave.

"We must not talk too much to our invalid," considerately said he.

And he, with great caution, quitted the room. My remaining companion sat mute, and sorted her wools; while I lay, with clenched hands, and head buried in the pillow, and had time to think, and to remember, and to look forward. But I could do neither. Mentally, as well as physically, I was so weak that I was unable to penetrate the confused haze which enshrouded my thoughts. And in the vain endeavor to cleave through this chaos, consciousness partly floated from me, and, without being asleep, I lay as if in a dream, knowing where I was, and all that was passing around me, but in utter abeyance of all thought. In this state I heard Mary enter the room. I felt her come and look at me. Then followed a whispered conversation with some one else. Then—then—Geoffrey stood at my bedside. I felt him there—his gaze fixed on my face. Once he touched my hand—he pressed his lips on it. Emotion seemed frozen within me. I lay passive the while—conscious of all, but still and quiet. It was as if I were dead, and he bending over my corpse.

"Bless her—God bless her!" said he, presently, in a strangely broken and suppressed

voice. "But for her, oh, Mary! what had been my life now!"

"Hush, darling!" came in the timid tones of Mary; "you will awaken her."

He turned to her. In my strange waking trance I seemed to see how he took her in his arms, and looked into her face. For a little time there was silence.

"God is very good," said he, at length, "to have given two such dear ones to me, Mary, and to have preserved them both through the peril that threatened them. If even after you were saved, Bertha had died—"

"Oh, terrible, terrible!" murmured Mary, shuddering. "Ah, dear Geoffrey! that would have been worse than all; far, far worse than if I—"

"No, darling—there could be no worse than that."

Very quietly they talked with a subdued and solemn cadence in their voices. Like tones heard in a dream, it all fell on my ears—to become afterward a remembrance more distinct than the reality.

"How pale and still she is!" whispered Mary. "And how altered since this illness. She was so full of life and energy when I first saw her. Only a few short weeks ago, Geoffrey, do you remember?"

"Yes, dear, I remember well."

"How different her face is now. Oh, Geoffrey!" She stopped weeping. He soothed her tenderly, as a mother might a petted child.

"To think that but for me all this sorrow had never been," faltered she. "Bertha would have been spared this suffering had I never come to Cliffe."

"Do you wish you had never come to Cliffe, Mary?" asked his low, fervent voice.

"Ah, no—no! If you do not."

"I! Heaven forgive me, darling! but a whole world of misery would seem to me a cheap purchase of what I have won."

He spoke passionately, impetuously, and she was quick to calm him.

"Hush," she said, gently, "you will waken poor Bertha."

But I did not wake. I lay still and placid—soulless, as it seemed, and pangless, long after they had left me.

My memory of the next few days is vague and uncertain. I was kept very quiet, rarely spoke, and remained, for the most part, motionless and with closed eyes, so that they often thought me asleep when I was only thinking.

Mary was constantly with me. Her love was devoted, untiring. It would not be discouraged by coldness, and it seemed content to be unreturned. She was the tenderest, the most watchful of nurses. And every one was very kind to me. My father, my step-mother; all those of whom I had thought so hardly that they did not care for me. Sometimes now I reflected remorsefully, that if they had not hitherto shown me much affection it might have been my own fault.

I had no right to quarrel with natures for being over reticent.

Geoffrey sent me the freshest flowers every morning, and scoured the country for fruits and delicacies to tempt my appetite. And once or twice he came in to see me. These interviews were very brief—very silent. No one wondered—I was still so feeble.

I regained strength but slowly. It was long before I left my bed. And the autumn was far advanced when, for the first time, my father carried me down stairs into the cheerful sitting-room, and laid me on the sofa near the window.

I looked out into the garden; saw the trees wearing their golden tints; the laurels in the shrubbery waving about in the wind; the little wicket-gate; beyond that, the cliff; beyond still, the great sea, flashing in the noon sunlight. I remembered the last time I had passed out at that gate on to the cliff.

Mary was beside me, busied in some tender cares for my comfort. With a sudden impulse I passed my arm round her. It was the first expression of the new and softer feeling rising in my heart for her.

Poor child! she nestled her head in my bosom, weeping in a torrent of gratitude and joy. She must have been often cruelly wounded by the kind of sullen endurance with which hitherto I had received all her tenderness. For it was long before her patient love won its way and softened my rebellious heart. But she could not tell—she could not guess. It must have been a mystery to her always—the strange fitful humor of my love for her, which one minute would make me clasp her in a passionate embrace, and the next gently, but irresistibly, put her from me.

As I did now. I had struggled—God knows I had!—I had battled with the fierce tides of feeling that ever and anon surged within me, convulsing my whole being, feeble as I was, till the little vitality I had remaining seemed to leave me. I had learned the new lesson of striving against myself—against the strongest, wildest part of my nature. But I was young yet, and the instincts of youth are so passionate, so uncontrollable. They rebel so fiercely against suffering—they will shriek out, and dash themselves impotently against the strong despair, even until it stuns them into silence.

And I untwined Mary's clinging arms, and turned my head away from her. She sat contentedly beside me, playing with my hands, which she kept possession of.

How thin they were and pallid! When I looked at them, after a while, and then at Mary's, what a contrast! She was amusing herself by taking the rings from her own fingers and placing them on mine. There was one—an opal set among diamonds—which sparkled brightly.

"A pretty ring," said I, languidly, taking it to look more nearly at it; "I never noticed it before."

"No," said Mary, drooping her head, shyly, "I—I never had it till last evening."

I gave it back to her. She tried to put it on one of my fingers, but they were all too shrunk-en, and it slipped off.

"'Tis of no use," said I, and I drew my hand away; "it is a faithful ring, and will only be worn by its mistress." And again I turned my face and gazed out.

"Don't look away from me," said Mary, pleadingly, "because—because I want to tell you—this ring—Geoffrey gave me."

"I know," I answered, quickly; "I understand—all. You need tell me nothing."

She seemed relieved, and scarcely surprised. For a moment she looked in my face, her own cheeks all flushing, and her eyes only half-raised from the shadow of the lashes. Then she fell weeping on my neck.

"Tell me—tell me you are not sorry," she said, brokenly; "he is so good, and I—oh, I am so unworthy. You knew him long before I did, and you must know how noble he is, and how little I deserve him. But—but I love him, Bertha!"

She raised her head, and looked up straight into my eyes, as she uttered the last words. I pressed the tearful face down again upon my bosom hastily but gently.

"I love him," she again murmured, in a kind of childish dalliance with the words; "I love him dearly!"

I said, after a little while, "Then, Mary, is there no need to fear your worthiness?" and I mechanically repeated the lines:

"Behold me, I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king."

"Is that true—is it really so?" she asked, earnestly; "loving much, do we merit much? Because"—and again her cheek crimsoned, and her voice sank timidly—"then I know I should deserve him. Who could love him so well as I?"

She had crept closely to me. It was almost more than I could bear. I moved uneasily upon my pillow, disengaging myself from her embrace.

"I am tired," was all I could say: "I should like to sleep."

But her sweet look of innocent self-reproach for having wearied me smote on my heart. When, after carefully arranging my cushions and coverings, she stole quietly away, I called her back. She knelt down at my side, and unsuspecting the clear, untroubled eyes were raised to mine. I parted the hair on her brow, and twisted the fair tresses listlessly in my fingers.

"I am weak still, dear," I said, the while, "and peevish and capricious often. But you are very patient; you will forgive me."

She was eager with deprecatory words; but I would not heed them. I kissed her tenderly, solemnly; bending over her, as I whispered the words:

"God look on you, and love you always!—you and Geoffrey!"

And when I was alone I prayed the same prayer.

Very gradually I regained strength. I do not care to dwell upon the time of my early convalescence. When I was well enough to need no nursing, Mary returned home; but she came to see me every day, and she was almost more at Cliffe than at F——. Geoffrey would go to fetch her in the morning, and escort her home in the evening: when he returned, I had always retired to my room, so that I saw but little of him, though he was still, nominally, my father's guest.

He was most kind and affectionate to me as ever. If the close and confidential intercourse of old was at an end, it was only natural, and I was very grateful that it should be so.

He had never spoken to me of his engagement with Mary, till one evening, in the dusky twilight, they both came together to my sofa from the window, where they had been for some time talking in low whispers, and Geoffrey, pressing my hand in both of his, told me that he had that day arranged with Mr. Lester—that they were to be married early in the New Year, and that in a day or two he was going to London to see his lawyers.

Mary hid her tearful face in my bosom the while he told me this. I was glad it was so dark.

"And next week I shall go," repeated Geoffrey; "and then—I shall leave Mary in *your* charge, Bertha; and you in *hers*," he added, as an after-thought. "Poor little invalid! she can not take care of herself yet," he went on, half playfully, half in tender earnest. "I must not burden her with the keeping of my treasure. But I am glad I leave you together."

"And you will not be long away," said Mary, pleadingly; "you will come back very soon! And then Bertha will be quite well—won't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, answering for me; "and able to go with us to Italy. That is what we have planned, dear friend—dear sister. Does it please you?"

I was more than half prepared for some such proposal. I did not attempt to combat it then, and my murmured answer, unintelligible as it was, satisfied him. He went on gayly—

"Do you remember how we used to talk of Rome, and Venice, and Naples, and long to see them—to visit them together, Bertha? Who would have thought our dreams so near realization? Ah!" he continued, with a deep sigh of content, "the world is a better world than I thought it, and life has a great deal of happiness—more than I ever dreamed!"

He paused for a moment. Mary's little hand stole into his.

"I am very happy, too," whispered she; "but not *quite* content—till Bertha is well."

"But Bertha will be well—shall be, *must* be," he cried, in a tone almost of defiance. "My darling's heaven must be cloudless. There shall not be a speck upon it."

"Hush—hush, dear!" she said, timidly; "don't talk so—it is not right. And besides,

Bertha is weak, remember." She was always so thoughtful over me! I felt that, and was grateful, even then.

"Dear Bertha," he said, in compunction, "you know my old sins of feverish thoughtlessness. Do I tire you? Shall I go away?"

"No; I am stronger—stronger than I was. Stay."

The words came forth very faintly and gaspingly, though I tried hard to steady them. He was silent for awhile.

"Doctor Ledby says you will recover fast now," he presently said, as if reassuring himself; "and Naples is the place, of all others, for you to winter in. Think of Naples, and Vesuvius, Bertha! Think of the Bay, at which your beloved F—— Bay will have to hide its diminished head for evermore. You will never dare sing its praises again—obstinate patriot though you are."

"And at Naples," added Mary, "we shall meet my brother."

"Ay—there's the grand crisis of delight in *her* mind," cried he, in assumed peevishness; "it's always that brother Arthur, to whom I take exception from the beginning—I know I shall hate him. You have no business to have a brother—nor any thing—but *me*."

Mary laughed merrily. She never noticed the shade of earnestness which I could trace through all his jesting.

"Ah, Bertha," she said, "you will like Arthur, I know. You are not unreasonable and prejudiced. And he is so good—so clever, too, and—"

"Oh, you inscrutable little schemer!" interrupted Geoffrey; "do you always make a rule of showing your plans beforehand? This dangerously artful person—this terribly manœuvring match-maker—don't you see, Bertha—can't you guess? Ah, you won't answer; but I wish it was light enough to see you smile."

"Be quiet, Geoffrey," urged Mary.

"Oh, I promise you infinite amusement in this young lady's budding diplomatic talents," he persisted. "As for me, I know the programme of her plot by heart—as I ought, having heard it so often. She is quite a female Macchiavelli. I only wish I were going out on a mission: what an invaluable secretary she would be to my ambassadorship!"

"I will give you a mission," said she, laughingly—"go and get Bertha some grapes. Her hands are quite hot, and I know your talking is too much for her. Go away, and ask Mrs. Warburton for a bunch."

She pushed him playfully toward the door, through which at length he departed, grumbling, and appealing to me against her tyranny.

I did not see him again that night. Before he returned with the grapes, I had gained my own room, where I was glad to be quiet and at rest.

After that day, I noticed that a certain shade of pensiveness appeared to hang over both the lovers, as the time of their first separation drew

nigh. Geoffrey grew thoughtful often, while watching Mary as she worked, or read, or lay on an ottoman by my sofa, one of her fair arms thrown around me, as she loved to remain, her head half raised, and her loving face peering forth from the midst of her curls. So we were sitting, the very evening before Geoffrey's departure, and I remember how he looked at her, as he stepped into the room from the garden, where he had been pacing the terrace with quick, firm strides for more than an hour. He stopped for a moment on the threshold, gazing on her with eyes whose deep, wild love it seemed to me must have thrilled her—all unconscious as she sat. Then, as I furtively watched his face from under my trembling hand, I saw a changed expression come upon it—an expression of keen, vivid anguish. I had never seen such a look on *his* face before, and it appalled me—smote me out of my forced, stony self-possession. I started up, with a suppressed cry.

"Geoffrey—Geoffrey! what ails you!"

He glanced rebukingly at me, as Mary rose hastily to her feet, and looked alternately at me and at her lover, her whole frame shaking with alarm.

"Bertha, have you wakened out of a bad dream?" he said, while he drew her to his side, and soothed away her fright, "that you horrify this poor child thus?"

I sank back again on my cushions, and closed my eyes.

The poor frightened child hung sobbing on his breast. For a few minutes they did not heed me, and I had time to restore myself to my habitual composure before Mary, breaking from his arms, came to me again.

"Darling Bertha, you terrified me so! Tell me, of what were you dreaming?—that some harm had come to Geoffrey?"

"I hope so, fervently," he broke in, with his old vivacious manner. "I have great faith in the proverb about dreams being fulfilled contrariwise. There could not be a better omen for my approaching journey than that you or Bertha should dream I had broken my neck."

Mary shuddered.

"Oh, don't talk so!" she murmured; "and don't wish us to have such dreams. Think, when you are gone, how dreadful—"

Her voice died utterly away, and she buried her face in my bosom. Again Geoffrey looked on her with that same look which I had scarce strength to endure. Then he turned away, and strode to the window. There he remained, looking out on the wintry, stormy world of sea, and cliff, and snow-covered moor—until Mary rose from beside me, and trying to laugh at her own foolishness, ran from the room to hide her freshly gathering tears.

Geoffrey approached me hastily, even as the door closed upon her. He seized my hand with almost fierce earnestness, and looked down upon me, his face quite wild with agitation.

"Bertha, Bertha! I always feared this happen-

ness could not last. I believe each human soul has its portion allotted from the beginning of its existence—and I—I have drank mine to the dregs already."

I suppose the expression of my face struck him then, for he stopped suddenly, then resumed—

"I am a thoughtless brute, I feel, in talking to you thus—poor, weak, and ill as you are. But, Heaven help me! I feel such a yearning to give vent to this dismal feeling—this sense of foreboding that has come upon me! And Mary—it would kill her if she guessed! I must needs practice hypocrisy with *her*."

"But you must not with me," I said, rising with a sudden effort. "Tell me all that is troubling you. It will do you good to talk unrestrainedly. And you need not fear for me; I am quite strong, and very calm. Now, speak!"

"Blessings on you, my Bertha—my sister!" he said, with a grateful tenderness that for a moment overcast my boasted calmness. "Ever since I knew you, you have always been the refuge for my cares—my fits of depression; and you have always done me good. What should I do without you, Bertha?"

"Go on," I said; "tell me what you have to tell, for we may be interrupted. Mary will return."

At the name, his face again grew darkened with a strange gloom.

"How shall I tell you?" he said, hoarsely; "you will not laugh at my weakness—you will understand and pity it. Bertha, do you believe in presentiments?"

He looked fixedly at me, but without waiting my reply, proceeded in a lower, yet more distinct tone—

"For two days I have been conscious of a strange burden on my mind—a mysterious pre-sense of some ill to come, I don't know of what nature. Whether any ill is pending to me, or—No! not to Mary—not to *her*—but—"

He paused abruptly, and sat as if thinking for awhile. I tried to speak; I could not—I could only remain still, looking at him.

"Did I ever tell you," he suddenly resumed, "about my poor friend Sinclair? He was about to be married, and a week before, he caught a fever, and died on the very day fixed for his wedding."

Still I said nothing. But the glance he gave me taught me something of the look that my own face wore.

"Don't, Bertha—don't think too much of these foolish fancies. I am worse than foolish to infect you with my dismal ideas. Come, let us talk; you will do me good, and make me all right again. Let us be cheerful!"

Looking back upon it now, I can hardly tell how I restrained the agony in my own heart to minister unto him. But I did so. In the gathering twilight we sat, until I had soothed him into a comparative serenity. It was strange, how his reason yet fought against

his sensations. When I urged him to delay his journey for a time, he laughed, and, with something of his old pleasant banter, deprecated such a weakness, and derided himself for yielding to it as much as he had done. And his was always such a mercurial nature, that I felt no surprise at seeing him suddenly shake off all his gloom, and when Mary joined us, become even more than ordinarily vivacious. When the rest of the family joined us, he and my father began arguing in their usual style of quaint warring of wits. Mary sat silent, her fingers busily engaged with some light work; my step-mother, equally speechless, at her unfailing wools; and I—I could lie quite unthought of and unobserved on my sofa in the dark corner, out of the glare of the firelight and the lamp.

Oh, miserable—miserable evening! It was surely not unnatural that I, spite of what seemed my better reason, should be deeply impressed by what Geoffrey had told me. I had carefully avoided letting him see how much I was affected by it; but I could not conceal from myself the feeling of undefined terror and yearning anguish with which I watched him that last evening. I shivered as I gazed on his laughing face, and marveled and doubted within myself whether his mirth were real or assumed. Well as I knew him, in the confusion and pain I had to battle against in my own mind I could not satisfy myself with respect to what was passing in his.

Mary was to stay with me that night, and Geoffrey was to depart early the next morning. When we prepared to separate for the night, he bade adieu to my father and Mrs. Warburton, then he came to me. No one could see his face but I, as he advanced to my sofa. I turned hastily aside, saying I should see him in the morning before he went. I could not bear it—to lie quiet there, bidding him a formal farewell, while my poor faint heart yearned over him in his trouble—his trouble, that I only knew to exist. *

And so we dispersed to our several rooms. Directly we were in ours, poor Mary gave vent to the sadness she had been feebly striving to suppress the whole evening. I think I was more selfish than usual that night; I felt more of my old, wicked self stirring within me, than I had for many weeks. As I looked on her lying on the bed, as she had thrown herself in a childlike abandonment, her head buried in her outstretched arms, and her sobs sounding wildly and frequently, I clenched my hands, and bit my lips hard.

"You think you know what grief is," I muttered within myself. "You believe you suffer! You! Can children love, or feel as we do—we, whom God has created women, but planted in our natures all the desperate earnestness of man, together with that unchanging, patient constancy, the fatal and exclusive birthright of every true woman since the world began?"

These thoughts were stirring within me as

Mary raised her head, and looked on me with an expression of appealing helplessness.

"Dear Bertha!" she faltered, extending her arms to me—"come to me—take me to your bosom: I am so wretched!" And again her tears burst forth.

"Thank God—bless God, all ye who suffer not More grief than ye can weep for!"

These words passed my lips, coldly and bitterly, almost before I was aware. She turned her sad face reproachfully upon me, with a vague sense of my meaning.

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know!" she said, slowly, and with an effort to subdue her own emotion. "It is childish, I feel, to be miserable because he is going from me for awhile. But ah, Bertha!—though the cause may be foolish, sorrow is sorrow, and you should pity me, for I have never known it till now."

I had need to be more than humanly cold and stony to resist her supplicating voice. My heart melted within me, and I clasped her in my arms where she lay, troubled and restless, through the night—only sinking into slumber a little time before the late dawn appeared.

Then we both arose, and descended into the room where Geoffrey's breakfast awaited him. She seated herself at the table, busying herself with the cups, striving very hard to maintain a cheerful look. So fresh, and young, and girlish she appeared, in the cold light of the January morning—trying to smile upon Geoffrey when he came in, and, seeing only her, seated himself beside her.

I was content to be disregarded. It was gladness enough for me to see on his countenance no trace of the fitful agitation of the day before; in his manner neither the heavy gloom, nor the wild vivacity that had then disquieted me so much. He looked quiet, composed, more serious than usual—and, ah! so tenderly loving to the little clinging creature at his side!

We heard gradually drawing near, the tramp of his horse which was coming to take him to meet the coach. Then he rose, and Mary, too.

He had embraced her—had turned away—was leaving the room—when I, in a kind of reckless impulse, tottered forward from my quiet corner, silently holding forth my hand.

"Bertha! is it you?" he exclaimed, astonished—moved even, I thought—and he sprang back to me, and carefully led me again to my seat. "Dear Bertha! And I was going away without seeing you."

"Never mind," I whispered; "only tell me—are you more content?"

"I am quite content," he answered, assuredly. "I only think happily of the time when I shall return."

He was interrupted by Mary, who, seeing him still linger in the room, stole to his side again. He caught her in his embrace, bending over her with love—unutterable—unlimited dilating in his eyes. And then he placed her in my arms, and said:

"I leave my darling in your charge, Bertha! Keep her safely for me till I come. Always love her dearly—(ah! you could not do else!)—be gentle—be tender with her!"

He leaned over me, and kissed my brow. It was the first kiss he ever gave me.

When I opened my eyes, and knew myself again, Mary was lying, pale and still, where he had placed her, and I heard the sound of a horse's gallop dying away in the distance.

The days passed on. Mary was very much with me. She soon recovered, or almost recovered her usual serenity—that true contentment we so seldom see out of childhood. Geoffrey's letters were great aids to this re-establishment of her cheerfulness. The first she received from him; what a delight it was to her! She came running to me, holding it fast to her bosom the while, and began to read it in a transport of eager joyfulness. It was such a new pleasure to her; I believe it well-nigh compensated for the grief of separation. A week before, I should have thought so with some bitterness toward her light, girlish nature. But now my feeling toward her was changed. Geoffrey himself could not have been more tender, more gentle than I was in thought and word, and deed, toward her whom he had so solemnly confided to my care. The echo of his words ever rang in my memory. *Always love her dearly, and be tender with her.*

The days when his letters came were always brighter days to me. I hardly knew the burden of anxiety that constantly rested on my mind, till it was partially relieved by the sight of his familiar hand-writing—the large closely-written pages—exact transcripts, too, his letters ever were of himself—that Mary regularly received. She used to read them to me—part of them, at least—crouching beside my sofa—her face flushed with gladness, her voice becoming broken ever and anon, and dying away into whispers; then bursting forth again in a blithe laugh at some piece of Geoffrey's gayety. Well, I remember them—those clear, cold, winter mornings, when the world looked so dreary without, and the wind wailed, piercing even through the silver joyousness of Mary's laughter.

I had always intended to leave Cliffe before the marriage. I had even arranged my plans so that I could leave without suspicion, and without giving them time to remonstrate. But ever since the night before Geoffrey's departure, the plan—the very idea even, had floated from my mind. All my own pains were merged into the one dim, undefined anxiety I felt for him. All my own sickening wishes to be away—to be alone—yielded now to the passionate yearning I had for his safe return. Day by day the uneasy longing grew more intense; till, to have seen him back again, married to Mary, and happy, I would—ah, it is nothing to say I would have died—I would have lived, and looked forward to living long, long years—tranquil, and at peace!

At length a letter came, announcing the day he proposed to leave London. Three days after that day he would arrive at Cliffe. The marriage would then be arranged, and would certainly follow speedily. Mary's mother, half tears and half smiles at her darling's approaching bridal, had already been busy preparing for it. The wedding-dress had come from London, and the veil, and the orange-flowers. All would be in readiness by the time Geoffrey returned.

And the day fixed for that drew nigh. It came. It had snowed incessantly for three days previously; but that morning shone cloudless, and the sunshine was awaking the red-breasts into joyous warblings, as Mary triumphantly remarked to me, when she drew aside my window-curtains, and urged me to hasten my toilet and come down-stairs.

"Every thing unites to give him welcome back," she said. "Look at the sea, how blue and sparkling it is! We have not seen such a sea for weeks, have we? And even the flowers! I have been into the green-house, and gathered an exquisite bouquet. The obstinate little tea-rose, that has refused to blossom for so long, has positively designed to uncloset a bud this very morning for Geoffrey."

She went on, half-singing to herself, as she arranged two or three geraniums and a spray of myrtle together. When they were fixed to her satisfaction, she came and fastened them in my dress.

"For," she observed, laughing, "we will all look festal—even you, dear, with your plain, high frock, and Quakerish little collar, will condescend to ornament *to-day*. You tremble!" she cried, suddenly. "You are not well, Bertha. What ails you?"

I could not tell her. I did not know myself. I said I was cold. And she hurried me down-stairs to the warm drawing-room—remarking, at the same time, that my face was glowing, and that my hands felt dry and feverish.

"Mamma is coming this morning," she went on, as soon as we were established at the fireside; "and, do you know, Bertha, I am to try on my wedding-dress. Mamma is to dress me, to see if it is all right. And there is a dress for you, which I have chosen. And you will wear it, won't you, darling? although it isn't made quite in that peculiar, half-puritanical fashion of yours, which I have learned quite to love, because it is peculiar to you."

She caressed me fondly. I tried hard to shake off the unaccountable oppression that I labored under. In vain. The while she flitted about the room, laughing, and talking, and caroling snatches of merry songs, I remained mute, as though perforce, with the mysterious, terrible burden weighing heavy on my heart.

Then Mrs. Lester came; and my step-mother and she talked long together, while Mary was appealed to by one or the other, every now and then. Once or twice they spoke to me, and I essayed to answer; but the words came thick and stifled; and, moreover, I failed to catch

the sense of what I said, though I heard distinctly.

"Miss Warburton does not seem quite so well this morning," observed Mrs. Lester, with concern.

"She is sleepy," said Mary, as she hovered about me, and tried to find some little office, in which to busy herself for me. "Let her keep quiet till—" She kissed my closed eyes, and whispered the rest of her sentence.

"Bertha is no authority in matters of this kind," my step-mother placidly remarked. "I never knew a girl who thought so little about dress. Really, it almost becomes a fault, such extreme negligence. But, as we were saying—whether a *rouche* or an edge of blonde will look best," &c., &c.

Presently the door opened, and a servant announced the arrival of Mrs. Lester's maid, with the dresses.

"It's a pity Miss Warburton should have fallen asleep," said Mrs. Lester. "However—"

"Oh, she mustn't be disturbed," cried Mary. "Let her sleep quietly. And," she added, in a lower tone, "I will go and put on my dress, and come in and astonish her when she wakes."

The two elder ladies laughed, assented, and withdrew; and Mary, after once more arranging my plaids and cushions, followed them from the room.

I raised myself when they were gone, and pressing my head with my two hands, I tried to analyze the strange, inscrutable feeling which overpowered me. But even while I sat thus, its nature changed. My heart began to throb, wildly, loudly, so that I could hear its passionate pulsations; and an imperious instinct seemed to turn me toward the door of the room, which opened into the entrance hall.

"Geoffrey is coming already," I said to myself. I repeated it aloud—all the while *feeling* that it was not so—that Geoffrey was *not* near. Yet, at that moment I distinguished a horse's gallop, growing louder, till it ceased at our gate. And then quick footsteps along the gravel path—and then the peal of the outer-door bell, sounding in the house.

"It is Geoffrey," I said again, resolutely. "I will go and call Mary."

I knew it to be false. The throbbing at my heart stopped suddenly. I was quite calm, quite prepared for what I saw, when, opening the door, I found a servant listening, with a horror-struck face, to the quick, agitated words of the man who had just dismounted from his horse, and whose disordered appearance told of a hasty journey.

"Who is that?" he whispered to the servant, when he saw me, stopping suddenly in his recital, with a kind of shrinking.

"It is Miss Bertha—Miss Warburton," replied the other.

"Not the young lady that—"

"Come in here," said I, steadily. "Tell me all you have to say, and do not alarm any one else in the house. Come in."

He entered, and I closed the door.

"What has happened to Mr. Latimer?"

"Do not be too much—there may be hope—the doctor says," he began, with a clumsy effort at preparation.

"Tell me in as few words as you can," I said; "and tell me the *whole truth*."

"Mr. Latimer arrived by the coach at P—last night late—or, rather, early this morning. He seemed anxious to get on here at once, and would not be advised against taking horse, and going the remaining thirty miles. The roads, they told him, were in some parts dangerous from the heavy snows; but he said he knew them well, and thought nothing of the risk. About seven miles this side P—the road runs close beside an old stone quarry. You may know it, Miss?"

"Go on—go on."

"The snow deceived him, we suppose, and he got out of the track. His horse fell with him. He was found there about two hours ago by some laborers. They took him into a little inn near. He was quite insensible; but the people knew who he was, and asked me—"

He was interrupted. The door opened, and there came in, with a buoyant step, a little figure, arrayed in rustling, glancing, dazzling white silk. The delicate lace veil fell cloudily over her head, shading the blushing cheeks—the laughing eyes. And Mary's blithe voice sounded clear and ringing:

"Enter—the bride!"

I had felt calm, as I have said. Heaven knows what she read in my face which struck the smile from her mouth, and sent her flying to my bosom with a terrible cry. There she hung, vainly trying to give speech to the dread that overcame her; while Mrs. Lester, who had followed her into the room, stood transfixed, gazing first at me, and then at the strange messenger.

"For mercy's sake, tell me what has happened!" cried the mother. At length, hurrying to her child—"Mary, my darling, look up—come to me!"

But she kept clinging to me, till I unwound her fragile hold, and laid her—poor, pale child, in her shining bridal robes, on the sofa near.

I do not well know what followed. When at length Mary understood what had happened, her senses gave way, and she fell from one fit into another continuously. It was vain to hope she would recover sufficiently to go to her lover. Geoffrey would not have the blessedness of dying in her arms. But I knew how, if he ever regained consciousness, he would yearn to see her; and I waited long, in an eternity, as it seemed, of torture, in the hope of bearing her with me.

In vain. I set forth alone, leaving her with a tribe of weeping women around her. I sprang on my horse, and in a moment was on my way across the moor.

In the midst of the chaos of my mind, I yet clearly remembered the last time I rode there

with Geoffrey a little while ago ; but oh ! what a chasm yawned between them and now ! I remembered, too, how stormy the day was then, and how sereno my own heart ! Now the sunshine seemed to float like a visible joy through the transparent air, and the low murmur of the sea sounded in the distance like a hymn of peace. The birds in a little grove that the road skirted were singing loudly—shrilly.

Merciful heaven ! how mockingly it all blended with the dead quick fall of my horse's hoofs, as I pressed him on toward Geoffrey and death !

I heard his voice before I entered the room where he lay. It sounded strange, yet fearfully familiar. His wild loud call was for Mary—always Mary ! The doctor, who came gravely and sadly to meet me, asked with anxiety if I were she ? And as I, not quite able to speak then, stood very quiet leaning against the wall, I heard the man who had returned with me answer in a low tone, "Bless you, no, sir ! That other poor young lady was struck like dead when she heard ; this one was as calm the whole time as could be. I don't think she is any thing at all to him."

"I am his old friend," said I, answering the questioning glance of the doctor, "and the daughter of his host, Mr. Warburton. Let me see him."

They did not hinder me, and I went in. . . . He thought I was Mary. When I drew near to him, he fixed his wild eyes on me, with a terrible likeness of look in them to what I had so often watched when he gazed on her. He clasped my hands in his scorching fingers, and pressed them with a kind of fierce fondness to his lips.

"Ah, my darling, my darling ! I knew you would come," he said, in a subdued tone ; "I have been waiting so long ; but now I am happy !"

"It seems to compose him, the sight of you," observed the doctor, after a pause of comparative quietude in his patient. "I suppose he mistakes you for some one else !"

Ah ! God be merciful to our weak human nature, how bitter that thought was even then !

I remained still, my hands pressed in his hot clasp, till he sank into an uneasy slumber. I could better bear to look at him then, when his eyes—the bright, frank eyes, now all glazed, and dry, and fiery—were closed. And I looked at him. From amid the wreck before me of tangled hair, and haggard cheeks, and lips parched and blood-stained, I gathered up and treasured in my soul the likeness of his olden self, that was ever to remain with me till I should see him restored to it again—in heaven.

. . . . By and by the doctor came in ; then after looking at him, turned to me with mouth close set. "Would you wish other advice sent for ?" he whispered.

I shook my head, saying, what I then first remembered, that my father and Dr. Ledby were to have followed me.

"Nothing more can be done, I apprehend," he muttered again. He was a man eminent in the district, and having, indeed, a fearful experience of similar cases among the miners and stone-cutters.

"How long—?"

"He can not possibly exist many hours," he said, adding some professional remarks which I but imperfectly comprehended ; "about—perhaps toward night."

He paused considerately, imagining, perhaps, that there might be some feeling hidden underneath the blank calm he doubtless thought so strange. Then he silently took his leave.

I remained alone with Geoffrey. Occasionally the woman of the house came in with offers of service ; but she never staid long, and her intrusions grew less frequent as the day advanced. My father and Dr. Ledby did not appear. I do not know why—I never knew.

I did not think of their absence. My whole world of thought, of feeling, was bounded by the rude walls of that little room. There I sat and watched his fitful sleep, or listened to the terrible ravings of his troubled waking. He would slumber for a few minutes, and then awake, each time to a new form of delirium. Sometimes he pushed me from him, shrieking out that the sight of me was a torture to him, and bidding me leave him—leave him ! Again he fancied I was Mary, and spoke tenderly, in low murmurs, telling how dear I was, how fondly he loved me, clasping my hands, and looking up into my eyes, till I too had well nigh shrieked out in my agony and despair.

And so passed the day.

The day ! his last of earth—my last of him ! And the noon sun faded quietly away, the red sunset glowed into the little room, and the dull twilight came on.

He had fallen into a sleep—deeper and more protracted than any former one—leaning his head upon my arm as I crouched down at his bedside. And while he slept the twilight deepened into night, and through an opening in the window-curtain I could see stars shining.

The firelight flickered on the wall, and played upon my face, as I could feel. And when I turned my eyes from the stars, by the coal-flame I saw that Geoffrey was awake, and looking on me with a changed look—with his own look. And he uttered my name in a low, faint voice, trying the while to lift his head.

I raised it silently, and we looked at one another. The doctor had foretold this change. I knew what it portended. It was not *that*, though, but it was the familiar sound of his voice calling on my name in the old, old tone, that smote upon me, moistening my burning eyes with a great gush of tears. Perceiving them, he smiled up at me with a quiet smile, that made his face look divine for the moment. But it passed quickly.

"Mary—where is Mary ?" he asked, uneasily. "Why is she not here ?"

I told him. A look of intense anguish came over his features, and then again they took an expression of ineffable tenderness, while he murmured, as to himself—

"Poor child! poor innocent darling! God comfort her!"

He closed his eyes, and said no more. I watched him, and was silent—my tears all spent. Presently he turned toward me, and, with a gesture, caused me to kneel down close beside him, so that I could hear his faintest utterance.

"It is hard," he faltered, "not to see her once more. But you, dear Bertha, my true sister! you will stay with me to the end. You do not fear."

"No—ah no! Yet—O Geoffrey, Geoffrey!"

The strong agony—the wild love—would not be repressed. It all burst forth in that long wailing cry which he heard, but did not understand. O woe! woe! love, that must be thrust back, trampled down, hidden out of sight, even in such an hour as this!

"Kind Bertha! dear, loving friend!" he kept saying, feebly stroking my head as it lay crushed down between my hands. Then there was a silence till again he spoke.

"Bertha! you will take care of Mary? You will never forsake the child! Look up, and promise me."

I tried to speak. But my strength failed me when I met his eyes, and again the cry escaped my lips:

"Oh, Geoffrey!—My Geoffrey! Let me die!"

He scarce heeded; only looking steadfastly at me he repeated, in a troubled tone, "Promise me!"

I lifted my eyes once more to his face, where the indescribable change was growing fast—fast. And the sight froze me into quietness again.

I promised—and the anxious look faded away into a beautiful calm.

"You will love her. You will watch over her happiness. You will never leave her, Bertha!"

"Never—till I die!"

"Good, dear sister!" he murmured. "Tell her, tell her," he went on, his voice gradually weakening—"tell her I bless her; tell her—"

He moved restlessly on his pillow. I gently raised his head and rested it on my shoulder. He lay there quite content, and once again smiled up in my face, pressing my hand, which he still held. Then his lips moved in prayer. I could distinguish my own name and *hers* repeated many times, while the brightness of that last smile yet lingered on his face.

Then his hold of my hand was loosened, and the lips stirred no longer.

I knew that my arms held only Geoffrey's corse.

And he knew *then* I loved him!

A long time has passed since that night.

I have kept my promise. Mary and I have never been long separated. I was with her through all the time of deep, desperate woe that followed upon Geoffrey's death. I was her nurse, her helper, her comforter—even *I*! I prayed with her, and for her, as I had learned to pray only since I had seen *him* die. And from that time until now I have been her constant friend, her tender, watchful sister—as he would have wished. And as I felt myself gradually drawing nearer to the rest I so long prayed for, my only care was the thought of leaving her before my work was done and I no longer needed.

That trouble is removed. Mary's grief, so terrible at first, so wild and so despairing, has yielded to the influence of changed scene and lapse of time. Renewed health brought fresh feelings—new hopes. She was so young—life was as yet almost an unread page to her. Gradually the one sad memory assumed a new shape in her mind, till at last it became as it will be, I believe, ever more, a kind of sacred, solemn presence, too sacred and too solemn to be mixed up with the common daily existence, but shedding its influence continually around her purer, inner life.

And I was scarcely surprised, for I had long watched the progress of this change in the girl's soul, and been happy at it, when Mrs. Lester told me, but a few weeks since that she thought, she hoped, Mary being worthily wooed, might again be won.

And it was so. It seemed strange at first—as she herself must have felt—so much she blushed and trembled when she next saw me.

But I am of a humbler spirit than I was. I do not dare to judge a nature made by God. I have learned too bitterly my own weakness—my own wickedness—to feel otherwise than indulgent to the imperfections of others, though they take a different shape to mine.

So I struggled against the rebellious feeling that for a little while made me turn from Mary—thinking of the love for her which had shone out of Geoffrey's dying eyes. I re-assured the timid, clinging little creature, whose whole life was wound up in the grand necessity of loving and being loved—and I folded her to my breast, saying:

"Be happy, my innocent child!" while to myself I said in a solemn contentment, "My duty is fulfilled; there is no further need of me, and I may go."

And I pray forgiveness for the selfish thought that sometimes stirs unbidden in my mind, as I lie quietly apart, while Mary and her lover are talking low together—the thought that, in the home to which I draw nigh, when we shall all meet, we who have loved one another upon earth, Mary will be surrounded by her husband and her children, but I—I, with outstretched arms, may greet my Geoffrey, crying—

"I alone have loved thee always!"

LIGHTEN THE BOAT.

SHAKE hands, pledge hearts, bid fond adieus,
Speak with your brimming eyes ;
To-morrow—and the dark deep sea
Will echo with your sighs.
To-morrow and yon stately ship
Will bear to other lands
The kindred whom ye love so well :
Breathe hopes, pledge hearts, shake hands !
The Fairy Queen stands out to sea,
Each stitch of canvas spread,
Breasting the pearly laughing waves
With high and gallant head.
Her freight consists of human souls ;
Her destiny, a land
Where scarce a human foot has trod
Upon the forest strand.
Five hundred souls she bears away,
To find a distant home
Where toil will give them daily bread,
And not a living tomb.
The ship speeds on ; her sanguine freight,
A motley little world,
Revelling in the thousand scenes
By future hopes unfurled.
She creeps along 'mid cloudless calms,
Or dashes through the blast,
Till cheerless days and nights and weeks,
And weary months are passed.
At length the Captain shouts, " Stand by ! "
The boatswain sounds his call ;
" Trice up the yards and clear the decks
Secure against the squall."
Shipwreck and death ! The doom is sealed,
A bolt has riven the mast ;
" We will not die—we must be saved,
The ship shall brave the blast ! "
Pallor is on the strong man's cheek,
Woe in the mother's heart,
For round her throb those kindred ties
No power but death shall part.
A rending peal, a shuddering crash,
A wail of agony ;
The shattered bark, with many a soul,
Sinks headlong in the sea.
Morning breaks o'er the world of waves,
But finds no Fairy Queen.
One single, tiny boat is all
To tell that she has been.
A crowded remnant of the wreck
With naked life escape,
No land for twenty souls—all sea,
Relentless, vast, agape.
Lighten the boat ! or every soul
Will perish suddenly ;
Inquiring eyes and throbbing hearts
Ask all, " Will it be I ? "
A boy sits silent in the bows,
Bereft of earthly tie ;
He must be told : " Say, friendless boy,
Are you afraid to die ? "

" Why should I die ? My father's dead,
Mother and sister too ;
O ! let me not be drowned alone,
But live or die with you."

He pleads in vain. " A moment then,
A moment longer spare ! "
With fervent heart and lifted eyes,
He breathes his simple prayer.
Awe, deep and silent, struck each heart
As on that trembling tongue,
" Father in Heaven thy will be done ! "
In trustful accents hung.

He lightly steps upon the prow,
And, gathering up his strength,
Unblenched scans his yawning grave,
To feel its depth and length.

Who seals the doom ? No hand is raised,
None hear the spirit knell ;
A sudden plunge, a thrilling cry
Breaks in upon the spell.

They search the boat, they search the sea ;
The noble boy is gone,
Gone, let us hope, where angels are,
Self-martyred and alone.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

" MABEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly,
And speaking with solemn emphasis :—
" you are lowered forever in my eyes ! When
Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of
this. Go ! " she added, with a gesture as if the
sight of me were intolerable : " I shall never
have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through
the side-door, which always stood open in hot
weather ; but my cousins were at play on the
lawn ; so I flew on in the bitterness of my
wounded spirit, until I found the shade and
quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree,
which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under
its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and
" feel " of that summer afternoon. The heat
was intense ; even the ground on which I lay
seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath
my humble head. I knew there was not a grateful
cloud in the radiant sky above me ; I felt
there was not a breath of wind stirring, not
enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the
orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry
stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could
bear. If I could have hidden myself from the
sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my
own consciousness, I would have gladly done
so. I will not believe the world held at that
moment a more wretched being than I was—
that any grown-up man or woman, with developed
faculties, ever suffered more keenly from
the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no
victim of injustice or misconstruction ; the
words with which I had been driven from the
house were justified by what I had done. I
was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully
and kindly educated, none knew better than I

the differences between right and wrong ; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression : I had been convicted of a falsehood ; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all ; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do ! what will become of me !" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again !"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy ; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance ; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in every body's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible ; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar ! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me ; I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger ? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself ; who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate ? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before ? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know ; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass ; for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh ! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of bitter tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past ; I should never have another. "Never, never !" I cried, wringing my hands ; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now !"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision, as I might have been, as I could never now be-

come. No ; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday : I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees ; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah ! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart toward me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined !

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained ? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I can not color too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced : it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing : "I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable !"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on toward the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered ; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lustihood of a dozen summers, knoweth aught of tenderness or consideration ? "There you are, miss," he said, savagely, "and a pretty hunt I've had ! You're to come in to tea ; and another time don't give better people the trouble of fetching you : they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come ?" I cried.

"Hours ago ; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know ; and don't 'Bob' me, please, Miss Mabel ; I don't like it !"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way ! One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet ; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her ; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor ; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress ; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him ; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come among us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in!"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up-stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were

hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and huddled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good-morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh; and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar"—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—"loses her character once and forever." No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character?"

Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel—”

“Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison,” interposed my aunt; “but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don’t try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done.”

“I, too,” said my guardian fervently, “would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject.”

My aunt colored. “Pardon me,” she said stiffly; “I think we can not understand each other.”

“Perhaps,” said my guardian, “I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel’s conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?”

I looked anxiously toward my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

“It is painful to say it,” she replied at length; “but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before.”

“And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?”

“I think,” answered my aunt, “that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened.”

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

“Suppose a case, madam,” he said presently, and in a constrained tone—“where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfilment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has low-

ered them forever, never presume to hold themselves erect again!”

“My dear Mr. Ellison,” said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—“I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one.”

“My dear friend,” returned my guardian gently, “far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don’t think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!”

“No doubt,” said my aunt, “it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard.”

“I am not speaking,” returned my guardian, “of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence,” he continued with a smile: “an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God’s most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter’s case. But we know that story. My dear madam”—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly toward my aunt—“I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ’s charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery.”—My aunt was silent, but I could see that she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with passionate aspiration to recover, with God’s help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer!—“If I speak warmly on this subject,” continued my

guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out toward his fellow-men—I know he can not do so toward God—reparation for his offense. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily toward me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for aught I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove, so far as in him lay, to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no seccrecies from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas, she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shown sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman, when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsaid it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house; where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there, too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of this mistress.

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience

of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for, apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'

"'No,' said Clement, after painful deliberation; 'the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.'

"'You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness.'

"'I may,' said Clement; 'but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.'

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shown before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison, abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed, eagerly, "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. "You shall hear, he resumed, presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honor and self-respect I have lost,' he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that

sweet friendship was buried along with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian, hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had; but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room, and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband: it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"Very little further, Paul," said Eleanor, gravely. "I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honorably too late—I love you now."

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him, with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas!—has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then his wife; but he kept his secret: no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties

—he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not," said Mr. Ellison, "give you an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse can not mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a wretched man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonized retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, woe was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed canceled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'the thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plow, labor for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth

ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel!"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and dispatched me on some message as of old: I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

BLEAK HOUSE.*
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LX.—PERSPECTIVE.

I PROCEEDED to other passages of my narrative. The goodness of all about me. I derived such sympathy and consolation as I can never think of with dry eyes. I have already said so much of myself, and so much still remains, that I will not dwell upon my sorrows. I had an illness, but it was not a long one, and I would avoid even this mention of it if I could quite keep down the recollection of their tenderness and love.

I proceed to other passages of my narrative.

* Concluded from the September Number.

During the time of my illness we were still in London, where Mrs. Woodcourt had come, on my Guardian's invitation, to stay with us. When my Guardian thought me well and cheerful enough to talk with him in our old way—though I could have done that, sooner, if he would have believed me—I resumed my work and my chair beside his. He had appointed the time himself, and we were alone.

"Dame Trot," said he, receiving me with a kiss, "welcome to the Growlery again, my dear. I have a scheme to develop, little woman. I propose to remain here, perhaps for six months, perhaps for a longer time—as it may be—quite to settle here for a while, in short."

"And in the mean while leave Bleak House?" said I.

"Ay, my dear! Bleak House," he returned, "must learn to take care of itself."

I thought his tone sounded sorrowful, but looking at him I saw his kind face lighted up by its pleasantest smile.

"Bleak House," he repeated, and his tone did not sound sorrowful I found, "must learn to take care of itself. It is a long way from Ada, my dear, and Ada stands much in need of you."

"It is like you, Guardian," said I, "to have been taking that into consideration, for a happy surprise to both of us."

"Not so disinterested either, my dear, if you mean to extol me for that virtue, since, if you were generally on the road, you could be seldom with me. And besides; I wish to hear as much and as often of Ada as I can, in this condition of estrangement from poor Rick. Not of her, but of him too, poor fellow."

"Have you seen Mr. Woodcourt this morning, Guardian?"

"I see Mr. Woodcourt every morning, Dame Durden."

"Does he still say the same of Richard?"

"Just the same. He knows of no direct bodily illness that he has; on the contrary, he believes that he has none. Yet he is not easy about him; who can be?"

My dear girl had been to see us lately, every day; sometimes twice in a day. But we had foreseen all along that this would only last until I was quite myself. We knew full well that her fervent heart was as full of affection and gratitude toward her cousin John as it had ever been, and we acquitted Richard of laying any injunctions upon her to stay away; but we knew on the other hand that she felt it a part of her duty to him to be sparing of her visits at our house. My Guardian's delicacy had soon perceived this, and had tried to convey to her that he thought she was right.

"Dear, unfortunate, mistaken Richard," said I. "When will he wake from his delusion?"

"He is not in the way to do so now, dear," replied my Guardian. "The more he suffers, the more averse he will be to me, by having made me the previous representative of the great occasion of his suffering."

I could not help adding, "So unreasonably!"

"Ah, Dame Trot, Dame Trot!" returned my Guardian, shaking his head, "shall we find reasonable in Jarndye and Jarndye! Unreason and injustice at the top, unreason and injustice at the heart and at the bottom; unreason and injustice from beginning to end, if it ever has an end; how should poor Rick, always hovering near it, pluck reason out of it? He no more gathers grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, than older men did, in old times."

His gentleness and consideration for Richard, whenever we spoke of him, touched me so, that I was always silent on this subject very soon.

"I suppose the Lord Chancellor and Vice-Chancellors, and the whole Chancery battery of great guns, would be infinitely astonished by such unreasonableness and injustice in one of their visitors," pursued my Guardian. "When those learned gentlemen begin to raise moss roses from the powder they sow in their wigs, I shall begin to be astonished too!"

He checked himself in glancing toward the window to look where the wind was, and leaned on the back of my chair instead.

"Well, well, little woman! To go on, my dear. This rock we must leave to time, chance, and hopeful circumstance. We must not shipwreck Ada upon it. She can not afford, and he can not afford, the remotest chance of another separation from a friend. Therefore, I have particularly begged of Woodcourt, and I now particularly beg of you, my dear, not to move this subject with him. Let it rest. Next week, next month, next year, sooner or later, he will see me with clearer eyes; I can wait."

But I had already discussed it with him, I confessed; and so I thought had Mr. Woodcourt.

"So he tells me," returned my Guardian. "Very good. He has made his protest, and Dame Durden has made hers, and there is nothing more to be said about it. Now, I come to Mrs. Woodcourt. How do you like her, my dear?"

In answer to this question, which was oddly abrupt, I said I liked her very much, and thought she was more agreeable than she used to be.

"I think so too," said my Guardian. "Less pedigree? Not so much of Morgan-ap—what's his name?"

That was what I meant, I acknowledged, though he was a very harmless person, even when we had had more of him.

"Still, upon the whole, he is as well in his native mountains," said my Guardian, laughing. "I agree with you. Then, little woman, can I do better for a time than retain Mrs. Woodcourt here?"

No. And yet—

My Guardian looked at me, waiting for what I had to say.

I had nothing to say. At least I had nothing in my mind that I could say. I had an undefined impression then that it might have been better if he had had some other inmate, but I could hardly have explained why even to my-

self. Or, if to myself, certainly not to any body else."

"You see," said my Guardian, "our neighborhood is in Woodcourt's way, and he can come here to see her as often as he likes, which is agreeable to them both; and she is familiar to us, and fond of you."

Yes. That was all undeniable. I had nothing to say against it. I could not have suggested a better arrangement; but I was not quite easy in my mind. "Esther, Esther, why not? Esther, think!"

"It is a very good plan indeed, dear Guardian, and we could not do better."

"Sure, little woman?"

"Quite sure. I had had a moment's time to think, since I had urged that duty on myself, and I was quite sure."

"Good," said my Guardian. "It shall be done. Carried unanimously."

"Carried unanimously," I repeated, going on with my work.

It was a cover for his book-table that I happened to be ornamenting. It had been laid by on the night preceding my sad journey, and never resumed since. I showed it to him now, and he admired it highly. After I had explained the pattern to him, and all the great effects that were to come out by-and-by, I thought I would go back to our last theme.

"You said, dear Guardian, when we spoke of Mr. Woodcourt before Ada left us, that you thought he would give a long trial to another country. Have you been advising him since?"

"Yes, little woman; pretty often."

"Has he decided to do so?"

"I rather think not."

"Some other prospect has opened to him, perhaps?" said I.

"Why—yes—perhaps," returned my Guardian, beginning his answer in a very deliberate manner; "about half a year hence or so, there is a medical attendant for the poor to be appointed at a certain place in Yorkshire. It is a thriving place, pleasantly situated; streams and streets, town and country, mill and moor, and seems to present an opening for such a man. I mean, a man whose hopes and aims may sometimes lie (as most men's sometimes do, I dare say) above the ordinary level, but to whom the ordinary level will be high enough after all, if it should prove to be a way of usefulness and good service, leading to no other. All generous spirits are ambitious, I suppose; but the ambition that calmly trusts itself to such a road, instead of spasmodically trying to fly over it, is of the kind I care for. It is Woodcourt's kind, I am well assured."

"And will he get this appointment?" I asked.

"Why, little woman," returned my Guardian, smiling, "not being an oracle, I can not confidently say; but I think so. His reputation stands very high; there are people from that part of the country in the wreck, and, strange to say, I believe the best man has the best chance. You must not suppose it to be a fine endowment.

It is a very, very common-place affair, my dear; an appointment to a great amount of work, and a small amount of pay; but better things will gather about it, it may be fairly hoped."

"The poor of that place will have reason to bless the choice, if it falls on Mr. Woodcourt, Guardian."

"You are right, little woman; that I am sure they will."

We said no more about it, nor did he say a word about the future of Bleak House. But it was the first time I had taken my seat at his side in my mourning dress, and that accounted for it, I considered.

I now began to visit my dear girl every day in the dull dark corner where she lived. The morning was my usual time; but whenever I found I had an hour or so to spare, I put on my bonnet and bustled off to Chancery Lane. They were both so glad to see me at all hours, and used to brighten up so when they heard me opening the door and coming in (being quite at home, I never knocked), that I had no fear of becoming troublesome just yet.

On these occasions I frequently found Richard absent. At other times he would be writing, or reading papers in the corner, at that table of his, so covered with papers, which was never disturbed. Sometimes I would come upon him lingering at the door of Mr. Vholes's office. Sometimes I would meet him in the neighborhood, lounging about, and biting his nails. I often met him wandering in Lincoln's Inn, near the place where I had first seen him. O how different, O how different!

That the money Ada brought him was melting away with the candles I used to see burning after dark in Mr. Vholes's office, I knew very well. It was not a large amount in the beginning; he had married in debt; and I could not fail to understand by this time what was meant by Mr. Vholes's shoulder being at the wheel--as I still heard it was. My pet made the best of housekeepers, and tried hard to save; but I knew that they were getting poorer and poorer every day.

She shone in the miserable corner like a beautiful star. She adorned and graced it so, that it seemed another place. Paler than she had been at home, and a little quieter than I had thought natural when she was yet so cheerful and hopeful, and her face was so overshadowed, that I half-believed she was blinded by her love for Richard to his ruinous career.

I went one day to dine with them, while I was under this impression. As I turned into Symond's Inn, I met little Miss Flite coming out. She had been to make a stately call upon the wards in Jarndyce, as she still called them; and had derived the highest gratification from that ceremony. My pet had already told me that she called every Monday at five o'clock, with one little extra white bow in her bonnet, which never appeared there at any other time, and with her largest reticule of documents on her arm.

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce!" she begun. "So delighted! How do you do! Glad to see you. And you are going to visit our interesting Jarndyce wards? To be sure! Our beauty is at home, my dear, and will be charmed to see you."

"Then Richard is not come in yet?" said I. "I am glad of that, for I was afraid of being a little late."

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce, no, he is not come in," returned Miss Flite. "He has had a long day in court. I left him there, with Vholes. You don't like Vholes, I hope? Don't like Vholes. Dan-gerous man!"

"I am afraid you see Richard oftener than ever now?" said I.

"My dearest Fitz Jarndyce," returned Miss Flite. "Daily and hourly. You know what I told you of the attraction on the Chancellor's table? My dear, next to myself he is the most constant suitor in court. He begins quite to amuse our little party. Ve-ry friendly little party, are we not?"

It was miserable to hear this from her poor mad lips, though it was no surprise.

"In short, my valued friend," pursued Miss Flite, advancing her lips to my ear, with an air of equal patronage and mystery, "I must tell you a secret. I have made him my executor. Nominated, constituted, and appointed him. In my will. Ye-es."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Ye-es," repeated Miss Flite, in her most genteel accents, "my executor, administrator, and assign. (Our Chancery phrases, my love.) I have reflected that if I should wear out, he will be able to watch that judgment; being so very regular in his attendance."

It made me sigh to think of him, and it brought the tears into my eyes.

"I did at one time mean," said Miss Flite, echoing the sigh, "to nominate, constitute, and appoint poor Gridley. Also very regular, Fitz Jarndyce. I assure you, most exemplary! But he wore out, poor man, so I have appointed his successor. Don't mention it. This is in confidence."

She carefully opened her reticule a little way, and showed me a folded piece of paper inside, as the appointment of which she spoke.

"Another secret, my dear. I have added to my collection of birds."

"Really, Miss Flite?" said I, knowing how it pleased her to have her confidence received with an appearance of interest.

She nodded several times, and her face became overcast and gloomy. "Two more. I call them the Wards in Jarndyce. They are caged up now, with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!"

The poor soul kissed me with the most troubled look I had ever seen in her, and went her way. Her manner of running over the names of her

birds, as if she were afraid of hearing them even from her own lips, chilled me.

This was not a cheering preparation for my visit, and I could have dispensed with the company of Mr. Vholes, when Richard (who arrived within a minute or two after me) brought him to share our dinner, although it was a very plain one. Ada and Richard were for some minutes both out of the room together, helping to get ready what we were to eat and drink, and Mr. Vholes took that opportunity of holding a little conversation in a low voice with me. He came to the window where I was sitting, and began upon Symond's Inn.

"A dull place, Miss Summerson, for a life that is not an official one," said Mr. Vholes, smearing the glass with his black glove to make it clearer for me.

"There is not much to see here," said I.

"Nor to hear, miss," returned Mr. Vholes. "A little music does occasionally stray in, but we are not musical in the law, and soon eject it. I hope Mr. Jarndyce is as well as his friends could wish him?"

I thanked Mr. Vholes, and said he was quite well.

"I have not the pleasure to be admitted among the number of his friends myself," said Mr. Vholes, "and I am aware that the gentlemen of our profession are sometimes regarded in such quarters with an unfavorable eye. Our plain course, however, under good report and evil report, and all kinds of prejudice (we are the victims of prejudice), is to have every thing openly carried on. How do you find Mr. C. looking, Miss Summerson?"

"He looks very ill. Dreadfully anxious."

"Just so," said Mr. Vholes.

He stood behind me with his long black figure reaching nearly to the ceiling of those low rooms; feeling the pimples on his face as if they were ornaments, and speaking inwardly and evenly as though there were not a human passion or motion in his nature.

"Mr. Woodcourt is in attendance upon Mr. C., I believe?" he resumed.

"Mr. Woodcourt is his disinterested friend," I answered.

"But I mean in professional attendance: medical attendance."

"That can do little for an unhappy mind," said I.

"Quite so," said Mr. Vholes.

So slow, so eager, so bloodless, and gaunt, I felt as if Richard were wasting away beneath the eyes of this adviser, and there were something of the Vampire in him.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Vholes, very slowly rubbing his gloved hands, as if, to his cold sense of touch, they were much the same in black kid or out of it, "this was an ill-advised marriage of Mr. C.'s."

I begged he would excuse me for discussing it. They had been engaged when they were both very young, I told him a little indignantly, and

when the prospect before them was much fairer and brighter, when Richard had not yielded himself to the unhappy influence which now darkened his life.

"Quite so," assented Mr. Vholes again. "But still with a view to every thing being openly carried on, I will, with your permission, Miss Summerson, observe to you that I consider this a very ill-advised marriage indeed. I owe the opinion, not only to Mr. C.'s connections, against whom I should naturally wish to protect myself, but also to my own reputation—dear to myself as a professional man aiming to keep respectable; dear to my three girls at home, for whom I am striving to realize some little independence; and dear, I will ever say, to my aged father, whom it is my privilege to support."

"It would become a very different marriage, a much happier and better marriage, another marriage altogether, Mr. Vholes," said I, "if Richard were persuaded to turn his back on the fatal pursuit in which you are engaged with him."

Mr. Vholes with a noiseless cough—or rather gasp—into one of his black gloves, inclined his head as if he did not wholly dispute even that.

"Miss Summerson," he said, "it may be so, and I freely admit that the young lady who has taken Mr. C.'s name upon herself in so ill-advised a manner—you will, I am sure, not quarrel with me for throwing out that remark again as a duty I owe to Mr. C.'s connections—is a highly genteel young lady. Business has prevented me from mixing much with general society in any but a professional character, still I trust I am competent to perceive that she is a highly genteel young lady. As to beauty, I am not a judge of that myself, and I never did give much attention to it from a boy; but I dare say the young lady is equally eligible in that point of view. It is considered so (I have heard) among the clerks in the Inn, and it is more in their way than in mine. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests?"

"O! His interests, Mr. Vholes!"

"Pardon me, returned Mr. Vholes, going on in exactly the same inward and dispassionate manner, "Mr. C. takes certain interests under certain wills disputed in the suit. It is a term we use. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests, I mentioned to you, Miss Summerson, the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, in my desire that every thing should be openly carried on—I used those words—for I happened afterward to note them in my Diary, which is producible at any trial—I mentioned to you that Mr. C. had laid down the principle of watching his own interests; and that when a client of mine laid down a principle which was not of an immoral (that is to say, unlawful) nature, it devolved upon me to carry it out. I have carried it out; I do carry it out. But I will not smooth things over, to any connection of Mr. C.'s, on any account. As open as I was to Mr. Jarndyce, I am to you. I regard it in the light of a professional duty to be so, though it can be charged to no one. I open-

ly say, unpalatable as it may be, that I consider Mr. C.'s affairs in a very bad way, that I consider Mr. C. himself in a very bad way, and that I regard this as an exceedingly ill-advised marriage. Am I here, sir? Yes, I thank you; I am here, Mr. C., and enjoying the pleasure of some agreeable conversation with Miss Summerson, for which I have to thank you very much, sir!"

He broke off thus, in answer to Richard, who addressed him cheerfully as he came into the room. By this time I too well understood Mr. Vholes's scrupulous way of saving himself and his respectability, not to feel that our worst fears did not keep pace with his client's progress.

We sat down to dinner, and I had an opportunity of observing Richard, anxiously. I was not disturbed by Mr. Vholes (who took off his gloves to dine), though he sat opposite to me at the small table, for I doubt if, looking up at all, he once removed his eyes from his host's face. I found Richard thin and languid, slovenly in his dress, abstracted in his manner, forcing his spirits now and then, and at other intervals relapsing into a dull thoughtfulness. About his large bright eyes, that used to be so merry, there was a wan-ness and a restlessness that changed them alto-gether. I can not use the expression that he looked old. There is a ruin of youth which is not like age; and into such a ruin Richard's youth and youthful beauty had all fallen away.

He ate very little, and seemed indifferent what it was; shewed himself to be much more impatient than he used to be; and was quick even with Ada. I thought at first that his old light-hearted manner was all gone, but it shone out of him sometimes, as I had occasionally known little the momentary glimpses of my own old face to look out upon me from the glass. His laugh had not quite left him either; but it was like the echo of a joyful sound, and that is always sorrowful.

Yet he was as glad as ever, in his old affectionate way, to have me there; and we talked of the old times pleasantly. They did not appear to be interesting to Mr. Vholes, though he occa-sionally made a gasp, which I believe was his smile. He rose shortly after dinner, and said that with the permission of the ladies he would retire to his office.

"Always devoted to business, Vholes!" cried Richard.

"Yes, Mr. C.," he returned, "the interests of clients are never to be neglected, sir. They are paramount in the thoughts of a professional man like myself who wishes to preserve a good name among his fellow-practitioners and society at large. My denying myself of the pleasure of the present agreeable conversation may not be wholly irrespective of your own interests, Mr. C."

Richard expressed himself quite sure of that, and lighted Mr. Vholes out. On his return he told us, more than once, that Vholes was "A good fellow, a safe fellow, a man who did what he pretended to do, a very good fellow, indeed!" He was so defiant about it, that it struck me he had begun to doubt Mr. Vholes.

Then he threw himself on the sofa, tired out; and Ada and I put things to rights, for they had no other servant than the woman who attended to the chambers. Ada, my dear girl, had a cot-tage piano there, and quietly sat down to sing some of Richard's favorites; the lamp being first moved into the next room, as he complained of its hurting his eyes.

I sat between them at my dear girl's side, and felt very melancholy listening to her sweet voice. I think Richard did, too; I think he darkened the room for that reason. She had been singing some time, rising between whiles to bend over him, and speak to him, when Mr. Woodcourt came in. Then he sat down by Richard, and half-playfully, half-earnestly, quite naturally and easily found out how he felt, and where he had been all day. Presently he proposed to accompany him in a short walk on one of the bridges as it was a moonlight airy night; and Richard readily con-senting, they went out together.

They left my dear girl still sitting at the piano, and me still sitting beside her. When they were gone out, I drew my arm round her waist. She put her left hand in mine (I was sitting on that side), but kept her right upon the keys—going over and over them without striking any note.

"Listen, my dearest," she said, breaking si-lence. "Richard is never so well, and I am never so easy about him, as when he is with Allan Woodcourt. We have to thank you for that."

I pointed out to my darling how this could scarcely be, because Mr. Woodcourt had come to her cousin John's house, and had known us all there; and because he had always liked Richard, and Richard had always liked him, and—and so forth.

"All true," said Ada; "but that he is such a devoted friend to us, we owe to you."

I thought it best to let my dear girl have her way, and to say no more about it. So I said as much. I said it lightly, because I felt her trem-blung.

"Esther, my dearest, I want to be a good wife, a very, very good wife indeed. You shall teach me."

I teach! I said no more, for I noticed the hand that was fluttering over the keys, and I knew that it was not I who ought to speak; that it was she who had something to say to me.

"When I married Richard I was not insensi-tible to what was before him. I had been per-fectly happy for a long time with you, and I had never known any trouble or anxiety, so loved and cared for; but I understood the danger he was in, dear Esther."

"I know, I know, darling."

"When we were married I had some little hope that I might be able to convince him of his mistake; that he might come to regard it in a new way as my husband, and not pursue it all the more desperately for my sake—as he does. But if I had not had that hope, I would have married him just the same, Esther. Just the same!"

In the momentary firmness of the hand that was never still—a firmness inspired by the utterance of these last words, and dying away with them—I saw the confirmation of her earnest tones.

"You are not to think, my dearest Esther, that I fail to see what you see, and fear what you fear. No one can understand him better than I do. The greatest wisdom that ever lived in the world could not know Richard better than my love does."

She spoke so modestly and softly, and her trembling hand expressed such agitation, as it moved to and fro upon the silent notes! My dear, dear girl!

"I see him at his worst every day. I watch him in his sleep. I know every change of his face. But when I married Richard I was quite determined, Esther, if Heaven would help me, never to show him that I grieved for what he did, and so to make him more unhappy. I want him when he comes home to find no trouble in my face. I want him when he looks at me to see what he loved in me. I married him to do this, and this supports me."

I felt her trembling more. I waited for what was yet to come, and I now thought I began to know what it was.

"And something else supports me, Esther."

She stopped a minute. Stopped speaking only; her hand was still in motion.

"I look forward a little while, and I don't know what great aid may come to me. When Richard turns his eyes upon me then, there may be something lying on my breast more eloquent than I have been, with greater power than mine to show him his true course, and win him back."

Her hand stopped now. She clasped me in her arms, and I clasped her in mine.

"If that little creature should fail too, Esther, I still look forward. I look forward a long while, through years and years, and think that then, when I am growing old, or when I am dead, perhaps, a beautiful woman, his daughter, happily married, may be proud of him and a blessing to him. Or that a generous, brave man, as handsome as he used to be, as hopeful, and far more happy, may walk in the sunshine with him, honoring his gray head, and saying to himself, 'I thank God this is my father!' ruined by a fatal inheritance, and restored through me!"

O, my sweet girl, what a heart was that which beat so fast against me!

"These hopes uphold me, my dear Esther, and I know they will. Though sometimes even they depart from me before a dread that arises when I look at Richard!"

I tried to cheer my darling, and asked her what it was? Sobbing and weeping, she replied,

"That he may not live to see his child—the child who is to do so much!"



CHAPTER LXI.—A DISCOVERY.

The days when I frequented that miserable corner, which my dear girl brightened, can never

fade in my remembrance. I never see it, and I never wish to see it now; I have been there only once since, but in my memory there is a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine forever.

Not a day passed, without my going there, of course. At first I found Mr. Skimpole there, on two or three occasions, idly playing the piano, and talking in his usual vivacious strain. Now, besides my very much mistrusting the probability of his being there without making Richard poorer, I felt as if there were something in his careless gayety, too inconsistent with what I knew of the depths of Ada's life. I clearly perceived too that Ada shared my feelings. I therefore resolved, after much thinking of it, to make a private visit to Mr. Skimpole, and try delicately to explain myself. My dear girl was the great consideration that made me bold.

I set off one morning, accompanied by Charley, for Somers Town. As I approached the house, I was strongly inclined to turn back, for I felt what a desperate attempt it was to make any impression on Mr. Skimpole, and how extremely likely it was that he would signally defeat me. However, I thought that being there, I would go through with it. So I knocked with a trembling hand at Mr. Skimpole's door—literally with a hand, for the knocker was gone—and after a long parley gained admission from an Irishwoman, who was in the area when I knocked, breaking up the lid of a water-butt with a poker, to light the fire with.

Mr. Skimpole, lying on the sofa in his room, playing the flute a little, was enchanted to see me. Now who should receive me, he asked? Who would I prefer for mistress of the ceremonies? Would I have his Comedy Daughter, his Beauty Daughter, or his Sentiment Daughter? Or would I have all the daughters at once in a perfect nosegay?

I replied, half defeated already, that I wished to speak to himself only, if he would give me leave.

"My dear Miss Summerson, most joyfully! Of course," he said, bringing his chair near mine, and breaking into his fascinating smile, "of course it's not business—then it's pleasure!"

I said it certainly was not business that I came upon, but it was not quite a pleasant matter.

"Then, my dear Miss Summerson," said he, with the frankest gayety, "don't allude to it. Why should you allude to any thing that is not a pleasant matter? I never do. And you are a much pleasanter creature in every point of view than I! You are perfectly pleasant, I am imperfectly pleasant; then if I never allude to an unpleasant matter, how much less should you! So that's disposed of, and we will talk of something else."

Although I was embarrassed, I took courage to intimate that I still wished to pursue the subject.

"I should think it a mistake," said Mr. Skim-

pole, with his airy laugh, "if I thought Miss Summerson capable of making one. But I don't!"

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, raising my eyes to his, "I have so often heard you say that you are unacquainted with the common affairs of life—meaning our three banking-house friends, L., S., and who's the junior partner?"

"D.," said Mr. Skimpole, brightly. "Not an idea of them!"

"That, perhaps," I went on, "you will excuse my boldness on that account. I think you ought most seriously to know that Richard is poorer than he was."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Skimpole. "So am I, they tell me."

"And in very embarrassed circumstances."

"Parallel case, exactly," said Mr. Skimpole, with a delighted countenance.

"This at present naturally causes Ada much secret anxiety; and as I think she is less anxious when no claims are made upon her visitors, and as Richard has one uneasiness always heavy on his mind, it has occurred to me to take the liberty of saying that—if you would—not—"

I was coming to the point with great difficulty, when he took me by both hands, and, with a radiant face and in the liveliest way, anticipated it.

"Not go there? Certainly not, my dear Miss Summerson, most assuredly not. Why should I go there? When I go any where, I go for pleasure. I don't go any where for pain, because I was made for pleasure. Pain comes to me when it wants me. Now I have had very little pleasure at our dear Richard's lately, and your practical sagacity demonstrates why. Our young friends, losing the youthful poetry which was once so captivating in them, begin to think, 'this is a man who wants pounds.' So I am, I always want pounds, not for myself, but because tradespeople always want them of me. Next, our young friends begin to think of becoming mercenary, 'this is the man who *had* pounds,'—who borrowed them; which I did. I always borrow pounds. So our young friends reduced to prose (which is much to be regretted), degenerate in their power of imparting pleasure to me. Why should I go to see them therefore? Absurd!"

Through the beaming smiles with which he regarded me, as he reasoned thus: there now broke forth a look of disinterested benevolence quite astonishing.

"Besides," he said, pursuing his argument, in his tone of light-hearted conviction, "If I don't go any where for pain—which would be a perversion of the intention of my being, and a monstrous thing to do—why should I go any where to be the cause of pain? If I went to see our young friends in their present ill-regulated state of mind, I should give them pain. The associations with me would be disagreeable. They might say, 'This is the man who had pounds, and can't pay pounds,' which I can't, of course; nothing could be more out of the question! Then kindness requires that I shouldn't go near them, and I won't."

He finished by gently kissing my hand, and thanking me. Nothing but Miss Summerson's fine tact, he said, would have found this out for him.

I was very much disconcerted, but I reflected that if the main point were gained, it mattered little how strangely he perverted every thing leading to it. I had determined to mention something else, however, and I thought I was not to be put off in that.

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, "I must take the liberty of saying, before I conclude my visit, that I was much surprised to learn, on the best authority, some little time ago, that you knew, at the time with whom that poor boy left Bleak House, and that you accepted a present on that occasion. I have not mentioned it to my Guardian, for I fear it would hurt him unnecessarily, but I may say to you that I was much surprised."

"No! Really surprised, my dear Miss Summerson?" he returned, inquiringly, raising his pleasant eyebrows.

"Greatly surprised."

He thought about it for a little while, with a highly agreeable and whimsical expression of face; then quite gave it up and said, in his most engaging manner:

"You know what a child I am. Why surprised?"

I was reluctant to enter minutely into that question; but as he begged I would, for he was really curious to know, I gave him to understand in the gentlest words I could use, that his conduct seemed to involve a disregard of several moral obligations. He was much amused and interested when he heard this, and said, "No, really?" with ingenuous simplicity.

"You know I don't pretend to be responsible. I never could do it. Responsibility is a thing that has always been above me—or below me," said Mr. Skimpole, "I don't even know which; but, as I understand the way in which my dear Miss Summerson (always remarkable for her practical good sense and clearness) puts this case, I should imagine it was chiefly a question of money, do you know?"

I inadvertently gave a qualified assent to this.

"Ah! Then you see," said Mr. Skimpole, shaking his head, "I am hopeless of understanding it."

I suggested, as I rose to go, that it was not right to betray my Guardian's confidence for a bribe.

"My dear Miss Summerson," he returned, with a candid hilarity that was all his own, "I can't be bribed."

"Not by Mr. Bucket?" said I.

"No," said he. "Not by any body. I don't attach any value to money. I don't care about it, I don't know about it, I don't want it, I don't keep it—it goes away from me directly. How can I be bribed?"

I showed that I was of a different opinion, though I had not the capacity for arguing the question.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Skimpole. "I am

exactly the man to be placed in a superior position in such a case as that. I am above the rest of mankind in such a case as that. I can act with philosophy in such a case as that; I am not warped by prejudices as an Italian boy is by bandages. I am as free as the air. I feel myself as far above suspicion as Caesar's wife."

Any thing to equal the lightness of his manner, and the playful impartiality with which he seemed to convince himself, as he tossed the matter about like a ball of feathers, was surely never seen in any body else!

"Observe the case, my dear Miss Summerson. Here is a boy received into the house and put to bed, in a state that I strongly object to. The boy being in bed, a man arrives—like the house that Jack built. Here is the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is a bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is the Skimpole who accepts the bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Those are the facts. Very well. Should the Skimpole have refused the note? *Why* should the Skimpole have refused the note? Skimpole protests to Bucket, 'What's this for? I don't understand it, it is of no use to me, take it away.' Bucket still entreats Skimpole to accept it. Are there reasons why Skimpole, not being warped by prejudices, should accept it? Yes, Skimpole perceives them. What are they? Skimpole reasons with himself, this is a tamed lynx, an active police officer, an intelligent man, a person of a peculiarly directed energy and great subtlety both of conception and execution, who discovers our friends and enemies for us when they run away, recovers our property for us when we are robbed, avenges us comfortably when we are murdered. This active police officer and intelligent man has acquired, in the exercise of his art, a strong faith in money; he finds it very useful to him, and he makes it very useful to society. Shall I shake that faith in Bucket because I want it myself; shall I deliberately blunt one of Bucket's weapons; shall I possibly paralyze Bucket in his next detective operation? And again! If it is blamable in Skimpole to take the note, it is blamable in Bucket to offer the note—much more blamable in Bucket, because he is the knowing man. Now Skimpole wishes to think well of Bucket; Skimpole deems it essential, in its little place, to the general cohesion of things, that he *should* think well of Bucket. The State expressly asks him to trust to Bucket. And he does. And that's all he does!"

I had nothing to offer in reply to this exposition, and therefore took leave. Mr. Skimpole, however, who was in excellent spirits, would not hear of my returning home attended only by "Little Coavises," and accompanied me himself. He entertained me on the way with a va-

riety of delightful conversation, and assured me at parting that he should never forget the fine tact with which I had found that out for him about our young friends.

As it so happened that I never saw Mr. Skimpole again, I may at once finish what I know of his history. A coolness arose between him and my Guardian, based chiefly on the foregoing grounds, and on his having very heartlessly disregarded my Guardian's entreaties (as we afterward learned from Ads) in reference to Richard. His being heavily in my Guardian's debt had nothing to do with their separation. He died some five years afterward, and left a diary behind him, with letters and other materials toward his Life, which was published, and which showed him to have been the victim of a combination on the part of mankind against an amiable child. It was considered very pleasant reading, but I never read more of it myself than the sentence on which I chanced to light on opening the book. It was this. "Jarndyce, in common with most other men I have known, is the Incarnation of Selfishness."

And now I come to a part of my story, touching myself very nearly indeed, and for which I was quite unprepared when the circumstance occurred. I am sure of that. Whatever little lingerings may have now and then revived in my mind, associated with my poor old face, had only revived as belonging to a part of my life that was gone—gone like my infancy or my childhood. I have suppressed none of my many weaknesses on that subject, but have written them as faithfully as my memory has recalled them. And I hope to do, and mean to do, the same down to the last words of these pages; which I see now, not so very very far before me.

The months were gliding away, and my dear girl, sustained by the hopes she had confided to me, was the same beautiful star in the miserable corner. Richard, more worn and haggard, haunted the court day after day; listlessly sat there the whole day long, when he knew there was no remote chance of the suit being mentioned: and became one of the stock sights of the place. I wonder whether any of the gentlemen remembered him as he was when he first went there.

So completely was he absorbed in his fixed idea that he used to avow himself, in his cheerful moments, that he should never have breathed the fresh air now "but for Woodcourt." It was only Mr. Woodcourt who could occasionally divert his attention for a few hours at a time, and rouse him even when he sunk into a lethargy of mind and body, that alarmed us greatly, and the returns of which became more frequent as the months went on. My dear girl was right in saying that he only pursued his errors the more desperately for her sake. I have no doubt that his desire to retrieve what he had lost, was rendered the more intense by his grief for his young wife, and became like the madness of a gamester.

I was there, as I have mentioned, at all hours. When I was there at night I generally went home

with Charley in a coach; sometimes my Guardian would meet me in the neighborhood, and we would walk home together. One evening he had arranged to meet me at eight o'clock. I could not leave, as I usually did, quite punctually to the time, for I was working for my dear girl, and had a few stitches more to do, to finish what I was about, but it was within a few minutes of the hour when I bundled up my little work-basket, gave my darling my last kiss for the night, and hurried down-stairs. Mr. Woodcourt went with me, as it was dusk.

When we came to the usual place of meeting—it was close by, and Mr. Woodcourt had often accompanied me before—my Guardian was not there. We waited half an hour, walking up and down; but there were no signs of him. We agreed that he was either prevented from coming, or that he had come and gone away; and Mr. Woodcourt proposed to walk home with me.

It was the first walk we had ever taken together, except that very short one to the usual place of meeting. We spoke of Richard and Ada the whole way. I did not thank him in words for what he had done—my appreciation of it had risen above all words then—but I hoped he might not be without some understanding of what I felt so strongly!

Arriving at home and going up-stairs, we found that my Guardian was out, and that Mrs. Woodcourt was out too. We were in the very same room into which I had brought my blushing girl, when her youthful lover, now her so altered husband, was the choice of her young heart; the very same room from which my Guardian and I had watched them going away through the sunlight, in the fresh bloom of their hope and promise.

We were standing by the opened window, looking down into the street, when Mr. Woodcourt spoke to me. I learned in a moment that he loved me. I learned in a moment that my scarred face was all unchanged to him. I learned in a moment that what I had thought was pity and compassion was devoted, generous, faithful love. O, too late to know it now, too late, too late. That was the first ungrateful thought I had. Too late!

"When I returned," he told me, "when I came back no richer than I went away, and found you newly risen from a sick bed, yet so inspired by sweet consideration for others, and so free from a selfish thought!"

"O, Mr. Woodcourt, forbear, forbear!" I entreated him. "I do not deserve your high praise. I had many selfish thoughts at that time, many!"

"Heaven knows, beloved of my life," said he, "that my praise is not a lover's praise, but the unadorned truth. You do not know what all around you see in Esther Summerson, how many hearts she touches and awakens. What sacred admiration and what love she wins."

"O Mr. Woodcourt," cried I, "it is a great thing to win love, it is a great thing to win love! I am proud of it, and honored by it, and the

hearing of it causes me to shed these tears of mingled joy and sorrow—joy that I have won it, sorrow that I have not deserved it better—but so I am not free to think of yours."

I said it with a strong heart, for when he praised me thus, and when I heard his voice thrill with this belief that what he said was true, I aspired to be more worthy of it. It was not too late for that, although I closed this unforeseen page in my life to-night, I could be worthier of it all through my life. And it was a comfort to me, and an impulse to me, and I felt a dignity rise up within me that was derived from him, when I thought so.

He broke the silence.

"I should poorly show the trust that I have in the dear one who will evermore be as dear to me as now," and the deep earnestness with which he said it, at once strengthened me, and made me weep, "if, after her assurance that she is not free to think of my love, I urged it. Dear Esther, let me only tell you that the fond idea of you which I took abroad was exalted to the Heavens when I came home. I have always hoped, in the first hour when I seemed to stand in any ray of good fortune, to tell you this. I have always feared that I should tell it you in vain. My hopes and fears are both fulfilled to-night. I distress you. I have said enough."

Something seemed to pass into my place that was like the Angel he thought me, and I felt so sorrowful for the loss he had sustained! I wished to help him in his trouble, as I had asked to do when he showed that first commissiion for me.

"Dear Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "before we part to-night, something is left for me to say. I never could say it as I wish—I never shall—but—"

I had to think again of being more deserving of his love and his affliction before I could go on.

"—I am deeply sensible of your generosity, and I shall treasure its remembrance to my dying hour. I know full well how changed I am, I know you are not unacquainted with my history, and I know what a noble love that is which is so faithful. What you have said to me could have affected me so much from no other lips, for there are none that could give it such a value to me. It shall not be lost. It shall make me better."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and turned away his head. How could I ever be worthy of those tears?

"If, in the unchanged intercourse we shall have together—in tending Richard and Ada—and I hope in many happier scenes of life—you ever find any thing in me which you can honestly think is better than it used to be, believe that it will have sprung up from to-night, and that I shall owe it to you. And never believe, dear, dear Mr. Woodcourt, never believe that I forget this night, or that while my heart beats it can be insensible to the pride and joy of having been beloved by you."

He took my hand and kissed it. He was like himself again, and I felt still more encouraged.

"I am inclined, by what you said just now," said I, "to hope that you have succeeded in your endeavor."

"I have," he answered. "With such help from Mr. Jarndyce as you who know him so well can imagine him to have rendered me, I have succeeded."

"Heaven bless him for it," said I, giving him my hand; "and Heaven bless you in all you do!"

"I shall do it better for the wish," he answered; "it will make enter on those new duties as on another sacred trust from you."

"Ah, Richard!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "what will he do when you are gone?"

"I am not required to go yet; I would not desert him, dear Miss Sumnerson, even if I were."

One other thing I felt it needful to touch upon before he left me. I knew that I should not be worthier of the love I could not take, if I reserved it.

"Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "you will be glad to know from my lips before I say 'Good-night,' that in the future, which is clear and bright before me, I am most happy, most fortunate, have nothing to regret or to desire."

It was indeed a glad hearing to him, he replied.

"From my childhood I have been," said I, "the object of the untiring goodness of the best of human beings, to whom I am so bound by every tie of attachment, gratitude, and love, that nothing I could do in the compass of a life could express the feelings of a single day."

"I share those feelings," he returned; "you speak of Mr. Jarndyce."

"You know his virtues well," said I, "but no one can know the greatness of his character as I know it. All its highest and best qualities have been revealed to me in nothing more brightly than in the shaping out of that future in which I am so eminently happy. And if your highest homage and respect had not been his already—which I know they are—they would have been his, I think, on this assurance, and the feeling it would have awakened in you toward him for my sake."

He fervently replied, that indeed, indeed they would have been. I gave him my hand again.

"Good-night," I said; "good-by."

"The first until we meet to-morrow; the second as a farewell to this theme between us for ever."

"Yes, good-night—good-by!"

He left me, and I stood at the dark window watching the street. His love in all its constancy and generosity had come so suddenly upon me, that he had not left me a minute when my fortitude gave way again, and the street was blotted out by my rushing tears.

But they were not tears of regret and sorrow. No. He had called me the beloved of his life, and had said I would be evermore as dear to him as I was then; and my heart would not hold the triumph of having heard those words. My first wild thought had died away. It was not too late

to hear them, for it was not too late to be animated by them to be good, truly grateful, and contented. How easy my path; how much easier than his!

CHAPTER LXII.—ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

I had not the courage to see any one that night. I had not even the courage to see myself, for I was afraid that my tears might a little reproach me. I went up to my room in the dark and prayed in the dark, and laid down in the dark to sleep. I had no need of any light to read my Guardian's letter by, for I knew it by heart every word. I took it from the place where I kept it, and repeated its contents by its own clear light of integrity and tenderness, and went to sleep with it on my pillow.

I was up very early in the morning, and called Charley to come for a walk. We bought flowers for the breakfast-table, and came back and arranged them, and were as busy as bees, if not as useful. We were so early that I had good time still for Charley's lesson, before breakfast; Charley (who was not in the least improved in the old defective article of grammar) came through it with great applause, and we were altogether very notable. When my Guardian appeared, he said, "My little woman, you look fresher than your flowers!" And Mrs. Woodcourt repeated and translated a passage from the *Menlinivillin-wod*, expressive of my being like a mountain with the sun upon it.

This was all so pleasant, that I hope it made me still more like the mountain than I had been before. After breakfast, I waited my opportunity, and peeped about a little, until I saw my Guardian in his own room—the room of last night—by himself. Then I made an excuse to go in with my housekeeping keys, shutting the door after me.

"Well, Dame Durden?" said my Guardian; the post had brought him several letters, and he was writing. "You want money?"

"No, indeed, I have plenty in hand."

"There never was such a Dame Durden," said my Guardian, "for making money last!"

He had laid down his pen, and leaned back in his chair looking at me. I have often spoken of his bright benevolent face, but I thought I had never seen it look so bright and good. There was a high happiness upon it, which made me think, "He has been doing some great kindness this morning."

"There never was," said my Guardian, musing as he smiled upon me, "such a Dame Durden for making money last!"

He had never yet altered his old manner. I loved it, and him, so much that when I now went up to him and took my usual chair, which was always put at his side—for sometimes I read to him, and sometimes I talked to him, and sometimes I silently worked by him—I hardly liked to disturb it by laying my hand on his breast. But I found that did not disturb it at all.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I want to speak to you. Have I been remiss in any thing?"

"Remiss in any thing, my dear?"

"Have I not been what I meant to be, since—I brought the answer to your letter, Guardian?"

"You have been every thing I could desire, my love!"

"I am very glad indeed to hear that," I returned. "You know, you said to me, was this the mistress of Bleak House? And I said, yes."

"Yes," said my Guardian, nodding his head. He had put his arm about me, as if there were something to protect me from, and looked in my face, smiling.

"Since then," said I, "we have never spoken on the subject except once."

"And then I said Bleak House was thinning fast; and so it was, my dear."

"And I said," I timidly reminded him, "but its mistress remained."

He still held me in the same protecting manner, and with the same bright goodness in his face.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I know how you have felt all that has happened, and how considerate you have been. As so much time has passed, and as you spoke only this morning of my being so well again; perhaps you expect me to renew the subject. Perhaps I ought to do so. I will be the mistress of Bleak House when you please."

"See," he returned gayly, "what a sympathy there must be between us! I have had nothing else, poor Rich excepted—it's a large exception—in my mind. When you came in, I was full of it. When shall we give Bleak House its mistress, little woman?"

"When you please."

"Next month?"

"Next month, dear Guardian."

"The day on which I take the happiest and best step of my life—the day on which I shall be a man more exulting and more enviable than any other man in the world—the day on which I give Bleak House its best mistress—shall be next month then!" said my Guardian.

I put my arms round his neck and kissed him, just as I had done on the day when I brought my answer; just as on that day, it would have made no difference in a minute, even supposing that no one had come to the room-door.

It was a servant to announce Mr. Bucket, which was quite unnecessary, for Mr. Bucket was already looking in over the servant's shoulder. "Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson," said he, rather out of breath, "with all apologies for intruding, will you allow me to order up a person that's on the stairs, and that objects to being left there in case of becoming the subject of observations in his absence? Thank you. Be so good as chair that there Member in this direction, will you?" said Mr. Bucket, beckoning over the bannisters.

This singular request produced an old man in a black skull-cap, unable to walk, who was carried up by a couple of bearers, and deposited in

the room near the door. Mr. Bucket immediately got rid of the bearers, mysteriously shut the door, and bolted it.

"Now you see, Mr. Jarndyce," he then began, putting down his hat, and opening his subject with a flourish of his well-remembered finger, "you know me, and Miss Summerson knows me. This gentleman likewise knows me, and his name is Smallweed. The discounting line is his line principally, and he's what you may call a dealer in bills. That's what *you* are, you know, ain't you?" said Mr. Bucket, stooping a little to address the gentleman in question, who was exceedingly suspicious of him.

He seemed about to dispute this designation of himself, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Moral, you know!" said Mr. Bucket, improving the accident. "Don't you contradict when there ain't no occasion, and you won't be took in that way. Now, Mr. Jarndyce, I address myself to you. I've been negotiating with this gentleman on behalf of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, one way and another; and I've been in and out and about his premises a good deal. His premises are the premises formerly occupied by Krook, a Marine Store Dealer—a relation of this gentleman's, that you saw in his life-time, if I don't mistake?"

My Guardian replied "Yes."

"Well! You are to understand," said Mr. Bucket, "that this gentleman he come into Krook's property, and a good deal of Magpie property there was. Vast lots of waste paper among the rest. Lord bless you, of no use to nobody!"

The cunning of Mr. Bucket's eye, and the masterly manner in which he contrived, without a look or a word against which his watchful auditor could protest, to let us know that he stated the case according to previous agreement between them, and could say much more of Mr. Smallweed if he thought it advisable, deprived us of any merit in quite understanding him. His difficulty was increased by Mr. Smallweed's being deaf as well as suspicious, and watching his face with the closest attention.

"Among the odd heaps of old papers, this gentleman, when he comes into the property, naturally begins to rummage, don't you see?" said Mr. Bucket.

"To which? Say that again," cried Mr. Smallweed, in a shrill, sharp voice.

"To rummage," repeated Mr. Bucket. "Being a prudent man and accustomed to take care of your own affairs, you begin to rummage among the papers as you have come into; don't you?"

"Of course I do," cried Mr. Smallweed.

"Of course you do," said Mr. Bucket, conversationally, "and much to blame you would be if you didn't. And so you chance to find, you know," Mr. Bucket went on, stooping over him with an air of cheerful raillery which Mr. Smallweed by no means reciprocated, "and so you chance to find, you know, a paper, with the signature of Jarndyce to it. 'Don't you?'"

Mr. Smallweed glanced with a troubled eye at us, and grudgingly nodded assent.

"And coming to look at that paper at your full leisure and convenience—all in good time, for you're not curious to read it, and why should you be! What do you find it to be but a Will, you see. That's the drollery of it," said Mr. Bucket, with the same lively air of recalling a joke for the enjoyment of Mr. Smallweed, who still had the same crest-fallen appearance of not enjoying it at all; "what do you find it to be but a Will?"

"I don't know that it's good as a Will, or as any thing else," snarled Mr. Smallweed.

Mr. Bucket eyed the old man for a moment—he had slipped and shrunk down in his chair into a mere bundle—as if he were much disposed to pounce upon him; nevertheless, he continued to bend over him with the same agreeable air, keeping the corner of one of his eyes upon us.

"Notwithstanding which," said Mr. Bucket, "you get a little doubtful and uncomfortable in your mind about it, having a very tender mind of your own."

"Eh? What do you say I have got of my own?" asked Mr. Smallweed, with his hand to his ear.

"A very tender mind."

"Ho! Well, go on," said Mr. Smallweed.

"And as you've heard a good deal mentioned regarding a celebrated Chancery will case of the same name; and as you know what a card Krook was for buying all manner of old pieces of furniture, and books, and papers, and what not, and never liking to part with 'em, and always a-going to teach himself to read—you begin to think, and you never was more correct in your born days, 'Ecod, if I don't look about me, I may get into trouble regarding this will!'"

"Oh, now, mind how you put it, Bucket," cried the old man anxiously, with his hand at his ear. "Speak up; none of your brimstone tricks. Pick me up; I want to hear better. O Lord, I am shaken to bits!"

Mr. Bucket had certainly picked him up at a dart. However, as soon as he could be heard through Mr. Smallweed's coughing and his vicious ejaculations of "O my bones! O dear! I've no breath in my body! I'm worse than the chattering, clattering, brimstone pig at home!" Mr. Bucket proceeded in the same convivial manner as before.

"So as I happen to be in the habit of coming about your premises, you take me into your confidence, don't you?"

I think it would be impossible to make an admission with more ill-will and a worse grace than Mr. Smallweed displayed when he admitted this; rendering it perfectly evident that Mr. Bucket was the very last person he would have thought of taking into his confidence if he could by any possibility have kept him out of it.

"And I go into the business with you—very pleasant we are over it; and I confirm you in your well-founded fears, that you will get your-

self-in-to-a-most precious line if you don't come out with that there will," said Mr. Bucket, emphatically; "and accordingly you arrange with me that it shall be delivered up to this present Mr. Jarndyce on no conditions, if it should prove to be valuable, you trusting yourself to him for your reward; that's about where it is, ain't it?"

"That's what was agreed," Mr. Smallweed assented, with the same bad grace.

"In consequence of which," said Mr. Bucket, dismissing his agreeable manner all at once, and becoming strictly business-like; "you've got that Will upon your person at the present time; and the only thing that remains for you to do is, just to—Out with it!"

Having given us one glance out of the watching corner of his eye, and having given his nose one triumphant rub with his fore-finger, Mr. Bucket stood with his eyes fastened on his confidential friend, and his hand stretched forth ready to take the paper and hand it to my Guardian. It was not produced without much reluctance, and many declarations on the part of Mr. Smallweed that he was a poor industrious man, and that he left it to Mr. Jarndyce's honor not to let him lose by his honesty. Little by little he very slowly took from a breast-pocket a stained, discolored paper, which was much singed upon the outside, and a little burnt at the edges, as if it had long ago been thrown upon a fire, and hastily snatched off again. Mr. Bucket lost no time in transferring this paper, with the dexterity of a conjuror, from Mr. Smallweed to Mr. Jarndyce. As he gave it to my Guardian, he whispered behind his fingers:

"Hadn't settled how to make their market of it. Quarreled and hinted about. I laid out twenty pound upon it. First, the avaricious grandchildren split upon him, on account of their objections to his living so unreasonably long, and then they split on one another. Lord, there ain't one of the family that wouldn't sell the other for a pound or two, except the old lady, and she's only out of it because she's too weak in her mind to drive a bargain."

"Mr. Bucket," said my Guardian aloud, "whatever the worth of this paper may be to any one, my obligations are great to you; and if it be of any worth, I hold myself bound in honor to see Mr. Smallweed remunerated accordingly."

"Not according to your merits, you know," said Mr. Bucket, in friendly explanation to Mr. Smallweed. "Don't you be afraid of that. According to its value."

"That is what I mean," said my Guardian. "you may observe, Mr. Bucket, that I abstain from examining this paper myself. The plain truth is, I have foresworn and abjured the whole business these many years, and my soul is sick of it. But Miss Summerson and I will immediately place the paper in the hands of my solicitor in the cause, and its existence shall be made known without delay to all other parties interested."

"Mr. Jarndyce can't say fairer than that, you understand," observed Mr. Bucket, to his fellow visitor. "And it now being made clear to you that nobody's a-going to be wronged—which must be a great relief to *your* mind—we may proceed with the ceremony of chairing you home again."

He unbolted the door, called in the bearers, wished us good-morning—and with a look full of meaning, and a crook of his finger at parting, went his way.

We went our way too, which was to Lincoln's Inn, as quickly as possible. Mr. Kenge was disengaged, and we found him at his table in his dusty room, with the inexpressive-looking books, and the piles of papers. Chairs having been placed for us by Mr. Guppy, Mr. Kenge expressed the surprise and gratification he felt at the unusual sight of Mr. Jarndyce in his office. He turned over his double eye-glass as he spoke, and was more Conversation Kenge than ever.

"I hope," said Mr. Kenge, "that the genial influence of Miss Sunmerson," he bowed to me, "may have induced Mr. Jarndyce," he bowed to him, "to forego some little of his animosity toward a Cause and toward a Court which are—shall I say, which take their place in the stately vista of the pillars of our profession?"

"I am inclined to think," returned my Guardian, "that Miss Sunmerson has seen too much of the effects of the court and the cause to exert any influence in their favor. Nevertheless, they are a part of the occasion of my being here. Mr. Kenge, before I lay this paper on your desk, and have done with it, let me tell you how it has come into my hands."

He did so shortly and distinctly.

"It could not, sir," said Mr. Kenge, "have been stated more plainly and to the purpose, if it had been a Case at Law."

"Did you ever know English law, or equity either, plain and to the purpose?" said my Guardian.

"O fie!" said Mr. Kenge. At first he had not seemed to attach much importance to the paper, but when he saw it he appeared more interested, and when he had opened, and read a little of it through his eye-glass, he became amazed. "Mr. Jarndyce," he said, looking off it, "you have perused this?"

"Not I!" returned my Guardian.

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, "it is a will of later date than any in the suit. It appears to be all in the Testator's handwriting. It is duly executed and attested. And even if intended to be canceled, as might possibly be supposed to be denoted by these marks of fire, it is *not* canceled. Here it is, a perfect instrument!"

"Well!" said my Guardian. "What is that to me?"

"Mr. Guppy!" cried Mr. Kenge, raising his voice.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jarndyce."

"Sir."

"Mr. Vholes of Symond's Inn. My compli-

ments. Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Glad to speak with him."

Mr. Guppy disappeared.

"You ask me what is this to you, Mr. Jarndyce. If you had perused this document, you would have seen that it reduces your interest considerably, still leaving it a very handsome one, still leaving it a very handsome one," said Mr. Kenge waving his hand persuasively and blandly. "You would further have seen that the interests of Mr. Richard Carstone, and of Miss Ada Clare, now Mrs. Richard Carstone, are very materially affected by it."

"Kenge," said my Guardian, "if all the flourishing wealth that the suit brought into this vile court of Chancery could fall to my two young cousins, I should be well contented. But do you ask me to believe that any good is to come of Jarndyce and Jarndyce?"

"O really, Mr. Jarndyce! Prejudice—prejudice. My dear sir, this is a very great country, a very great country. Its system of equity is a very great system, a very great system, really, really!"

My Guardian said no more, and Mr. Vholes arrived. He was modestly impressed by Mr. Kenge's professional eminence.

"How do you do, Mr. Vholes? Will you be so good as to take a chair here by me, and look over this paper?"

Mr. Vholes did as he was asked, and seemed to read it every word. He was not excited by it, but he was not excited by any thing. When he had well examined it, he retired with Mr. Kenge into a window, and shading his mouth with his black glove, spoke to him at some length. I was not surprised to observe Mr. Kenge inclined to dispute what he said before he had said much, for I know that no two people ever did agree about any thing in Jarndyce and Jarndyce. But he seemed to get the better of Mr. Kenge too, in a conversation that sounded as if it were almost composed of the words, "Receiver-General," "Accountant-General," "Report," "Estate, and Costs." When they had finished, they came back to Mr. Kenge's table, and spoke aloud.

"Well! But this is a very remarkable document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And a very important document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Again Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And as you say, Mr. Vholes, when the cause is in the paper next term, this document will be an unexpected and interesting feature in it," said Mr. Kenge, looking loftily at my Guardian.

Mr. Vholes was gratified, as a smaller practitioner striving to keep respectable, to be confirmed in any opinion of his by such an authority.

"And when?" asked my Guardian, rising after a pause, during which Mr. Kenge had rattled his money, and Mr. Vholes had picked his pimples. "When is next term?"

"Next term, Mr. Jarndyce, will be next."

month," said Mr. Kenge. "Of course we shall at once proceed to do what is necessary with this document, and to collect the necessary evidence concerning it; and of course you will receive our usual notification of the cause being in the paper."

"To which I shall pay, of course, my usual attention."

"Still bent, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, showing us through the outer office to the door, "still bent, even with your enlarged mind, on echoing a popular prejudice. We are a prosperous community, Mr. Jarndyce, a very prosperous community. We are a great country, Mr. Jarndyce, we are a very great country. This is a great system, Mr. Jarndyce, and would you wish a great country to have a little system? Now, really, really!"

He said this at the stair-head, gently moving his right hand as if it were a silver trowel, with which to spread the cement of his words on the structure of the system, and consolidate it for a thousand ages.

CHAPTER LXIII.—STEEL AND IRON.

GEORGE's shooting-gallery is to let, and the stock is sold off, and George himself is at Chesney Wold, attending on Sir Leicester in his rides, and riding very near his bridle-rein, because of the uncertain hand with which he guides his horse. But not to-day is George so occupied. He is journeying to-day into the iron country farther north, to look about him.

As he comes into the iron country farther north, such green woods as those of Chesney Wold are left behind; and coalpits and ashes, high chimneys and red bricks, blighted verdure, scorching fires, and a heavy never-lightening cloud of smoke, become the features of the scenery. Among such objects rides the trooper, looking about him, and always looking for something he has come to find.

At last on the black canal bridge of a busy town, with a clang of iron in it, and more fires and more smoke than he has seen yet, the trooper, swart with the dust of the coal roads, checks his horse, and asks a workman does he know the name of Rouncewell thereabouts?

"Why, master," quoth the workman, "do I know my own name?"

"'Tis so well known here, is it, comrade?" asks the trooper.

"Rouncewell's? Ah! you're right."

"And where might it be now?" asks the trooper, with a glance before him.

"The bank, the factory, or the house?" the workman wants to know.

"Hum! Rouncewell's is so great apparently," mutters the trooper, stroking his chin, "that I have as good as half a mind to go back again. Why, I don't know which I want. Should I find Mr. Rouncewell at the factory, do you think?"

"Tain't easy to say where you'd find him; you might at this time of the day—you might

find either him or his son there, if he's in town; but his contracts take him away."

And which is the factory? Why, he sees those chimneys—the tallest ones! Yes, he sees them. Well! let him keep his eye on those chimneys, going on as straight as ever he can, and presently he'll see 'em down a turning on the left, shut in by a great brick wall which forms one side of the street. That's Rouncewell's.

The trooper thanks his informant, and rides slowly on, looking about him. He does not turn back, but puts up his horse (and is much disposed to groom him too) at a public-house where some of Rouncewell's hands are dining, as the hostler tells him. Some of Rouncewell's hands have just knocked off for dinner-time, and seem to be invading the whole town. They are very sinewy and strong are Rouncewell's hands—a little sooty too.

He comes to a gateway in the brick wall, looks in, and sees a great perplexity of iron lying about, in every stage, and in a vast variety of shapes; in bars, in wedges, in sheets; in tanks, in boilers, in axles, in wheels, in cogs, in cranks, in rails, twisted and wrenched into eccentric and perverse forms, as separate parts of machinery; mountains of it broken-up, and rusty in its age; distant furnaces of it glowing and bubbling in its youth; bright fireworks of it showering about under the blows of the steam hammer; red-hot iron, white-hot iron, coal-black iron; an iron taste, an iron smell, and a Babel of iron sounds.

"This is a place to make a man's head ache, too!" says the trooper, looking about him for a counting-house. "Who comes here? This is very like me before I was set up. This ought to be my nephew, if likenesses run in families. Your servant, sir?"

"Yours, sir. Are you looking for any one?"

"Excuse me. Young Mr. Rouncewell, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I was looking for your father, sir. I wished to have a word with him."

The young man telling him he is fortunate in his choice of a time, for his father is there, leads the way to the office where he is to be found. "Very like me before I was set up—devilish like me!" thinks the trooper, as he follows. They come to a building in the yard with an office on an upper floor. At sight of the gentleman in the office Mr. George turns very red.

"What name shall I say to my father?" asks the young man.

George, full of the idea of iron, in desperation, answers "Steel," and is so presented. He is left alone with the gentleman in the office, who sits at a table with account-books before him and some sheets of paper, blotted with hosts of figures and drawings, of cunning shapes. It is a bare office, with bare windows, looking on the iron view below. Tumbled together on the table are some pieces of iron, purposely broken, to be tested at various periods of their service in vari-

ous capacities. There is iron-dust on every thing, and the smoke is seen through the windows rolling heavily out of the tall chimneys to mingle with the smoke from a vaporous Babylon of other chimneys.

"I am at your service, Mr. Steel," says the gentleman, when his visitor has taken a rusty chair.

"Well, Mr. Rouncewell," George replies, leaning forward, with his left arm on his knee, and his hat in his hand; and very chary of meeting his brother's eye; "I am not without my expectations that in the present visit I may prove to be more free than welcome. I have served as a dragoon in my day; and a comrade of mine that I was once rather partial to, was, if I don't deceive myself, a brother of yours. I believe you had a brother who gave his family some trouble, and ran away, and never did any good but in keeping away?"

"Are you sure," returns the ironmaster, in an altered voice, "that your name is Steel?"

The trooper falters, and looks at him. His brother starts up, calls him by his name, and grasps him by both hands.

"You are too quick for me!" cries the trooper, with the tears springing out of his eyes. "How do you do, my dear old fellow. I never could have thought you would have been half so glad to see me as all this. How do you do, my dear old fellow, how do you do!"

They shake hands and embrace each other over and over again, the trooper still coupling his "How do you do, dear old fellow!" with his protestation that he never thought his brother would have been half so glad to see him as all this!

"So far from it," he declares, at the end of a full account of what has preceded his arrival there, "I had very little idea of making myself known. I thought if you took by any means forgivingly to my name, I might gradually get myself up to the point of writing a letter. But I could not have been surprised, brother, if you had considered it any thing but welcome news to hear of me."

"We will show you at home what kind of news we think it, George," returns his brother. "This is a great day at home, and you could not have arrived, you bronzed old soldier, on a better. I made an agreement with my son Wall to-day, that on this day twelve-month he shall marry as pretty and as good a girl as you have seen in your travels. She goes to Germany tomorrow with one of your nieces for a little polishing up in her education. We make a feast of the event, and you will be made the hero of it."

Mr. George is so entirely overcome at first by this prospect, that he resists the proposed honor with great earnestness. Being overborne, however, by his brother and his nephew—concerning whom he renewes his protestations that he never could have thought they would have been half so glad to see him—he is taken home to an elegant house, in all the arrangements of which

there is to be observed a pleasant mixture of the original simple habits of the father and mother, with such as are suited to their altered station and the higher fortunes of their children. Here, Mr. George is much dismayed by the graces and accomplishments of his nieces that are, and by the beauty of Rosa his niece that is to be, and by the affectionate salutations of those young ladies, which he receives in a sort of dream. He is sorely taken aback too by the dutiful behavior of his nephew, and has a woeful consciousness upon him of being a scapegrace. However, there is a great rejoicing, and a very hearty company, and infinite enjoyment, and Mr. George comes bluff and martial through it all, and his pledge to be present at the marriage, and give away the bride, is received with universal favor. A whirling head has Mr. George that night when he lies down in the state bed of his brother's house, to think of all these things and to see the images of his nieces (awful all the evening in their floating muslins), walking, after the German manner, over his counterpart.

The brothers are closeted next morning in the iron-master's room; where the elder is proceeding in his clear, sensible way to show how he thinks he may best dispose of George in his business, when George squeezes his hand and stops him. . . .

"Brother, I thank you a million times for your more than brotherly welcome, and a million times more to that for your more than brotherly intentions. But my plans, such as they are, are made. Before I say a word as to them, I wish to consult you upon one faintly point. How," says the trooper, folding his arms, and looking with indomitable firmness at his brother; "how is my mother to be got to scratch me?"

"I am not sure that I understand you, George," replies the ironmaster.

"I say, brother, how is my mother to be got to scratch me? She must be got to do it, somehow."

"Scratch you out of her will, I think you mean?"

"Of course I do. In short," says the trooper, folding his arms more resolutely yet, "I mean—to scratch me?"

"My dear George," returns his brother. "Is it so indispensable that you should undergo that process?"

"Quite absolutely! I couldn't be guilty of the manners of coming back without it. I should never be safe not to be off again. I have not sneaked home to rob your children, if not yourself, brother, of your rights. I, who forfeited mine long ago! If I am to remain and hold up my head, I must be scratched. Come! You are a man of celebrated penetration and intelligence, and you can tell me how it's to be brought about."

"I can tell you, George," replies the ironmaster, deliberately, "how it is not to be brought about, which I hope will answer the purpose as well. Look at your mother, think of her, recall

her emotion when she received you. Do you believe there is a consideration in the world that would induce her to take such a step against her favorite son? Do you believe there is any chance of her consent, to balance against the outrage it would be to her (loving dear old body!) to propose it? If you do, you are wrong. No, George! You must make up your mind to remain *unscratched*. I think"—there is an amused smile on the ironmaster's face, as he watches his brother, who is pondering, deeply disappointed—"I think you may manage almost as well as if the thing were done, though."

"How, brother?"

"Being bent upon it, you can dispose by will of any thing you have the misfortune to inherit, in any way you like, you know."

"That's true!" says the trooper, pondering again. Then he wistfully asks, with his hand on his brother's, "Would you mind mentioning that, brother, to your wife and family?"

"Not at all."

"Thank you. You wouldn't object to say, perhaps, that although an uneducated vagabond I am a vagabond of the harun-scarum order, and not of the mean sort?"

The ironmaster, repressing his amused smiles, assents.

"Thank you. Thank you. It's a considerable weight off my mind," says the trooper, with a heave of his chest as he unfolds his arms, and puts a hand on each leg: "though I had set my heart on being scratched, too!"

The brothers are very like each other, sitting face to face; but a certain massive simplicity and absence of usage in the way of the world, is all on the trooper's side.

"Well," he proceeds, throwing off his disappointment, "next and last, those plums of mine. You have been so brotherly as to propose to me to fall in here, and take my place among the products of your perseverance and sense. I thank you heartily. It's more than brotherly, as I said before, and I thank you heartily for it," shaking him a long time by the hand. "But the truth is, brother, I am a—I am a kind of a Weed, and it's too late to plant me in a regular garden."

"My dear George," returns the elder, concentrating his strong steady brow upon him, and smiling confidently: "leave that to me, and let me try."

George shakes his head. "You could do it. I have not a doubt, if any body could; but it's not to be done. Not to be done, sir! Whereas it so falls out, on the other hand, that I am able to be of some trifle of use to Sir Leicester Dedlock since his illness—brought on by family sorrows—and that he would rather have that help from our mother's son than from any body else."

"Well, my dear George," returns the other, with a very slight shade upon his open face, if you prefer to serve in Sir Leicester Dedlock's household brigade—".

"There it is, brother!" cries the trooper, checking him, with his hand upon his knee again:

"there it is! You don't take kindly to that idea. I don't mind it. You are not used to being officered. I am sure every thing about you is in perfect order and discipline; every thing about me requires to be kept so. We are not accustomed to carry things with the same hand, or to work at 'em from the same point. I don't say much about my garrison manners, because I found myself pretty well at my ease last night, and they wouldn't be noticed here, I dare say, once and away. But I shall get on best at Chesney Wold—where there's more room for a Wold than there is here—and the dear old lady will be made happy besides. Therefore I accept of Sir Leicester Dedlock's proposals. When I come over next year to give away the bride, or whenever I come, I shall have the sense to keep the household brigade in ambuscade, and not to manoeuvre it on your ground. I thank you heartily again, and am proud to think of the Rouncewells as they'll be founded by you."

"You know yourself, George," says the elder brother, returning the grip of his hand, "and perhaps you know me better than I know myself. Take your way. So that we don't quite lose one another again, take your own way."

"No fear of that!" returns the trooper. "Now, before I turn my horse's head home—ards, brother, I will ask you—if you'll be so good—to look over a letter for me. I brought it with me to send from these parts, as Chesney Wold might be a painful name to the person it's written to. I am not much accustomed to correspondence myself, and I am particular respecting this present letter, because I want it to be both straightforward and delicate."

Herewith he hands a letter, closely written in somewhat pale ink, but in a neat round hand, to the ironmaster, who read as follows:

"MISS ESTHER SUMMERS—A communication having been made to me by Inspector Bucket of a letter to yourself being found among the papers of a certain person, I take the liberty to make known to you that it was but a few lines of instruction from abroad, when, where, and how to deliver an inclosed letter to a young and beautiful lady then unmarried in England. I duly observed the same.

"I further take the liberty to make known to you that it was got from me as a proof of handwriting only, and that otherwise I would not have given it up, as appearing to be the most harmless in my possession, without being shot through the heart.

"I further take the liberty to mention that if I could have supposed a certain unfortunate gentleman to have been in existence, I never could and never would have rested until I had discovered his retreat, and shared my last farthing with him, as my duty and my inclination would have equally been. But he was (officially) reported drowned, and assuredly went over the side of a transport-ship at night in an Irish harbor, within a few hours of her arrival from the West Indies,

as I have myself heard both from officers and men on board, and know to have been (officially) confirmed.

"I further take the liberty to state that in my humble quality, one of the rank and file, I am, and shall ever continue to be your thoroughly devoted servant, and that I esteem the qualities you possess above all others, far beyond the limits of the present dispatch. I have the honor to be,
"GEORGE."

"A little formal," observes the elder brother, refolding it with a puzzled face.

"But nothing that might not be sent to a pattern young lady?" asks the younger.

"Nothing at all."

Therefore it is sealed, and deposited for posting among their own correspondence of the day. This done, Mr. George takes a hearty farewell of the family party, and prepares to saddle and mount. His brother, however, unwilling to part with him so soon, proposes to ride with him in a light open carriage to the place where he will bait for the night, and there remain with him until morning, a servant riding for so much of the journey on the thorough-bred old gray from Chesnycy Wold. The offer being gladly accepted, is followed by a pleasant ride, a pleasant dinner, and a pleasant breakfast, all in brotherly communion. Then they once more shake hands long and heartily, and part; the ironmaster turning his face to the smoke and fires, and the trooper to the green country. Early in the afternoon the subdued sound of his heavy military trot is heard on the turf in the avenue as he rides on with imaginary clank and jingle of accoutrements under the old elm trees.

CHAPTER LXIV.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

Soon after I had had that conversation with my Guardian, he put a sealed paper in my hand one morning, and said, "This is for next month, my dear." I found in it two hundred pounds.

I now began very quietly to make such preparations as I thought were necessary. Regulating my purchases by my Guardian's taste, which I knew very well of course, I arranged my wardrobe to please him, and hoped I should be highly successful. I did it all so quietly, because I was not quite free from my old apprehensions that Ada would be rather sorry, and because my Guardian was so quiet himself. I had no doubt that under all the circumstances we should be married in the most private and simple manner. Perhaps I should only have to say to Ada, "Would you like to come and see me married to-morrow, my pet?" Perhaps our wedding might even be as unpretending as her own, and I might not find it necessary to say any thing about it until it was over. I thought that if I were to choose, I would like this best.

The only exception I made was Mrs. Woodcourt. I told her that I was going to be married to my Guardian, and that we had been engaged some time. She highly approved. She could

never do enough for me, and was remarkably softened now in comparison with what she had been when we first knew her. There was no trouble she would not have taken to have been of use to me; but I need hardly say that I only allowed her to take as little as gratified her kindness without tasking it.

Of course this was not a time to neglect my Guardian; and of course it was not a time for neglecting my darling. So I had plenty of occupation—which I was glad of—and as to Charley, she was absolutely not to be seen for needlework. To surround herself with great heaps of it—baskets full and tables full—and do a little, and stand a great deal of time in staring with her round eyes at what there was to do, and persuade herself that she was going to do it—were Charley's great dignities and delights.

Meanwhile, I must say, I could not agree with my Guardian on the subject of the will, and I had some deceiving hopes of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Which of us was right will soon appear, but I certainly did encourage expectations. In Richard the discovery gave occasion for a burst of business and agitation that buoyed him up for a little time; but he had lost the elasticity even of hope now, and seemed to me to retain only its feverish anxieties. From something my Guardian said one day when we were talking about this, I understood that my marriage would not take place until after the term-time we had been told to look forward to; and I thought the more for that, how rejoiced I should be if I could be married when Richard and Ada were a little more prosperous.

The term was very near indeed when my Guardian was called out of town, and went down into Yorkshire on Mr. Woodcourt's business. He had told me beforehand that his presence there would be necessary. I had just come in one night from my dear girl's, and was sitting in the midst of all my new clothes, looking at them all around me, and thinking, when a letter from my Guardian was brought to me. It asked me to join him in the country, and mentioned by what stage-coach my place was taken, and at what time in the morning I should have to leave town. It added in a postscript that I should not be many hours from Ada.

I expected few things less than a journey at that time, but I was ready for it in half an hour, and set off as appointed early next morning. I trembled all day, wondered all day, what I could be wanted for at such a distance; now I thought it might be for this purpose, and now I thought it might be for that purpose; but I was never, never, never near the truth.

It was night when I came to my journey's end, and found my Guardian waiting for me. This was one great relief, for toward evening I had begun to fear (the more so as his letter was a very short one) that he might be ill. However, there he was, as well as it was possible to be, and when I saw his genial face again at its brightest and best, I said to myself, he has been doing some other great kindness. Not that it

required much penetration to say that, because I knew that his being there at all was an act of kindness in itself.

Supper was ready at the hotel, and when we were alone at table he said :

"Full of curiosity, no doubt, little woman, to know why I have brought you here?"

"Well, Guardian," said I, "without thinking myself a Fatima or you a Blue-Beard, I am a little curious about it."

"Then to secure your night's rest, my love," he returned, gayly, "I won't wait until to-morrow to tell you. I have very much wished to express to Woodcourt, somehow, my sense of his humanity to poor unfortunate Jo, his inestimable services to my young cousins, and his value to us all. When it was decided that he should settle here, it came into my head that I might ask his acceptance of some unpretending and suitable little place to lay his own head in. I therefore caused such a place to be looked out for, and such a place was found on very easy terms, and I have been touching it up for him and making it habitable. However, when I walked over it the day before yesterday, and it was reported to me ready, I found that I was not housekeeper enough to know whether things were all as they ought to be. So I sent off for the best little housekeeper that could possibly be got to come and give me her advice and opinion. And here she is," said my Guardian, "laughing and crying both together!"

Because he was so dear, so good, so admirable, I tried to tell him what I thought of him, but I could not articulate a word.

"Tut, tut!" said my Guardian. "You make too much of it, little woman. Why, how you sob! Dame Durden, how you sob!"

"It is with exquisite pleasure, my Guardian—with a heart full of thanks."

"Well, well," said he. "I am delighted that you approve. I thought you would. I meant it as a pleasant surprise for the little mistress of Bleak House."

I kissed him and dried my eyes. "I know now!" said I. "I have seen this in your face a long while."

"No; have you really, my dear?" said he. "What a Dame Durden it is to read a face!"

He was so quaint and cheerful that I could not long be otherwise, and was almost ashamed of having been otherwise at all. When I went to bed, I cried, I am bound to confess that I cried; but I hope it was with pleasure, though I am not quite satisfied it was with pleasure. I repeated every word of the letter twice over.

A most beautiful summer morning succeeded, and after breakfast we went out arm-in-arm, to see the house of which I was to give my mighty housekeeping opinion. We entered a flower-garden by a gate in a side-wall, of which he had the key; and the first thing I saw, was that the beds and flowers were all laid out according to the manner of my beds and flowers at home.

"You see, my dear," observed my Guardian,

standing still, with a delighted face, to watch my looks, "knowing there could be no better plan, I borrowed yours."

We went on by a pretty little orchard, where the cherries were nestling among the green leaves, and the shadows of the apple-trees were sporting on the grass, to the house itself—a cottage, quite a rustic cottage of doll's rooms, but such a lovely place, so tranquil and so beautiful, with such a rich and smiling country spread around it; with water sparkling away into the distance, here all overhanging with summer-growth, there turning a humming-mill; at its nearest point glancing through a meadow by the cheerful town, where cricket-players were assembling in bright groups, and a flag was flying from a white tent that rippled in the sweet west wind. And still, as we went through the pretty rooms, out at the little rustic verandah doors, and underneath the tiny wooden colonnades, garlanded with woodbine, jasmine, and honeysuckle, I saw, in the papering on the walls, in the colors of the furniture, in the arrangement of all the pretty objects, my little tastes and fancies, my little methods and inventions which they used to laugh at while they praised them, my odd things every where.

I could not say enough in admiration of what was all so beautiful, but one secret doubt arose in my mind, as I saw this; I thought, O would he be the happier for it? Would it not have been better for his peace that I should not have been so brought before him? Because, although I was not what he thought me, still he loved me very dearly, and it might remind him mournfully of what he believed he had lost. I did not wish him to forget me—perhaps he might not have done so, even without these aids to his memory—but my way was easier than his, and I could have reconciled myself to that, so that he had been the happier for it.

"And now, little woman," said my Guardian, whom I had never seen so proud and joyful as in showing me these things, and watching my appreciation of them, "now, last of all, for the name of this house."

"What is it called, dear Guardian?"

"My child," said he, "come and see."

He took me to the porch, which he had hitherto avoided, and said, pausing, before he went out:

"My dear child, don't you guess the name?"

"No!" said I.

We went out of the porch, and he showed me written over it—BLEAK HOUSE.

He led me to a seat among the leaves close by, and sitting down beside me, and taking my hand in his, spoke to me thus:

"My darling girl, in what there has been between us, I have, I hope, been really solicitous for your happiness. When I wrote you the letter to which you brought the answer," smiling as he referred to it, "I had my own too much in view; but I had yours too. Whether, under different circumstances, I might ever have renewed the old dream I sometimes dreamed when

you were very young, of making you my wife one day, I need not ask myself. I did renew it, and I wrote my letter, and you brought your answer. You are following what I say, my child!"

I was cold, and I trembled violently; but not a word he uttered was lost. As I sat looking fixedly at him, and the sun's rays descended, softly shining through the leaves upon his bare head, I felt as if the brightness on him must be like the brightness of the Angels.

"Hear me, my love, but do not speak. It is for me to speak now. When it was that I began to doubt whether what I had done would really make you happy, is no matter. Woodcourt came home, and I soon had no doubt at all."

I clasped him round the neck, and hung my head upon his breast and wept. "Lie lightly, confidently, here, my child," said he, pressing me gently to him. "I am your Guardian and your father now. Rest confidently here."

Soothingly, like the gentle rustling of the leaves; and genially, like the ripening weather; and radiantly and beneficially, like the sunshine; he went on.

"Understand me, my dear girl; I had no doubt of your being contented and happy with me, being so dutiful and so devoted; but I saw with whom you would be happier. That I penetrated his secret when Dame Durden was blind to it is no wonder; for I knew the good that would never change in her, better far than she did. Well! I have long been in Allan Woodcourt's confidence, although he was not, until yesterday, a few hours before you came here, in me. But I would not have my Esther's bright example lost; I would not have a jot of my dear girl's virtues unobserved and unhonoured; I would not have her admitted on sufferance into the line of Morgan ap Kerrig, no, not for the weight in gold of all the mountains in Wales!"

He stopped to kiss me on the forehead, and I sobbed and wept afresh. For I felt as if I could not bear the painful delight of his praise.

"Hush, little woman! Don't cry; this is to be a day of joy. I have looked forward to it," he said, exultingly, "for months on months! A few words more, Dame Trot, and I have said my say. Determined not to throw away one atom of my Esther's worth, I took Mrs. Woodcourt into a separate confidence. 'Now madam,' said I, 'I clearly perceive—and indeed I know, to boot—that your son loves my ward. I am further very sure that my ward loves your son, but will sacrifice her love to a sense of duty and affection, and will sacrifice it so completely, so entirely, so religiously, that you should never suspect it, though you watched her night and day.' Then I told her all our story—ours—yours and mine. 'Now, madam,' said I, 'come you, knowing this, and live with us. Come you and see my child from hour to hour; set what you see against her pedigree, which is this and this!—for I scorned to mince it—and tell me what is the true legitimacy, when you shall have quite made up your mind

on that subject.' Why, honor to her old Welsh blood, my dear!" cried my Guardian, with enthusiasm, "I believe the heart it animates beats no less warmly, no less admiringly, no less lovingly, toward Dame Durden, than my own!"

He tenderly raised my head, and as I clung to him, kissed me in his old fatherly way again and again. What a light now on the protecting manner I had thought about!

"One more last word. When Allan Woodcourt spoke to you, my dear, he spoke with my knowledge and consent, but I gave him no encouragement. Not I. For these surprises were my great reward, I was too miserly to part with a scrap of it. He was to come and tell me all that passed, and he did. I have no more to say. My dear, Allan Woodcourt stood beside your father when he lay dead—stood beside your mother. This is Bleak House. This day I give this house its little mistress, and before God, it is the brightest day in all my life!"

He rose, and raised me with him. We were no longer alone. My husband—I have called him by that name full seven happy years now—stood at my side.

"Allan," said my Guardian, "take from me—a willing gift—the best wife that ever a man had.—What more can I say for you than that I know you deserve her. Take with her the little home she brings you. You know what she will make it, Allan; you know what she has made its namesake. Let me share its felicity sometimes, and what do I sacrifice? Nothing, nothing."

He kissed me once again, and now the tears were in his eyes, as he said more softly:

"Esther, my dearest, after so many years, there is a kind of parting in this too. I know that my mistake has caused you some distress. Forgive your old Guardian in restoring him to his old place, and blot it out of your memory. Allan, take my dear!"

He moved away from under the green roof of leaves, and stopping in the sunlight outside, and turning cheerfully toward us, he said—

"I shall be found about here somewhere. It's a west wind, little woman, due west! Let no one thank me any more, for I am going to resort to my bachelor habits, and if anybody disregards this warning, I'll run away, and never come back!"

What happiness was ours that day, what joy, what rest, what hope, what gratitude, what bliss! We were to be married before the month was out; but when we were to come and take possession of our own house, was to depend on Richard and Ada.

We all three went home together next day. As soon as we arrived in town, Allan went straight to see Richard, and to carry our joyful news to my darling. Late as it was, I meant to go to her for a few minutes before lying down to sleep; but I went home with my Guardian first, to make his tea for him, and to occupy the

old chair by his side; for I did not like to think of its being empty so soon.⁶

When we came home, we found that a young man had called three times in the course of that one day, to see me; and, that having been told, on the occasion of his third call, that I was not expected to return before ten o'clock at night, had left word, "that he would call about then." He had left his card three times. **MR. GUPPY.**

As I naturally speculated on the object of these visits, and as I always associated something ludicrous with the visitor, it naturally fell out that in laughing about Mr. Guppy, I told my Guardian of his old proposal, and his subsequent retraction. "After that," said my Guardian, "we will certainly receive this hero." So instructions were given that Mr. Guppy should be shown in when he came again; and they were scarcely given when he did come again.

He was embarrassed when he found my Guardian with me, but recovered himself, and said, "How do you do, sir?"

"How do you do, sir?" returned my Guardian.

"Thank you, sir, I am tolerable," returned Mr. Guppy. "Will you allow me to introduce my mother, Mrs. Guppy, of the Old Street Road, and my particular friend, Mr. Weeble. That is to say, my friend has gone by the name of Weeble, but his name is really and truly Jobling."

My Guardian begged them to be seated, and they all sat down.

"Tony," said Mr. Guppy to his friend, after an awkward silence. "Will you open the case?"

"Do it yourself," returned the friend, rather tartly.

"Well, Mr. Jarndyce, sir," Mr. Guppy, after a moment's consideration, began, to the great diversion of his mother, which she displayed by nudging Mr. Jobling with her elbow, and winking at me in a most remarkable manner. "I had an idea that I should see Miss Summerson by herself, and was not quite prepared for your esteemed presence. But Miss Summerson has mentioned to you, perhaps, that something has passed between us on former occasions?"

"Miss Summerson," returned my Guardian smiling, "has made a communication to that effect to me."

"That," said Mr. Guppy, "makes matters easier, sir. I have come out of my articles at Kenge and Carboy's, and I believe with satisfaction to all parties. I am now admitted (after undergoing an examination that's enough to badger a man blue, touching a pack of nonsense that he don't want to know) on the roll of attorneys, and have taken out my certificate, if it would be any satisfaction to you to see it."

"Thank you, Mr. Guppy," returned my Guardian. "I am quite willing—I believe I use a legal phrase—to admit the certificate."

Mr. Guppy therefore desisted from taking something out of his pocket, and proceeded without it.

"I have no capital myself, but my mother has a little property which takes the form of an annuity;" here Mr. Guppy's mother rolled her head

as if she never could sufficiently enjoy the observation, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and again winked at me; "and a few pounds expenses out of pocket in conducting business will never be wanting, free of interest. Which is an advantage, you know," said Mr. Guppy, feelingly.

"Certainly an advantage," returned my Guardian.

"I have some connection," pursued Mr. Guppy, "and it lays in the direction of Walcot Square, Lambeth. I have therefore taken a house in that locality, which, in the opinion of my friends, is a hollow bargain (taxes ridiculous, and use of fixtures included in the rent), and intend setting up professionally for myself there, forthwith."

Here Mr. Guppy's mother fell into an extraordinary passion of rolling her head and smiling waggishly at any body who would look at her.

"It's a six roomer, exclusive of kitchens," said Mr. Guppy, "and, in the opinion of my friends, a commodious tenement. When I mention my friends, I refer principally to my friend Jobling, who has known me"—Mr. Guppy looked at him with a sentimental air, "from boyhood's hour."

Mr. Jobling confirmed this, with a sliding movement of his legs.

"My friend Jobling will render me his assistance in the capacity of clerk, and will live in the house," said Mr. Guppy. "My mother will likewise live in the house when her present quarter in the Old Street Road shall have ceased and expired; and consequently there will be no want of society. My friend Jobling is naturally aristocratic by taste, and besides being acquainted with the movements of the upper circles, fully backs me in the intentions I am now developing."

Mr. Jobling said "Certainly," and withdrew a little from the elbow of Mr. Guppy's mother.

"Now, I have no occasion to mention to you, sir, you being in the confidence of Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, "(mother, I wish you'd be so good as to keep still), that Miss Summerson's image was formerly imprinted on my art, and that I made her a proposal of marriage."

"That I have heard," returned my Guardian.

"Circumstances," pursued Mr. Guppy, "over which I had no control, but quite the contrary, weakened the impression of that image for a time. At which time Miss Summerson's conduct was highly genteel; I will add magnanimous."

My Guardian patted me on the shoulder, and seemed much amused.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Guppy, "I have got into that state of mind myself, that I wish for a reciprocity of magnanimous behavior. I wish to prove to Miss Summerson that I can rise to a height of which perhaps she hardly thought me capable. I find that the image which I did suppose had been eradicated from my art, is not eradicated. Its influence over me is still tremendous, and yielding to it I am willing to overlook the circumstances over which none of us had any control, and to renew those proposals to Miss Summerson which I had the honor to make

at a former period. I beg to lay the ouse in Walcot Square, the business, and myself, before Miss Summerson, for her acceptance."

"Very magnanimous, indeed, sir," observed my Guardian.

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Guppy, with candor, "my wish is to be magnanimous. I do not consider that in making this offer to Miss Summerson I am by any means throwing myself away, neither is that the opinion of my friends. Still there are circumstances which I submit may be taken into account as set-off against any little drawbacks of mine, and so a fair and equitable balance arrived at."

"I take upon myself, sir," said my Guardian, laughing as he rang the bell, "to reply to your proposals on behalf of Miss Summerson. She is very sensible of your handsome intentions, and wishes you good-evening, and wishes you well."

"Oh!" said Mr. Guppy, with a blank look. "Is that tantamount, sir, to acceptance, or rejection, or consideration?"

"To decided rejection, if you please," returned my Guardian.

Mr. Guppy looked incredulously at his friend, and at his mother, who suddenly turned very angry, and at the floor, and at the ceiling.

"Indeed?" said he. "Then Jobling, if you was the friend you represent yourself, I should think you might hand my mother out of the gangway instead of allowing her to remain where she ain't wanted."

But Mrs. Guppy positively refused to come out of the gangway. She wouldn't hear of it. "Why, get along with you," said she to my Guardian, "what do you mean? Ain't my son good enough for you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Get out with you!"

"My good lady," returned my Guardian, "it's hardly reasonable to ask me to get out of my own room."

"I don't care for that," said Mrs. Guppy. "Get out with you. If we ain't good enough for you, go and procure somebody that is good enough. Go along and find 'em."

I was quite unprepared for the rapid manner in which Mrs. Guppy's power of jocularity merged into a power of taking the profoundest offense.

"Go along and find somebody that's good enough for you," repeated Mrs. Guppy. "Get out." Nothing seemed to astonish Mr. Guppy's mother so much, and to make her so very indignant, as our not getting out. "Why don't you get out?" said Mrs. Guppy. "What are you stopping here for?"

"Mother," interposed her son, always getting before her, and pushing her back with one shoulder, as she sidled at my Guardian, "will you hold your tongue?"

"No, William," she returned; "I won't! Not unless he gets out, I won't!"

However, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling together closed on Mr. Guppy's mother (who began to be quite abusively, and took her, very much against her will, down-stairs: her voice rising a stair

higher every time her figure got a stair lower, and insisting that we should immediately go and find somebody who was good enough for us, and above all things that we should get out.

CHAPTER LXV.—BEGINNING THE WORLD.

The term had commenced, and my Guardian found an intimation from Mr. Kenge that the cause would come on in two days. As I had sufficient hopes of the will to be in a flutter about it, Allan and I agreed to go down to the court that morning. Richard was extremely agitated, and was so weak and low, though his illness was still of the mind, that my dear girl indeed had sore occasion to be supported. But she looked forward—a very little way now—to the help that was to come to her, and never drooped.

It was at Westminster that the cause was to come on. It had come on there, I dare say, a hundred times before, but I could not divest myself of an idea that it *might* lead to some result now. We left home directly after breakfast to be at Westminster Hall in good time, and walked down there through the lively streets—so happily and strangely it seemed!—together.

As we were going along, planning what we should do for Richard and Ada, I heard some body calling "Esther! my dear Esther! Esther!" And there was Caddy Jellyby with her head out of the window of a little carriage, which she hired now to go about in to her pupils (she had so many), as if she wanted to embrace me at a hundred yards' distance. I had written her a note to tell her of all that my Guardian had done, but he'd not a moment to go and see her. Of course we turned back, and the affectionate girl was in that state of rapture, and was so overjoyed to talk about the night when she brought me the flowers, and was so determined to squeeze my face (bonnet and all) between her hands, and go on in a wild manner altogether, calling me all kinds of precious names, and telling Allan I had done I don't know what for her, that I was first obliged to get into the little carriage and calm her down, by letting her say and do exactly what she liked. Allan, standing at the window, was as pleased as Caddy, and I was as pleased as either of them; and I wonder that I got away as I did, rather than that I came off laughing, and red, and any thing but tidy, and looking after Caddy who looked after us out of the coach-window as long as ever she could see us.

This made us some quarter of an hour late, and when we came to Westminster Hall we found that the day's business was begun. Worse than that, we found such an unusual crowd in the court of Chancery that it was full to the door, and we could neither see nor hear what was passing within. It appeared to be something droll, for occasionally there was a laugh, and a cry of "Silence!" It appeared to be something interesting, for every one was pushing and striving to get nearer. It appeared to be something that

made the professional gentlemen very merry, for there were several young counselors in wigs and whiskers on the outside of the crowd, and when one of them told the others about it, they put their hands in their pockets, and quite doubled themselves up with laughter, and went stamping about the pavement of the hall.

We asked a gentleman by us, if he knew what cause was on? He told us Jarndyce and Jarndyce. We asked him if he knew what was doing in it? He said, really no he did not, nobody ever did, but as well as he could make out, it was over. Over for the day? we asked him. No, he said; over for good.

Over for good!

When we heard this unaccountable answer, we looked at one another quite lost in amazement. Could it be possible that the will had set things right at last, and that Richard and Ada were going to be rich? It seemed too good to be true. Alas it was!

Our suspense was short, for a break-up soon took place in the crowd, and the people came streaming out, looking flushed and hot, and bringing a quantity of bad air with them. Still they were all exceedingly amused, and were more like people coming out from a Farce or a Juggler than from a court of Justice. We stood aside, watching for any countenance we knew, and presently great bundles of papers began to be carried out—bundles in bags, bundles too large to be got into any bags, immense masses of papers of all shapes and no shapes, which the bearers staggered under, and threw down for the time being, any how, on the Hall pavement, while they went back to bring out more. Even these clerks were laughing. We glanced at the papers, and seeing Jarndyce and Jarndyce every where, asked an official-looking person who was standing in the midst of them, whether the cause was over. "Yes," he said. "It was all up with it at last!" and burst out laughing too.

At this juncture we perceived Mr. Kenge coming out of court with an astable dignity upon him, listening to Mr. Vholes, who was deferential, and carried his own bag. Mr. Vholes was the first to see us. "Here is Miss Summerson, sir," he said. "And Mr. Woodcourt."

"O indeed! Yes, truly!" said Mr. Kenge, raising his hat to me with polished politeness. "How do you do? Glad to see you. Mr. Jarndyce is not here?"

No. He never came there, I reminded him.

"Really," returned Mr. Kenge, "it is as well that he is not here to-day, for his—shall I say, in my good friend's absence, his indomitable singularity of openness?—might have been strengthened, perhaps; not reasonably, but might have been strengthened!"

"Pray what has been done to-day?" asked Allan.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Kenge, with excessive urbanity.

"What has been done to-day?"

"What has been done," repeated Mr. Kenge.

"Quite so. Yes. Why, not much has been done; not much. We have been checked—brought up suddenly, I would say—upon the—shall I term it threshold?"

"Is this will considered a genuine document, sir?" said Allan; "will you tell us that?"

"Most willingly, if I could," said Mr. Kenge; "but we have not gone into that, we have not gone into that."

"We have not gone into that," repeated Mr. Vholes, as if his low inward voice were an echo.

"You are to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," observed Mr. Kenge, using his silver trowel, perseveringly and smoothly, "that this has been a great cause, that this has been a protracted cause, that this has been a complex cause. Jarndyce and Jarndyce has been termed, not inaptly, a Monument of Chancery practice."

"And Patience has sat upon it a long time," said Allan.

"Very well indeed, sir," returned Mr. Kenge, with a certain condescending laugh he had. "Very well! You are further to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," becoming dignified to severity, "that on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions, and forms of procedure in this great cause: there has been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, Mr. Woodcourt, high intellect. For many years, the—a—I would say the power of the Bar, and the—a—I would presume to add the matured autumnal fruits of the Woolsack—have been lavished upon Jarndyce and Jarndyce. If the public have the benefit, and if the country have the adornment of this great Grasp, it must be paid for, in money or money's worth, sir."

"Mr. Kenge," said Allan, appearing enlightened all in a moment. "Excuse me, our time presses. Do I understand that the whole estate is found to have been absorbed in costs?"

"Hem! I believe so," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"I believe so," said Mr. Vholes.

"And that thus the suit lapses and melts away."

"Probably," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"Probably," said Mr. Vholes.

"My dearest life," whispered Allan, "this will break Richard's heart!"

There was such a shock of apprehension in his face, and he knew Richard so perfectly, and I too had seen so much of his gradual decay, that what my dear girl had said to me in the fullness of her foreboding love, sounded like a knell in my ears.

"In case you should be wanting Mr. C., sir," said Mr. Vholes, coming after us, "you'll find him in court. I left him there resting himself a little. Good-day, sir; good-day, Miss Summerson." As he gave me that long devouring look of his, while twisting up the strings of his bag, before he hastened with it after Mr. Kenge, the benignant shadow of whose conversational presence he seemed afraid to leave, he gave one gasp as if he had swallowed the last morsel of his cli-

ent, and his black buttoned-up unwholesome figure glided away to the low door at the end of the hall.

"My dear love," said Allan, "leave to me for a little while the charge you gave me. Go home with this intelligence, and come to Ada's by-and-by!"

I would not let him take me to a coach, but entreated him to go to Richard without a moment's delay, and leave me to do as he wished. Hurrying home, I found my Guardian, and told him gradually with what news I had returned. "Little woman," said he, quite unmoved for himself, "to have done with the suit on any terms is a greater blessing than I had looked for. But my poor young cousins!"

We talked about them all the morning, and discussed what it was possible to do. In the afternoon my Guardian walked with me to Symond's Inn, and left me at the door. I went up-stairs. When my darling heard my footsteps, she came out into the small passage and threw her arms round my neck; but she composed herself directly, and said that Richard had asked for me several times. Allan had found him sitting in a corner of the court, she told me, like a stone figure. On being roused, he had broken away, and made as if he would have spoken in a fierce voice to the judge. He was stopped by his mouth being full of blood, and Allan had brought him home.

He was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed when I went in. The room was made as airy as possible, and was darkened, and was very orderly and quiet. Allan stood behind him, watching him gravely. His face appeared to me to be quite destitute of color, and, now that I saw him without his seeing me, I fully saw, for the first time, how worn away he was. But he looked handsomer than I had seen him look for many a day.

I sat down by his side in silence. Opening his eyes by-and-by, he said in a weak voice, but with his old smile, "Dame Durden, kiss me, my dear!"

It was a great comfort and surprise to me, to find him in his low state cheerful and looking forward. He was happier, he said, in our intended marriage than he could find words to tell me. My husband had been a guardian angel to him and Ada, and he blessed us both, and wished us all the joy that life could yield us. I almost felt as if my own heart would have broken when I saw him take my husband's hand and hold it to his breast.

We spoke of the future as much as possible, and he said several times that he must be present at our marriage if he could stand upon his feet. Ada would contrive to take him somehow, he said. "Yes, surely, dearest Richard?" But as my darling answered thus hopefully—so serene and beautiful, with the help that was to come to her so near—I knew—I knew!

It was not good for him to talk too much; and when he was silent, we were silent too. Sitting beside him, I made a pretense of working for my

dear, as he had always been used to joke about my being busy. Ada leaned upon his pillow, holding his head upon her arm. He dozed often; and whenever he awoke without seeing him, said, first of all, "Where is Woodcourt?"

Evening had come on, when I lifted up my eyes, and saw my Guardian standing in the little hall. "Who is that, Dame Durden?" Richard asked me. The door was behind him, but he had observed in my face that some one was there.

I looked to Allan for advice, and as he nodded "Yes," bent over Richard and told him. My Guardian saw what passed, came softly by me in a moment, and laid his hand on Richard's. "Oh, sir," said Richard, "you are a good man, you are a good man!" and burst into tears for the first time.

My Guardian, the picture of a good man, sat down in my place, keeping his hand on Richard's.

"My dear Rick," said he, "the clouds have cleared away, and it's bright now. We can see now. We were all bewildered, Rick, more or less. What matters! And how are you, my dear boy?"

"I am very weak, sir, but I hope I shall be stronger. I have to begin the world."

"Ay, truly; well said," cried my Guardian.

"I will not begin it in the old way now," said Richard with a sad smile. "I have learned a lesson now, sir. It was a hard one; but you shall be assured, indeed, that I have learned it."

"Well, well," said my Guardian, comforting him; "well, well, well, my dear boy!"

"I was thinking, sir," resumed Richard, "that there is nothing on earth I should so much like to see as their house—Dame Durden's and Woodcourt's house. If I could be moved there when I begin to recover my strength, I feel as if I should get well there sooner than any where."

"Why, so have I been thinking too, Rick," said my Guardian, "and our little woman likewise; she and I have been talking of it this very day. I dare say her husband won't object. What do you think?"

Richard smiled, and lifted up his arm to touch him as he stood behind his bed's head.

"I say nothing of Ada," said Richard, "but I think of her, and have thought of her very much. Look at her! see her here, sir, bending over this pillow when she has so much need to rest upon it herself, my dear love, my poor girl!"

He clasped her in his arms, and none of us spoke. He gradually released her, and she looked upon us, and looked up to heaven, and moved her lips.

"When I get down to Bleak House," said Richard, "I shall have much to tell you, sir, and you will have much to show me. You will go, won't you?"

"Undoubtedly, dear Rick."

"Thank you; like you, like you," said Richard. "But it's all like you. They have been telling me how you planned it, and how you remembered all Esther's familiar tastes and ways. It will be like coming to the old Bleak House again."

"And you will come there too, I hope Rick. I am a solitary man now, you know, and it will be a charity to come to me. A charity to come to me, my love!" he repeated to Ada, as he gently passed his hand over her golden hair, and put a lock of it to his lips. I think he vowed within himself to cherish her if she were left alone.

"It was all a troubled dream," said Richard, clasping both his hands eagerly.

"Nothing more, Rick; nothing more."

"And you, being a good man, can pass it as such, and forgive and pity the dreamer, and be lenient and encouraging when he wakes?"

"Indeed I can. What am I but another dreamer, Rick?"

"I will begin the world," said Richard, with a light in his eyes.

My husband drew a little nearer toward Ada, and I saw him solemnly lift up his hand to warn my Guardian.

"When shall I go from this place to that pleasant country where the old times are, where I shall have strength to tell what Ada has been to me, where I shall be able to recall my many faults and blindnesses, where I shall prepare myself to be a guide to my unborn child?" said Richard, "When shall I go?"

"Dear Rick, when you are strong enough, returned my Guardian.

"Ada, my darling!"

He sought to raise himself a little. Allan raised him so that she could hold him on her bosom; which was what he wanted.

"I have done you many wrongs, my own. I have fallen like a poor stray shadow on your way, I have married you to poverty and trouble, I have scattered your means to the winds. You will forgive me all this, my Ada, before I begin the world!"

A smile irradiated his face as she bent to kiss him. He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arms closer round her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world, O not this! The world that sets this right.

When all was still, at a late hour, poor crazed Miss Flite came weeping to me, and told me that she had given her birds their liberty.

CHAPTER LXVI.—DOWN IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

THERE is a hush upon Chesney Wold in these altered days, as there is upon a portion of the family history. The story goes that Sir Leicester paid some who could have spoken out to hold their peace; but it is a lame story, feebly whispering and creeping about, and any brighter spark of life it shows soon dies away. It is known for certain that the handsome Lady Dedlock lies in the mausoleum in the park, where the trees arch darkly overhead, and the owl is heard at night making the woods ring, but whence she was brought home, to be laid among the echoes of that solitary place, or how she died, is all vague mystery. Some of her old friends, principally to be found among the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throat, did once occa-

casionally say, as they toyed in a ghastly manner with large fans, like charmers reduced to flirting with grim Death, after losing all their other beaux—did once occasionally say when the Wold assembled together, that they wondered the ashes of the Dedlocks, entombed in the mausoleum, never rose against the profanation of her company. But the dead-and-gone Dedlocks take it very calmly, and never have been known to object.

Up from among the fern in the hollow, and winding by the bridle-road among the trees, comes sometimes to this lonely spot the sound of horses' hoofs. Then may be seen Sir Leicester—invalided, bent, and almost blind, but of a worthy presence yet—riding with a stalwart man beside him, constant to his bridle-rein. When they come to a certain spot before the mausoleum door, Sir Leicester's accustomed horse stops of his own accord, and Sir Leicester, pulling off his hat, is still for a few moments before they ride away.

War rages yet with the audacious Boythorn, though at uncertain intervals, and now hotly, and now coolly; flickering like an unsteady fire. The truth is said to be that when Sir Leicester came down to Lincolnshire for good, Mr. Boythorn showed a manifest desire to abandon his right of way, and do whatever Sir Leicester would: which Sir Leicester conceiving to be a concession to his illness or misfortune, took in such high dudgeon, and was so magnificently aggrieved by, that Mr. Boythorn found himself under the necessity of committing a trespass to restore his neighbor to himself. Similarly Mr. Boythorn continues to post tremendous placards on the disputed thoroughfare, and (with his bird upon his head) to hold forth vehemently against Sir Leicester in the sanctuary of his own home; similarly, also, he defies him, as of old, in the little church, by testifying a bland unconsciousness of his existence. But it is whispered that when he is most ferocious toward his old foe, he is really most considerate; and that Sir Leicester, in the dignity of being implacable, little supposes how much he is humored. As little does he think how near together he and his antagonist have suffered in the fortunes of two sisters; and his antagonist, who knows it now, is not the man to tell him. So the quarrel goes on, to the satisfaction of both.

In one of the lodges of the Park, that lodge within sight of the house where, once upon a time, when the waters were out down in Lincolnshire, my Lady used to see the Keeper's child, the stalwart man, the trooper formerly housed. Some relics of his old calling hang upon the walls, and these it is the chosen recreation of a little lame man about the stable-yard to keep gleaming bright. A very little man he always is, in the polishing at harness-house doors, of stirrup-irons, bits, curb-chains, harness-bosses, any thing in the way of a stable-yard that will take a polish, leading a life of friction. A shaggy little damaged man, withal, not unlike an old

dog of some mongrel breed, who has been considerably knocked about. He answers to the name of Phil.

A goodly sight it is to see the grand old house-keeper (hard of hearing now) going to church on the arm of her son, and to observe—which few do, for the house is scanty of company in these times—the relations of both toward Sir Leicester, and his toward them. They have visitors in the high summer weather, when a gray cloak and umbrella, unknown to Chesney Wold at other periods, are seen among the leaves, when two young ladies are occasionally found gamboling in sequestered saw-pits, and such nooks of the Park, and when the smoke of two pipes wreathes away into the fragrant evening air from the trooper's door. Then is a fife heard trilling within the lodge on the inspiring topic of the British Grenadiers; and as the evening closes in, a gentle inflexible voice is heard to say, as the two men pace together up and down, "But I never own to it before the old girl. Discipline must be maintained."

The greater part of the house is shut up, and it is a show-house no longer, yet Sir Leicester holds his shrunken state in the long drawing-room for all that, and reposes in his old place before my Lady's picture. Closed in by night with broad screens and illuminated only in that part, the light of the drawing room seems gradually contracting and perishing out until it shall be no more. A little more, in truth, and it will be all extinguished for Sir Leicester, and the damp door in the mausoleum which shuts so tight and obdurate, shall have opened and relieved him.

Volumnia, growing with the flight of time, pinker as to the red in her face, and yellower as to the white, reads to Sir Leicester in the long evenings, and is driven to curious artifices to conceal her yawns, of which the chief and most efficacious is the insertion of the pearl necklace between her rosy lips. Long-winded critics on treatises on Buffy and Boodle question, showing how Buffy is immaculate and Boodle villainous, and how the country is lost by being all Boodle and no Buffy, or saved by being all Buffy and no Boodle (it must be one of the two, and can not be any thing else) are the staple of her reading. Sir Leicester is not particular what it is, and does not appear to follow it very closely, further than that he always comes broad awake the moment Volumnia ventures to leave off, and sonorously repeating her last word, begs with some displeasure to know if she finds herself fatigued? However, Volumnia, in the course of her bird-like hopping about and pecking at papers, has lighted on a memorandum concerning herself, in the event of any thing happening to her kinsman, which is a handsome compensation for an extensive course of reading, and holds even the dragon Boredom at bay.

The cousins generally are rather shy of Chesney Wold in its dullness, but take to it a little in the shooting season, when guns are heard in the

plantations, and a few scattered beaters and keepers wait at the old places of appointment, for low spirited twos and threes of cousins. The debilitated cousin, more debilitated by the dreariness of the place, gets into a fearful state of depression, groaning under penitential sofa-pillows in his gunless hours, and protesting that such fernal old jailsough t'sew fier up frever.

The only great occasions for Volumnia, in this changed aspect of the place in Lincolnshire, are those occasions, rare and widely-separated, when something is to be done for the county or the country in the way of gracing a public ball. Then, indeed, does the tucker'd sylph come out in fairy form, and proceed with joy under cousinly escort to the exhausted old assembly-room, fourteen heavy miles off, which during three hundred and sixty-four days and nights of every ordinary year is a kind of lumber-room, full of old chairs and tables, upside down. Then, indeed, does she captivate all hearts by her condescension, by her girlish vivacity, and by her skipping about as in the days when the hideous old general, with the mouth too full of teeth, had not cut one of them at two guineas each. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph, of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then do the swains appear with tea, with lemonade, with sandwiches, with homage. Then is she kind and concily, statelily, and unassuming, various, beautifully willful. Then is there a singular kind of parallel between her and the little glass chandeliers of another age, embellishing that assembly-room; which, with their meagre stems, their spare little drops, their disappointing knobs where no drops are, their bare little stalks, from which knobs and drops have both departed, and their little feeble prismatic twinkling, all seem Volumnias.

For the rest, Lincolnshire life to Volumnia is a vast blank of overgrown house looking upon the sighing trees, wringing their hands, bowing their heads, and casting their tears upon the window-panes in monotonous depression. A labyrinth of grandeur, less the property of an old family of human beings and their ghostly likenesses, than of an old family of echoings and thunderings which start out of their hundred graves at every sound, and go resounding through the building. A waste of unused passages and staircases in which to drop a comb upon the bedroom floor at night is to send a stealthy footfall on an errand through the house. A place where few people care to go about alone; where a maid screams if an ash drops from the fire, takes to crying at all times and seasons, becomes the victim of a low disorder of the spirits, and gives warning and departs.

Thus Chesney Wold. With so much of itself abandoned to darkness and vacancy; with so little change under the summer shining or the winter lowering; so sombre and motionless always—no flag flying now by days, no rows of lights sparkling by night; with no family to come and go, no visitors to be the souls of pale cold shapes of rooms, no stir of life about it; passion and pride even to the stranger's eye have died away

from the place in Lincolnshire, and yielded it to dull repose.

CHAPTER LXVII.—THE CLOSE OF ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

FULL seven happy years I have been the mistress of Bleak House. The few words that I have to add to what I have written, are soon penned; then I and the unknown friend to whom I write, will part forever. Not without much dear remembrance on my side. Not without some, I hope, on his or hers.

They gave my darling into my arms, and through many weeks I never left her. The little child who was to have done so much, was come before the turf was planted on its father's grave. It was a boy; and I, my husband, and my Guardian, gave him his father's name.

The help that my dear counted on, did come to her through it, in the Eternal wisdom, for another purpose. Though to bless and restore his mother, not his father, was the errand of this baby, its power was mighty to do it. When I saw the strength of the weak little hand, and how its touch could heal my darling's heart, and raise up hope within her, I felt a new sense of the goodness and the tenderness of God.

They threw, and by degrees I saw my dear girl pass into my country garden, and walk there with her infant in her arms. I was married then, I was the happiest of the happy.

It was at this time that my Guardian joined us, and asked Ada when she would come home?

"Both houses are your home, my dear," said he, "but the older Bleak House claims priority. When you and my boy are strong enough to do it, come and take possession of your own."

Ada called him "her dearest cousin John." But he said, No, it must be Guardian now. He was her Guardian henceforth, and the boy's, and he had an old association in the name. So she called him Guardian, and has called him Guardian ever since. The children know him by no other name.—I say the children. I have two little daughters.

It is difficult to believe Aunt Charley (round-eyed still, and not at all grammatical) is married to a miller in our neighborhood; yet so it is, and even now, looking up from my desk as I write early in the morning at my summer window, I see the very mill beginning to go round. I hope the miller will not spoil Charley; but he is very fond of her, and Charley is rather vain of such a match—for he is well to do, and was in great request. So far as my small maid is concerned, I might suppose Time to have stood for seven years as still as the mill did half an hour ago; since little Emma, Charley's sister, is exactly what Charley used to be. As to Tom, Charley's brother, I am really afraid to say what he did at school in ciphering, but I think it was Decimals. He is apprenticed to the miller, whatever it was, and is a good-looking bashful fellow always falling in love with somebody, and being ashamed of it.

Caddy Jellyby passed her very last holidays with us, and was a dearer creature than ever, perpetually dancing in and out of the house with the children, as if she had never given a dancing-lesson in her life. Caddy keeps her own little carriage now, instead of hiring one, and lives full two miles further westward than Newman-street. She works very hard, Prince (an excellent husband to her), being lame, and able to do very little. Still, she is more than contented, and does all she has to do with all her heart. Mr. Jellyby spends his evenings at her new house with his head against the wall as he used to do in her old one. I have heard that Mrs. Jellyby was understood to suffer great mortification from her daughter's ignoble marriage and pursuits; but I hope she got over it in time. She has been disappointed in Borrioboola Gha, which turned out a failure in consequence of the King of Borrioboola wanting to sell every body who survived the climate for Rum, but she has taken up with the rights of women, and Caddy tells me it is a mission involving more correspondence than the old one. I had almost forgotten Caddy's poor little girl. She is not such a mite now; but she is deaf and dumb, and I believe there never was a better mother than Caddy, who learns in her scanty intervals of leisure, innumerable deaf and dumb arts, to soften the affliction of her child.

As if I never were to have done with Caddy, I am reminded here of Peepy and old Mr. Turveydrop. Peepy is in the Custom-house and doing very well. Old Mr. Turveydrop, very apoplectic, still exhibits his Department about town, still enjoys himself in the old manner, is still believed in, in the old way. He is constant in his patronage of Peepy, and is understood to have left him a favorite French clock in his dressing-room—which is not his property.

With the first money we saved at home, we added to our pretty house by throwing out a little Growlery expressly for my Guardian, which we inaugurated with great splendor the next time he came down to see us. I try to write all this lightly, because my heart is full, in drawing to an end; but when I write of him, my tears will have their way.

"I never look at him, but I hear our poor dear Richard calling him a good man. To Ada and her pretty boy, he is the fondest father; to me, what he has ever been, and what name can I give to that? He is my husband's best and dearest friend, he is our children's darling, he is the object of our deepest love and veneration. Yet while you feel toward him as if he were a superior being, I am so familiar with him, and so easy with him that I almost wonder at myself. I have never lost my old names, nor has he lost his, nor do I ever when he is with us, sit in any other place but in my old chair at his side. Dame Trot, Dame Durden, little Woman!—all just the same as ever; and I answer, Yes, dear Guardian!—just the same.

I have never known the wind to be in the east for a single moment, since the day when he

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF MR. GUPPY.



took me to the porch to read the name. I remarked to him once that the wind seemed never in the east now ; and he said, No, truly ; it had finally departed from that quarter on that very day.

I think my darling girl is more beautiful than ever. The sorrow that has been in her face—for it is not there now—seems to have purified even its innocent expression, and to have given it a Diviner quality. Sometimes when I raise my eyes and see her, in the black dress that she still wears, teaching my Richard, I feel it is difficult to express—as if I were so glad to know that she remembers her dear Esther in her prayers.

I call him Richard! But he says that he has two mammas, and I am one.

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We are not at all rich, but we have always prospered, and we have quite enough. I never walk out with my husband, but I know the people bless him. I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises, or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that in the course of that day he has alleviated pain, and soothed some fellow creature in the time of need : I know that from the beds of those who were past recovery, thanks have often gone up, in the last hour, for his gentle ministrations. Is not this to be rich ?

The people even praise Me as the Doctor's wife. The people even like Me as I go about, and make so much of me that I am quite abashed : I owe it all to him, my love, my pride ! They

like me for his sake, as I do every thing in life for his sake.

A night or two ago, after bustling about preparing for my darling and my Guardian and little Richard, who are coming to-morrow, I was sitting out in the porch, of all places, that dearly memorable porch, when Allan came home. So he said, "My precious little woman, what are you doing here?" And I said, "The moon is shining so brightly, Allan, and the night is so delicious, that I have been sitting here, thinking."

"What have you been thinking about, my dear?" said Allan then.

"How curious you are!" said I; "I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I will. I have been thinking about my old looks—such as they were."

"And what have you been thinking about them, my busy bee?" said Allan.

"I have been thinking that I thought it was impossible that you could have loved me any better, even if I had retained them."

"Such as they were?" said Allan, laughing.

"Such as they were, of course."

"My dear Dame Durden," said Allan, drawing my arm through his, "do you ever look in the glass?"

"You know I do; you see me do it?"

"And don't you know that you are prettier than you ever were?"

I did not know that; I am not certain that I know it now. But I know that my dearest little pets are very pretty, and that my darling is very beautiful, and that my husband is very handsome, and that my Guardian has the brightest and most benevolent face that ever was seen, and that they can very well do without much beauty in me—even supposing—



THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHESNEY WOLD.

MAKING OUR WILLS.

SOME time ago I had occasion to go to Doctors' Commons to look at the will of a dead man. The hand that signed it was in the grave long before—dust, perhaps; but the record of the will which animated that hand was there among those dusty folios, engrossed in an almost undecipherable hand, which tell how all the real property in the country has been disposed of over and over again. I had no difficulty in finding it, for I had a note of the precise day the deceased died on. It is not necessary to say any thing about the contents of that will, however, for they have no relation to what I am writing. It is only the date which I have any business with. The will was dated the day before the man died. I had, of course, often heard of men making their wills when they were just at death's door, without any particular thought being excited; but this time I was surprised, as a single fact very often does surprise us, when we have passed by a host of similar ones unnoticed. I knew the man who had made that will. He was a shrewd, prudent, sharp lawyer, who had risen from nothing to be a man of immense wealth. If he was distinguished for any qualities in particular, it was for punctuality and promptitude. None of the clerks of his office were ever five minutes late. That was an offense not to be forgiven. No one ever knew him to be behind at an appointment, or to let business go undone. His housekeeper, who managed his bachelor home for many years, only kept her place by being exact to time. Yet this man had not made his will till a few hours before his death; and therefore the possession of his property formed the subject of a very flourishing lawsuit.

When I went out of that dark, dismal catacomb of dead men's wills, I went on thinking of all the similar cases of procrastination which I knew or had heard of—and they were not a few—for this is a piece of the experience of one who was a law-clerk before he quarreled with red-tape. What a curious catalogue they were! There was an old lady, a toothless old dowager, who had a reprobate and discarded son, and a pretty gentle niece, who lived with her. We used to manage all her affairs, and it was pretty well known in the office that the "nice girl with the long curls" was to be the old lady's heir. Our head-clerk, a red-whiskered dandy, who had no mean opinion of himself, built, I could see, certain speculations on that basis. The old lady never came without Eliza; and when a visit was expected, Mr. Catchpole brushed his fiery hair into the most killing curls, and changed the out-at-elbows coat for the smart one he wore out of doors, and beautified himself as far as that was practicable. Well, a message came one day that the old lady was ill, very ill, with an urgent request that some one should go at once and make her will. Off went our Adonis as fast as a promise of something liberal over the fare could urge the cabman.

When he arrived, the old lady was alive—just alive enough to tell him that all her property was to be left to Eliza. She told him that in the hissing whisper which supplied the place of the cracked voice; but when she came to the word "all," so full was the poor old creature of love for the niece, or, perhaps, of determination—let us hope not hate against her son—that she half rose up in her bed and clenched her withered hand, and shrieked out that word again. It must have been a terrible sight—that of life struggling with death for a will! It was a short matter to write that will down; and Catchpole's pen flew over the paper, and the old eyes that were glazing so fast stared anxiously the while, and the thin fingers actually held the pen she had asked for beforehand ready to sign the paper. In a few minutes all was ready; but what a difference that few minutes made! The clerk had risen from his seat and approached the couch, when the surgeon, who stood on the other side, said, with that coolness which medical practice brings, "It is too late;" and it was too late. The dead fingers clenched the unused pen so tightly that they had to be unclasped from it. The son was heir of all, and Eliza a beggar! Death had translated that screamed-out "all" into none. The sequel is soon told. The property was wasted by the son, and has long since passed into other hands, and Eliza, instead of possessing some thousands a year, and being wooed by Mr. Catchpole, is a faded daily governess.

Every lawyer's office has plenty of such stories as this. One I remember of a miser who had ruined more than one family, and in his last moments wished to make such reparation as bequeathed gold could compass. Poor wretch, when the will was brought, catalepsy had seized him, and he lay there a living corpse—dead in all but mind. He could not move his hand; his tongue refused its office; only his eyes were free to move: and of those eyes I have been told a terrible tale. He was, as misers often are, a man of strong mind and iron nerve. Passive as he was in every other part, the eyes told all that was passing within. You could have seen in them intelligence when the will was read to him; the powerful volition brought to bear, and persevered in, when the written word which was to make it a testament was required; the terror and horror which came over him when he found the right hand, which had so often aided him for evil, would not help him for good; the despair which burst the unseen bonds around him, and, with a convulsive motion let out the last of life. It must have been a spectacle of horror, when punishment came in the shape of a prohibition of the one act of mercy, which might have made some amends for a lifetime of wrong.

Then there was another legend of a man whose daughter married against his will. He lived somewhere in a retired country-house, far off from any town. This man was subject to a disease of the heart, and one night, feeling

the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he roused his household, and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but for a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not be expected back for at least two hours, and long before that the spasmodic attack had come on, but still in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest terms, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institutions. It was complete, even to the signature; only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will; it was not in proper form, nor attested. In the eye of the law it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birthright entitled her to.

Wills generally afford a frightful temptation to the worse part of our nature. I believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong are blended with the subject of "wills" than with the whole mass of law parchments extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly *placed*, and more than one should be cognizant of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can record one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed defeating itself. Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school-days, were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family, with comparatively small means, while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been expensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst of purposes, and the uncle at length became wearied and disgusted with the young man's utter depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond, one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, "here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know, will make good use of it." Edmonds remonstrated, and implored, but was eventually compelled to take the will, and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant entreaty, Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequests, leaving the nephew the bulk of the property, and Edmonds the ten thousand pounds. This will Edmonds read, and saw safely deposited in Raymond's iron chest at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and, as it afterward appeared, such was his baseness, that, to secure in addition to the rest

the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burnt the document, knowing that, if his uncle died intestate, he himself was heir-at-law. On this villainous announcement, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession during a fit of *delirium tremens*, killed himself.

AUTUMN LOVE.

IN an early season of life I saw Rachael: when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, its beauty seemed a daylight dream. She was as a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured: slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with flitting tints of carnation. Her figure was moulded to realize the soft dignity of her demeanor; her head, classical in shape, wore, with its dawn-bright tresses in Grecian braids, an air of gentle pride; and in her eyes—mild as the eyes of a young saint wishing for heaven—all her maidenly emotions were expressed.

I loved Rachael soon: it was to me the best joy of life to be with her—sweeter to hear her voice than to listen to the saddest music, for it came to my ear charged with holier melody. In her there was not alone the beauty of the sculptured Eve. The painter's glory was truly on her face—the faith of Guido's *Mary*, the meekness of Salvi's nun. I would have Titian's golden pencil to fix her fleeting smile, and Carlo Dolci to immortalize her tears. But, studious and thoughtful, she had searched the wisdom of many days: she knew books, and gathered their worth in her mind: she was no light, fanciful beauty, blown like a May blossom along the banks of time, but a possessor of that second providence of thought, which is docile to the greater providence of Nature.

When I knew that I loved Rachael, I was candid to myself. I looked through a long future, and confided in my own faith. Hope laid many seeds in the ground, and I expected them all to flower. But I long hid these thoughts. Alone I counted over my visionary joys. Without willing it, I was more apparently indifferent to Rachael than to most other friends. I seldom spoke, except on common topics, to her: she, however, conversed much with me, and we were often together. I knew she was kindly disposed toward me, for her manners were friendly, and for a time she rather sought than avoided my society. Gradually, however, as I began to find expression for my affection, I saw that at first it was misunderstood, then it was doubted, then it was thought an illusion, and then it was repelled. When she discovered my fondness, her first feeling was one of anger: but anger softened into perplexed pity, and that saddened into sorrow. What I never with plain words desired, she could not in words deny; but as my love was known without being told, so her rejection of it was kindly but unequivocally clear.

Still, buoyant as I was in heart, free in spirit,

with an imagination coloring all things brilliantly, I was not beggared in hope. I sorrowed, but desponded never. I vainly, indeed, repined over the past, but I vaguely counted on the future. At last, without a confession in form, I expressed the sentiments which ruled me. Rachael, whose thoughts all moved on the high level of virtue, desired to spare me more grief, but scarcely knew how. No one knew of my love for her. The intercourse of our families was so constant that they almost seemed combined into one. She could not go from me, and I would not stay from her. When she spoke of parting at the best, I begged her so sorrowfully to let me remain among her common friends, that she consented. She even believed that this would be my cure; for such a youthful fervency, so impetuous and so sudden, would undoubtedly waste itself away. Time, variety, the interests of the world, would, she confidently thought—as she sincerely desired—wear out an affection which was never tempted by her, never beckoned to be forbidden, but wandered ever in a deserted, shelterless, without a place to lay its head.

Yet I loved her with an increasing love. Many I saw with beauty, and youth, and brightness of demeanor, and many with innocence and gentle wisdom—but none like Rachael, who was alone in her shrine, and sacred still. I was unhappy. I secluded myself in the darkness of my own thoughts. I made a desolation, and dwelt in it. Unreasoning and bitter were the complaints of my despair. The flowers of many summers, the plunder of many springs, lay at my feet; but one snowdrop, one violet, one valley-lily, was all I wanted; and that one I could not have.

What was the use of laying out gardens of hope if Rachael was not to be the sweetest blossom there? What was the glory of a whole Corinth of palaces if Rachael would not be their queen! What was the delight of prosperity if it rose like a harvest in an unpeopled isle? What was the promise of fame if its prophecies sounded hollow to a desolate heart? Rachael knew this now. With her kindness and gracious sisterly affection, sweetly offered, but refused by my famished love, she again asked me earnestly to leave her. I wished, for a moment, that she would then peremptorily forbid me to see her, but I would not, could not, go uncom-pelled. I might then have bent my head upon my hands, and gone blind from her sight. But her entreaty was not a command; and as it was, she said, for my sake, not for hers, that she desired it, I felt no power to obey. From that time she was studiously guarded in her manners. Sometimes an impulse of grateful fondness rose in her heart; but she checked it, lest she might mistake an evanescent tenderness for the kindling of the true lamp, which alone, she knew, ought to burn and mingle its light with mine. When I spoke to her in words half-uttered and enigmatic phrases, she besought me not to indulge in hopes that would make me wretched. She said I should change;

but then I replied, that she might change too, which grieved her, for she saw that I would fondle my hopes, careless of the sorrow they might bring. A mortal melancholy came over me, and I thought life would refuse me all its joys.

And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Rachael owned no love for me. When in society, she was to me, as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart were questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate. Her manners softened, though whenever I expressed any thought of this change, the gravity of her face returned, and her beauty seemed to retire from my love. Still I was more reconciled to hope deferred, and still the time went on.

At last she was parted from her home for awhile. She went to a distance. I yearned for her return. But as her absence was prolonged, it was less painful. I felt a more patient passion. She came back. By her first inquiring look I knew she sought to discover what influence our separation had produced on me. And when I looked back love into her eyes, I saw she smiled. Soon after, we seriously conversed. I wrote her a letter; she replied, and once more begged me, besought me, once more to consider whether it would not be better to leave her, for my own sake; she did not say for hers. Had she said for hers, I would have gone; but she said for mine. I answered, life might be happy or miserable, but her presence was like that Arabian amulet, which made all wounds harmless while it was worn. Once taken away, the heart would bleed mortally, and I should perish. I waited a little time, and then went to seek her.

I saw her in her father's garden; she was alone. A purple autumn evening, hushed ~~all~~ the world. It was a scene of poetry, perfumed with the last sweets of the flowering season. Long alleys and Italian slopes were shaded by bosquets and groves from the cherry-red deepening light which poured, warm and mellow, from the west. A soft wind, moist with dew, wandered among the murmurous leaves, still fragrant with the farewell breath of the summer. I met Rachael on a lawn, such as fancy might picture, bright with Boccaccio's vigiles—of virgins fair as moonlight, dancing amid the lilies and the dew, floating their blond locks in the clear air, and wavering in a fairy line to the music of golden flutes. In Rachael's soft smile there was a welcome. She gave me her hand, but spoke nothing. I looked into her conscious face. I said, "I have come to you, Rachael." "Then you will stay with me," she replied, in a very low tone. I answered, "I must stay with you, if I live. Rachael, I will stay with you forever." I gazed again into her countenance.

A light—deeper, richer, more rosy than a

July sunset—glowed through delicate flushes on her cheek; it played in a golden smile on her lip; it passed like an angelic dream over her brow; it came like morning into the blue orbs that now were suffused with no sorrowful tears. Her face, till then colorless as a snowdrop, flushed as a snowdrop might flush in the red evening, still pale, but with paleness seen through rosy air I saw that her bosom rose and fell, and I looked once more into her eyes, and through their deep violet serenity, I saw the young love born like a new star just trembling into heaven; and she fell upon my neck; I embraced her to my bosom, and without a spoken word the bond of betrothal was between us. We looked toward the western sky; little vermilion clouds were still glowing like islands in the liquid blue, and the sighing breath of the evening passed over my heart, and all the blossoms of its hope expanded in a moment into flowers. Like morning melting into day—like two stars blending their light—like the Rhone in Leman Lake, we *should* have been from the unspoken pledges of that hour.

For that was the hour to which my expectations had been turned. Tears had watered my heart in desire for it; sorrow had borne me down in despair of it; all the prayers of my affection, all my prophecies of hope, all my fancy's pictures were realized now, and Rachael, whom I so treasured, was mine; she was mine in undiminished beauty; she was mine in surrendered love. The increase of her youth's wisdom, and knowledge, and virtue—the garnery of many years—was the dowry of her ripened tenderness to me. She gave me all in placing her hand in mine. As the nightingale, wounding its breast against a thorn, sorrow while it drinks sweetness from the flower, to sing it forth again in the night, so my heart, wounded by loving unloved, had pained itself by eternally repeating its musical *miserere* to Rachael.

As a young, unripened rose—
A rose unripened yet, but red,
Blushee from its damasked bed,
And with odorous petal glows,
While the light, reflected through,
Purple in its purple hue,
So thy beauty blushed to me,
And my bosom glowed to thee.

Strange wantonings of human nature! Surprise and fear started in my feelings when I found that, clasping Rachael to my breast, I was not stirred by those stormy emotions which moved me when, in days past, she sat far from my side. I was conscious of a cold mood; I tried to think I was happy; I assured myself of my own delight. But, doubt as I might—wonder as I might—sorrow as I might—I could not but confess to myself that I had won this maiden's love when my own had begun to wane. It was all gone—all the passionate affection which grew with each hour, and increased with every look; all the abounding and burning love which had been my moving impulse for years was gone. It was gone—the

devoted faith which counted a day too long to be absent from Rachael, and a life too short to offer its sacrifice of tender ministries for her.

For during her absence I had, at first as a mere refuge and then as a pleasure, sought the society of the golden-locked lily, whose curls had fluttered against my cheek at a ball. She was no more like Rachael than a firefly is like a star which melts its liquid silver into the night, throwing off ripples of lustre to glance and flash along the mellow blue. She was only a graceful, fairy-footed creature, innocent, simple, glad in her own trustfulness, who mistook fancies for thoughts, and would live on love like a bee clinging to the honeyed bosom of a rose. No one had taught her any thing, and if they had it would have fixed in her mind only two ideas—that the good were lovable, and the bad hateful; and that people ought to be kind to each other, and think more of morals than money. Her talk was tender prattle; she seldom expressed even these thoughts, but they were her own, and when I sometimes spoke with her, and met her in her own pathetic mood, and chatted in a low tone about the sufferings of the heart, and seemed passionately to urge the virtue and the power of love, all those expressions which then were meant for my absent Rachael sounded to Lily as an interpretation of my feelings for her. While I thought of Rachael, Lily thought of me; gradually, however, her entire reliance on my words, her frank utterance of her gladness in seeing me, her soft, winsome way, her sweet voice, her exquisite sensitiveness, her purity of sentiment, and the child-like beauty of her aspirations, influenced me; all that was dear in her was higher and dearer in Rachael, yet when I pressed Rachael to my heart my thoughts wandered back to Lily. I was startled by the consciousness. I refused to believe it. Surely I was unchanged; I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their own sphere; I pleased myself with the memory of the golden-locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I *resolved* to be faithful to Rachael, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

This for awhile went on. I saw Rachael often, I knew more of her goodness; I measured more proudly the worth of her noble mind; I saw more than ever that she was created to be loved, and yet I loved her less. I said, indeed, not a word of my change, and I was sincere in my determination *not* to change. I *would* love Rachael. But I delighted to meet Lily, persuading myself, by the casuistry of self-justification, that she was no more than a Platonic friend—most fatal term, which covers a multitude of sins! I dared to be jealous of her. I claimed privileges with her; and gradually all her acquaintance conceded them to me. And yet, even to myself, I pretended not to know that I was doing wrong. Lily belonged to entirely another circle to that which Rachael formed the grace; and thus my folly was favored. I was

loving Lily without intending to win her. I had won Rachael without continuing to love her

Whispers, however, came to the Golden-Locked One, as I called her; and in her simplicity she asked me, without reserve, whether I was affianced. Sad Lily! Her namesake flower, bruised and trodden, never hung on its stem and wept away its beauty in pearls of dew more mournfully than she bowed her head and let fall her humble tears. Her countenance, which had shone as the young moon, now paled as the moon pales when triumphant sunlight flushes the sky all around. But that light was darkness to her; and I saw that I had injured a good heart. I had done a double wrong; for I had loved her, and, loving her, would not accept the love she gave to me. Rachael I had wooed while I loved her, and won when I loved her no more.

As the sole atonement I could make, I told this to Rachael. She listened, and I knew from her face—at first surprised into anguish, but then shaded by a proud, indignant calm—that a sickness had fallen on her heart. The pale-ness spread even into her eyes; dejection drooped in her lashes, quivering with tears too piteous to fall. No reproach passed through her cold lips; but in their pallor—in one upward look—in her countenance, in her form—what a winter of reproaches came rigorous and chill about me! The whole current of my former love poured out afresh. I implored, and spared no plea, that Rachael would forgive me, and forget the past. She owed it to me, she said, to pardon me, but she owed it to me also, as to herself, to remember my broken faith. I was forbidden to think of her more. Never, she vowed, would her heart desert its own; never should another hand clasp hers as mine had done. But from the unerring testimony of actions by which I had deceived her and duped myself, I could not now trust myself any more than she could trust me. It was better, then, that we should part.

So we parted. Rachael had few words to say, for she could not soothe, and would not upbraid me. And I lost Rachael, and did not gain Lily. Worse than all other reflection was the consciousness, that I had invoked this treble sorrow into the world. A virtuous will has almost the power of a fate; but they who would be happy in the enjoyment of an intense, exalted, supreme desire, must never for a moment fail in truth. One false act made a desert for me, and I am condemned to live in it alone. I hear that Rachael is still the one whom I loved; and if my memory is ever revived to her, kindly I know will she think of me. Lily is blithe again; for her heart, free from its regrets, wakes always with the spring, and all the leaves of autumn are swept away when June flowers again in the valleys.

But I sit in the shade of a willow—and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Rachael. In autumn she gave

it to me: in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

HOW STEEL-PENS ARE MADE.

IT is but a few minutes' walk to Mr. Gillott's pen manufactory. The substantial and handsome building in which the business is carried on gives token of the order and cleanliness we shall find within. We are given at once in charge of an intelligent guide, who, having pointed out the manner in which the metal—a fine steel—is rolled to the required thinness in a rolling-mill, conducts us up-stairs, where we are introduced to a long gallery, clean, lofty, and airy, furnished with long rows of presses, each one in charge of young persons, as pleasing looking, healthy, and happy as we could wish them to be. They are all making pens, and we must see what they are about. The first to whom we are introduced has a long ribbon of the rolled metal in her left hand, from which she is cutting blanks, each of which is to become a pen, at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a day. The ribbon of metal is something less than three inches in width. Having cut as many pens from one side of it as the whole length—about six feet—will furnish, she turns it over and cuts her way back again, so managing it that the points of the pens cut in going down the second side shall fall in the interstices between the points cut in traversing the first side. By this means nearly the whole of the metal is cut into pens, and but a very insignificant remnant is left. The next operator receives these flat blanks, and subjecting each one separately to a similar press, armed with a different cutting implement, pierces the central hole and cuts the two side slits. Our attention is now drawn to a beautiful machine, which, under the management of a young man, performs at once both the operations above described, cutting the pen from the metal, and piercing the hole, and giving the side slits all at one pressure, with astonishing rapidity and regularity—though not producing pens equal in quality to those made by separate processes.

The pens are as yet but flat pieces of metal, and that of a very hard and unmanageable temper; they have to be bent into cylinders and semi-cylinders, and to induce them to submit to that, they are now heated and considerably softened in an oven. On emerging from the oven, they are stamped with the maker's name on the back; this is accomplished very rapidly by means of a die, which the operator works with his foot. Now comes the most important transformation they undergo; a young girl pops them consecutively into another of the omnipresent presses, from which they come forth as semi-cylinders, or if being *magnum bonum*, or of a kind perfectly cylindrical, an additional pressure in another press finishes the barrel. We have now to follow the pens down stairs to the mouth of a small furnace, or oven, where a man is piling them together in small iron-boxes with loose covers, and arranging them in the

fire, where they are heated to a white heat, and then suddenly withdrawn and plunged into a pan of oil. This ordeal renders them so extremely brittle that they may be crumbled to pieces between the fingers. They are now placed in cylinders, not unlike coffee-roasters, made to revolve over a fire, by which they are in a great measure freed from the oil. After this they are consigned to the care of men whose business it is to temper them by a process of gradual heating over a coke fire until the metal is thoroughly elastic. The next process is one conducted on a rather large scale; the object of it is to rub down the roughness resulting from the various treatment they have undergone, and to impart a perfect smoothness to every portion of their surface. For this purpose they are packed in large quantities in tin-cans, together with a considerable amount of sawdust; these cans are made to revolve horizontally at a great rate, by means of steam; the pens triturate each other, owing to the rapid motion, and the sawdust takes up the impurities which they disengage. They come forth from those cans thoroughly scoured and semi-polished, and are now taken to the grinding-room. This is a large apartment, where a number of small grinding-wheels, or "bobs," are whizzing round under the impetus of steam, each one of them in charge of a young man or woman, and each projecting a stream of sparkling fire as the pens are momentarily applied to their surfaces. This grinding is a most essential process, inasmuch as the pliability of the pen depends upon its proper performance; the object is to increase the flexibility of the metal of the pen at a point just above the central slit, by reducing its substance. The operator seizes the pen with a pair of nippers, not unlike a small pair of curling-irons in shape, applies the back of it to the wheel for one moment, and the affair is over. Previous to the process of grinding, however, most, if not all, the pens manufactured at this establishment are slightly coated with varnish, diluted with a volatile spirit; it is this which gives them the rich brown hue that so much improves their appearance, and at the

same time preserves them from rust. After the grinding, they are subjected, for the last time, to the operation of the press, at which a young girl completes the manufacture of the pen by giving it the central slit, without which it would never be in a condition to rival the goose-quill. The operation of slitting, precise and delicate as it is, is so simplified by the ingenious contrivance with which the press is armed, that it is performed with a rapidity almost rivaling that of the simplest operation—a single hand slitting nearly a hundred gross a day. Nothing further now remains to be done, save a trifling cleansing process, which frees the pens from the stain of the hand, after which they are packed in boxes for sale.

It is impossible to walk through this establishment without receiving most agreeable impressions. The work-rooms, spacious, lofty, and airy, clean as a private residence, and bathed in a flood of light, offer a remarkable contrast to the foul and unwholesome dens into which it is the shameful custom of too many employers to cram their unfortunate dependents. The main element regarded in the construction of the building has evidently been the health and comfort of the immense number of young people of both sexes there congregated for the purpose of labor. Neither have moral considerations been lost sight of: the females are, for the most part, secluded from the males; and where this can not be entirely effected, a constant supervision insures the preservation of decorum. The result of these excellent arrangements is apparent in the healthy, cheerful aspect and unexceptionable demeanor of the operatives of both sexes; and there is little doubt but that it is equally apparent in the balance-sheet of the spirited proprietor, who is aware that humanity is a cheap article, on the whole, and one that is pretty sure to pay in the long run.

Of the amount of business done on these premises, we can not give the reader a better idea than by stating the fact, that above one hundred millions of pens are here produced annually, which gives an average of between thirty and forty thousand for every working day.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR domestic record for the current month will be necessarily meagre, no events worthy of special mention having occurred in any part of the country. Public attention in every section of the Union has been directed to the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever at New Orleans, and large collections of money in aid of the destitute have been made in all the principal Northern cities. The fever made its appearance on the 28th of May, and between that date and the 27th of August, the total number of deaths from that disease was 6442—the mortality having reached 250 in a single day. At the date of our latest intelligence the epidemic was subsiding in New Orleans, but had made its appearance in a form of great virulence at Mobile.

A deputation of Cuban exiles waited upon Hon Mr. Soulé, the newly-appointed Minister to Spain, while in New York, on his way to Europe. In a brief address they presented their congratulations on his appointment, and their wishes for his prosperity. Mr. Soulé replied by referring to the sentiments he had expressed in public life. He said he could never believe that this Republic was to be eternally circumscribed by its early limits, nor could he be with those who would have entombed the hopes of the future in their reverence for the past. With regard to the special mission to which he had been appointed, delicacy would require him to say but little. He could not forbear to remind them, however, that the American Minister ceases not to be an American citizen; and as such he has a right to

carry wherever he goes the throbings of that people that speak out such tremendous truths to the tyrants of the old continent. At the present moment, when the world is in suspense as to the future of Eastern Europe, perhaps a whisper from this country may decide the question, and show that American sentiments weigh in the scale of the destinies of the nations more than all others that can be wielded by czars, emperors, or kings. So far as his own conduct was concerned he could only say, that if rights are to be vindicated, they shall be vindicated with the freedom and energy that becomes a freeman; and if wrongs are perpetrated, they shall be denounced with the energy that behoves a good citizen, and redress asked, however redress shall be attainable.

The letter of Mr. Everett, while Secretary of State, declining the proposal that the United States should enter into a treaty with England and France guaranteeing to Spain the continued possession of Cuba, will probably be remembered by our readers. A letter from Lord John Russell in reply, dated February 16, 1853, has since been published. It is addressed to Mr. Cramp顿, the British Minister at Washington, and begins by saying that the object of the arguments introduced by Mr. Everett with so much preparation, and urged with so much ability, is clearly to procure the admission of a doctrine that the United States have an interest in Cuba, to which Great Britain and France can not pretend. If the object of the United States is simply to prevent Cuba from falling into the hands of any European power, the convention proposed would secure that end. But if it is intended to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *status* of Cuba, and that the United States alone have a right to a voice in that matter, the British Government at once refuses to admit such a claim. Her possessions in the West Indies, to say nothing of the interests of Mexico and other friendly states, give Great Britain an interest in the question which she can not forego: and France has similar interests which she will doubtless urge at the proper time. Nor is this right invalidated by the argument of Mr. Everett that Cuba is to the United States as an island at the mouth of the Thames or of the Seine would be to England or France. Cuba is 110 miles distant from the nearest part of the territory of the United States: an island at an equal distance from the mouth of the Thames would be placed about ten miles north of Antwerp in Belgium; while an island at the same distance from Jamaica would be placed at Manzanilla in Cuba. The possession of Cuba by the United States, therefore, would be more menacing to Great Britain than its possession by Great Britain would be to the United States. Another argument used by Mr. Everett—that such a treaty would give a new and powerful impulse to the lawless invasions of Cuba, is regarded by the British Government as not only unfounded but disquieting. The statement thus made by the President, that a Convention, duly signed and legally ratified, engaging to respect the present state of possession in all future time, would excite these bands of pirates to more violent breaches of all the laws of honesty and good neighborhood, is characterized as melancholy avowal for the chief of a great State. Without disputing its truth, the hope is expressed that such a state of things will not endure, but that the citizens of the United States, while they justly boast of their institutions, will not be insensible to the value of those eternal laws of right and wrong, of peace and friendship, and of duty to their neighbors, which ought to guide every Christian

nation: nor can a people so enlightened fail to perceive the utility of those rules for the observance of international relations, which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the laws of nations. It can not be said that such a Convention would have prevented the people of Cuba from asserting their independence: with regard to internal troubles the proposed Convention was altogether silent. But a pretended declaration of independence, with a view of immediately seeking refuge from revolt on the part of the blacks, under the shelter of the United States, would be looked upon as the same in effect as a formal annexation. Lord John closes his dispatch by saying that while fully admitting the right of the United States to reject the proposal, Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty, and upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act singly, or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit.—On the 16th of April this dispatch with a similar one from the French Government was read to Mr. Marcy, who promised to lay them before the President, though he intimated that probably no answer would be deemed necessary.

A decision of some interest in a case arising under the Fugitive Slave Law, was given on the 17th of August, by Judge McLean of the U. S. Supreme Court, at Cincinnati. The principal points decided were, that the law was entirely constitutional—that the right of Congress to legislate upon the subject had been expressly affirmed by the Supreme Court, and that this law, like every other, must be executed in good faith. The fugitive was therefore remanded to his master.

A letter of some importance concerning the rights of American citizens resident in Cuba, written by Mr. Webster while Secretary of State, has recently been published. Mr. W. refers to a Spanish proclamation of 1817 as defining the Spanish law upon this subject. That proclamation was issued for the purpose of increasing the white population of Cuba, and granted various privileges, such as exemption from taxation for fifteen years, liberty to return home within five years, &c., to those who should take up their residence in Cuba. These clauses show clearly that it was no part of the intent of the government to force foreign residents to become Spanish subjects. The domiciliary letter which they were required to take out simply authorized residence, and did not work any forfeiture of their rights of citizenship in their respective countries. Under these circumstances the American residents in Cuba can not be regarded as having ever changed their allegiance by taking out letters of domiciliation; these letters were regarded as mere formal requisites to an undisturbed temporary residence for commercial or other business purposes. Mr. Webster acknowledges that these views differ somewhat from those expressed in his letter to the American Minister at Madrid; but says that they are formed upon information subsequently received.

From the Far West intelligence has been received of a renewal of the old hostilities between the Pawnees and Sioux tribes of Indians, which were supposed to have been put at rest by the treaty made at Fort Kearney in 1851. The Pawnees occupy a small district near the fort, while the Sioux are sub-divided into eighteen bands, which are scattered over an immense district, extending from the western border of Minnesota to the south fork of the great Platte River. A battle recently took place between several bands of these opposing forces, which was waged with great fury, and resulted in the defeat of the Sioux, with a loss of thirty or forty of their number.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 1st of August. Serious difficulties have arisen from the claims of squatters upon unoccupied lands to their permanent possession. In many cases the most flagrant outrages have been committed in connection with them. The wheat crops are, it is said, likely to be injured by rust. The political canvass for Governor was proceeding with animation. The mining operations of the season were exceedingly successful, and it was confidently believed that the total production of gold for the six months commencing with the first of June, would be larger than during any similar period since the opening of the mines. Indian depredations had excited some alarm. A decision has been rendered in the Supreme Court of California, that the mines of gold and other metals in California are the exclusive property of the State; that the United States have no interest in them, and can not exercise any jurisdiction over them. This decision does not include the lands containing minerals, but only the minerals themselves. The number of passengers arrived at San Francisco, from the 1st of January, to the 27th of July, was 25,287: of departures, 16,151—making a total increase of 9136. A cave has been discovered in Tuolumne County containing bones of an antediluvian race of animals, apparently of the Mastodon species.

From *Oregon* we have news to the 23d of July. The emigration of the season was arriving much earlier than usual. A new and important bay has been discovered about ten miles north of the mouth of Coquille river; and a heavy deposit of coal, which burns freely, and emits no disagreeable odor, has been found in its immediate vicinity. Preparations were making to work the coal-mines recently discovered near St. Helena. J. M. Garrison, Indian agent, had left Salem on an official expedition to all the tribes between the head-waters of the Willamette and Fort Boise. His object is to acquire reliable information concerning that part of the Territory. The small-pox was raging fearfully among the Indian tribes at Spaulding's Mission.

MEXICO.

No important change has taken place in the political prospects of Mexico. The financial embarrassments of the country and the difficulty of arousing the people to any efficient interest in public affairs, are represented as having discouraged Santa Anna in the projects of hostility toward the United States, which he was understood to have brought into office, and he has been compelled to modify his policy essentially in these respects. Judge Conkling, the American Minister, in presenting his letters of recall, addressed the President at considerable length upon the recent history of Mexico. He said the example of the United States, in achieving their independence and in establishing free institutions, had not been without its influence upon the people of Mexico. It was natural for them to covet like blessings for themselves and to seek their attainment by the same means; and it was equally natural for us to wish them full success in the endeavor. For these reasons, Judge Conkling said, he had felt a lively interest in Mexican affairs, and had not felt it to be his duty to abstain from such friendly offices as might, without compromising the rights and dignity of his own country, tend to the preservation of peace and mutual friendship. During the last nine months Mexico had passed through one of the most gloomy periods of its history. Those who despaired of its fortunes, however, as the event proved, were lacking in just confidence. The tendency toward disorgan-

ization had been checked by the distinguished jurist who preceded Santa Anna in office; and the work had been completed by Santa Anna himself. If, in the exercise of the momentous responsibility devolved upon him, he had seen fit temporarily to resort to strong measures, Judge Conkling said it was because he knew that the suppression of the spirit of insubordination to lawful authority, so long prevalent in the country, was indispensable to the attainment of the ends at which he aimed. Government, however severe, is a less evil than anarchy; and the extent to which it is necessary that individual freedom should be abridged and the civil ruler armed with coercive power, depends upon the circumstances of each individual case. But to whatever extent this necessity may exist, it is the part of wisdom voluntarily to submit to it. It was this conviction which had reconciled the people of France to the arbitrary rule recently established in that country. It is only on account of its liability to abuse that we regard despotic power as so great an evil; when its exercise is guided by wisdom, humanity and disinterestedness, it ceases to be such. Unhappily, experience proves that its possession tends to obscure the judgment and pervert the moral sensibilities of its possessor. That Santa Anna, while adhering from necessity to the same sound principles by which he has hitherto been guided, would strive to guard against so great a misfortune, Judge Conkling said he well knew; and he hoped he would be successful. Santa Anna, in reply to this flattering address, acknowledged the friendly spirit with which the departing Minister had discharged the duties of his office, and said that the success which had attended his efforts in adjusting differences between the two countries, afforded ground to hope for an equally favorable result to those which still remain for consideration. He begged him to assure the Government of the United States of the wishes which that of Mexico entertains to bind still more closely the friendly relations of the two countries. The approbation expressed of his administration was specially grateful to him, as coming from one of the most respectable citizens of the freest republic in the world. In the expression of those sentiments, he said Judge Conkling had only paid him a tribute of justice, for he cherished no other aspirations or principles than those which he had described with such skill and exactitude, and which constitute the hope of the Mexican nation. The desire of the people now was to establish public order on the basis of respect for authority and a perfect submission to law, without which supports the best political institutions are unavailing and the well being of the people impossible. He closed by expressing the warmest estimate of the character and abilities of the retiring Minister.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we learn that the war has been substantially closed, by the desertion to the other party of Urquiza's squadron, which had been blockading the city under command of Commodore Coe, an American officer. This took place on the 21st of June, and is said to have been the result of bribery. Commodore Coe was compelled to flee for safety from his mutinous crew, and took refuge on board the U. S. sloop-of-war *Jamestown*. Urquiza still maintained the siege, but with daily diminishing chances of success. A revolt had broken out in his own province, which would require his attention. General Pinto, President of the Chamber of Representatives, and Governor of Buenos Ayres, died on the 28th of June: he was a man of marked ability and high character. The government remained in

the hands of the Ministers until a new election should take place.—In *Venezuela* the revolution, which had for its object the overthrow of the government of Monegas, was brought to a premature close on the 15th of July by a terrible earthquake, which destroyed the city of Cumana, where the revolutionary troops had their head-quarters, about 600 of whom are said to have perished. The whole force immediately made their submission, and asked for succor. All the public buildings and nearly all the private houses in Cumana were destroyed.—From the other South American States there is no intelligence of interest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August: the session thus closed has been protracted and laborious. It commenced on the 4th of November, 1852, under the Derby and Disraeli administration. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, congratulated Parliament on the remission and reduction of taxes which tended to cramp the operations of trade and industry, and upon the fresh extension thus given to a system of beneficent legislation. The buoyant state of the revenue and the steady progress of foreign trade are cited as proofs of the wisdom of the commercial policy now firmly established, while the prosperity which pervades the great trading and producing classes is referred to as showing increased evidence of the enlarged comforts of the people. The bill passed for the future government of India is spoken of as being well calculated to promote the improvement and welfare of that country. With regard to the serious misunderstanding which has recently arisen between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, it is said that, "acting in concert with her allies, and relying on the exertions of the Conference now assembled at Vienna, her Majesty has good reason to hope that an honorable arrangement will speedily be accomplished." The termination of the war at the Cape of Good Hope, and also of the war in Burmah, is announced as a subject of congratulation; and her Majesty closes by saying that she contemplates with grateful satisfaction and thankfulness to Almighty God the tranquillity which prevails throughout her dominions, together with that peaceful industry and obedience to the laws which ensure the welfare of all classes of her subjects. Upon the close of the speech, Parliament was prorogued until the 27th of October. In reply to a question as to the confidence entertained by the government concerning the evacuation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian armies, Lord Palmerston said it was believed that the Emperor, having that due regard for his honor and character which every sovereign of a great country must always be inspired by, would take the earliest opportunity, after the settlement with Turkey, and of his own accord would make a merit of evacuating the principalities without the slightest delay.

The Eastern question was made the subject of remark in both Houses of Parliament several times before the adjournment; but the ministry steadily declined giving any information as to the actual state of the negotiations in regard to it. In the House of Lords on the 8th of August, in reply to questions from Lord Clanricarde, the Earl of Clarendon stated that the immediate and complete evacuation of the provinces by the Russian armies would be regarded as the *sine quâ non* of any negotiations whatever. On the 13th Lord Malmesbury made a long speech upon the general subject, the object of which was to elicit from the Ministry a statement of the answer which had been made to the circular letters of the

Russian government. He urged strenuously the necessity of checking the encroachments of Russia, and of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire, which he did not by any means consider as being in the decayed condition frequently ascribed to it. He regarded the crossing of the Pruth as an invasion of Turkey by Russia, and said that was the time when England ought to have acted, in order to show the Sultan that he was not without allies. The Earl of Clarendon, in reply, still declined to state the steps taken while negotiations were still in progress. He said, however, that the crossing of the Pruth was unquestionably a violation of treaties, which the Porte might justly regard as a *casus belli*; but the English and French governments had not advised the Sultan so to consider it, inasmuch as they were anxious to exhaust all possible efforts for the preservation of peace. Austria, moreover, had just at that point offered her mediation, which was accepted, and the representatives of the principal Powers were called together at Vienna. Austria then proposed to adopt as a basis a note which had originated with France, but with certain modifications which were approved in London and Paris. This note thus modified was sent to St. Petersburg and Constantinople on the 2d of August; and assurances had been received that it was acceptable to the Emperor, as it would probably be also to the Porte. These statements elicited congratulations from various quarters upon the prospects of peace. On the 16th, an interesting discussion of the subject took place in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell gave a detailed exposition of the progress of the controversy between Russia and Turkey, closing by repeating substantially the statements of the Earl of Clarendon as to the present position of the question. The Emperor of Russia, he said, had given his adhesion to the note agreed upon by the four Powers acting under the mediation of Austria. Supposing Turkey also to give her assent, there would still remain the evacuation of the principalities to be adjusted, as it was quite evident that no settlement could be satisfactory which did not include the immediate withdrawal of the Russian armies. He thought there was a fair prospect that, without involving Europe in hostilities, the independence and integrity of Turkey, which he had always said was a main object with the British government, would be secured. Mr. Layard, following in reply, thought there had been a great lack of energy and decision in these transactions. Russia had now gained all she desired, by showing that she could take possession of the Danubian principalities whenever she desired with impunity. The note prepared by Austria had, of course, been eagerly acceded to by Russia; and now if Turkey should decline it, England must join Russia against her. Mr. Cobden made a speech, justifying the ministry for not having plunged England into a war for the maintenance of Turkish independence, which, he said, had become an empty phrase. He thought the opinion was gaining ground that the Turks were intruders in Europe, and that a Mohammedan Power could no longer be maintained there. The Christians were already three times as numerous as the Turks in that country, and they would prefer any Christian government to that of a Mohammedan. He ridiculed the idea of going to war for the preservation of Turkish trade, all of which, he said, was owing to Russian encroachments. Lord Palmerston was not inclined to accept a defense of the Ministry urged on such grounds, and made a sharp reply to Mr. Cobden, whose speech he characterized as a budget of incon-

sistencies. He regarded the preservation of Turkey as not only desirable, but as worth contending for, and did not at all believe in the theory of her internal decay. So far from having gone backward within the last thirty years, Turkey had made more improvements in social and moral concerns, and in religious tolerance, than any other country. He hoped that Mr. Cobden's views would not be any where regarded as those on which the Government had acted.

A report has recently been made in Parliament by a select committee upon the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. It states that in 1850 Great Britain had twenty-four treaties with civilized powers for the suppression of the traffic: of these ten give her the right of search and mixed courts, twelve give the right of search and national tribunals, and two, the United States and France, refuse the right of search, but agree to maintain a squadron on the African coast. Great Britain had also forty-two treaties with African chiefs and princes. Since 1850 she has closed two more with civilized governments, and twenty-three with Africans, making an aggregate of eighty-nine treaties to suppress the trade. The Committee report that the trade would soon be extinguished if the Cuban market was closed, and think the present good opportunity for a joint effort of Great Britain, France, and the United States, to put a stop to it. The report declares that history does not record a more decided breach of national honor than has been established in this case against Spain. The Spanish Government had not only made the most solemn promises and engagements upon this subject, but had received since 1815 sums of money in aid of it from the British Government amounting to not less than £400,000. And still the traffic has been continued, and that, too, directly and solely on account of the connivance and aid of the Spanish authorities. In Brazil it has been almost wholly discontinued—the importation of slaves, which exceeded 50,000 per annum previous to 1849, having fallen to 790 in 1850, and of these the greater part were seized by the government. In Cuba it is notorious that slave-trading vessels are fitted out under the guns of Spanish men-of-war: that great facilities are afforded for the landing of negroes, and that, when once landed, all attempts to trace them are defeated: and that these abuscs have increased just in proportion to the bribes accepted by the Cuban government, and shared by high official personages in Spain. The report suggests that from the abuse of the American flag trading to Havana, a more cordial co-operation on the part of the United States would materially aid the efforts made to abolish the trade in that quarter. Another Committee in the House of Commons has reported in favor of adopting the decimal system in the currency of the country.

A suit was recently brought by the Secretary of the late Baroness von Beck, against George Dawson, Esq., for false imprisonment. It may be recollected that the Baroness arrived in England as a Hungarian refugee—that she published an interesting book on Hungary, and received a good deal of attention in England on account of her alleged adventures. Mr. Dawson, who had been conspicuous as one of her patrons, supposing he had reason to distrust her statements, procured her arrest on charge of obtaining subscriptions to her book on false pretenses—an allegation subsequently disproved. But her arrest and committal to a police cell, had such an effect upon her system, that she died the next day. Her Secretary, who was implicated in the

charges and arrest, has since brought this suit for damages, and received an award of £800.—Among the recent deaths in England is that of Sir George Cockburn, who bore a prominent part in the last war between Great Britain and the United States, and who can claim the undivided honor of having ordered the destruction of public property upon the capture of the city of Washington. It is recorded to his praise by English journalists that in this "splendid achievement" he destroyed buildings and other property worth between two and three millions of pounds sterling. He died on the 19th of August, aged 82.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has addressed to the various courts a protest against the action of Captain Ingraham, of the U. S. corvette *St. Louis*, in the Bay of Smyrna. The protest states that Captain Ingraham threatened an Austrian brig with a hostile attack, leveling his guns against her and announcing that, if a certain individual, detained on board, were not surrendered to him at a certain hour, he would take him by force: and that this act of hostility was committed in a neutral port, the friend of the two nations. Citations are then made from Vattel and from the Constitution of the United States to show that the right to make war is necessarily, and by the very nature of that right, inherent in the sovereign power. By the Constitution of the United States, Congress alone has the right of declaring war, and in this respect the Constitution is in perfect harmony with the public law of Europe. And this right, reserved for the supreme power of each state, would be illusory if the commanders of naval forces or others were authorized to undertake acts of hostility against the ships or troops of another nation, without special order from the supreme authority of their country, notified in the terms prescribed by the law of nations. Quotations from Wheaton's work on International Law, are also given to show that hostilities can not be fairly exercised within the territorial jurisdiction of a neutral state, and that Captain Ingraham was thus also guilty of a violation of international law, in having made his hostile demonstration in the Bay of Smyrna. No mention is made in this document of any steps taken by Austria to obtain redress for her alleged wrongs, nor is any vindication attempted of the forcible seizure of M. Koza, who had in his possession evidence of the protection of the American Government, by a band of men in a neutral port, acting under the orders of the Austrian Consul.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Up to the time of closing this record no decisive intelligence had been received concerning the settlement of the difficulties pending between the Sultan and the Czar. The debates in the English Parliament, which are sketched under the appropriate head, embody the state of the question at the latest dates. The Four Powers had joined in a note, designed as the basis of a definitive settlement, and providing for the concession by the Ottoman Porte of all the demands of Russia, but making no provision for the evacuation by the troops of the latter of the Danubian principalities. The Czar is said to have promptly signified his acceptance of these terms; but the reply of the Sultan had not been received. It is hardly possible for him to refuse them, inasmuch as he would thereby expose himself to the hostility of the Four Powers which have prepared them for his acceptance. The issue of the whole affair seems likely to afford renewed evidence of the decay and imbecility of the Turkish empire, and to involve the permanent loss of the Danubian provinces.

Editor's Table.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? We have waited in vain to find this question discussed in some of those scientific conventions and teachers' associations which are beginning to be the order of the day. The inquiry is an eminently practical one, although its thorough examination may involve some theoretical reasoning. It is directly connected with the subject of right education, and that order of thought which education should ever set forth as the highest aim of human life.

The topic is suggested to us in reading the proceedings of the late annual gathering of savans in a neighboring city, with whose most interesting discussions our newspapers were so largely occupied. Notwithstanding the apparent tone of our introductory remarks, nothing is farther from our intention than to disparage the real merits of such conventions. What a contrast do they present to the political caucus, the fanatical gatherings for radical reform, the conventions for reviling the Church and the Scriptures, and for clamorously demanding all sorts of male and female rights? It is indeed refreshing to turn from them to these assemblages of thoughtful minds calmly yet earnestly engaged in examining some of the most interesting problems presented to us in the natural world. It is a redeeming trait in the character of our bustling, money-making, utilitarian age. There is, too, something admirable in the spirit that generally characterizes such bodies. The calm spectator of their proceedings does indeed discover some manifestations of the lower human nature. There is the appearance of scientific rivalry; there is a jealous magnifying of individual pursuits; there now and then disclose themselves symptoms of sect or party feeling connected with those highest questions of morals and theology into which natural science inevitably runs. But along with all this, and above all this, appear that delightful courtesy, that high refinement of thought, that pure brotherhood of feeling, which come especially from such pursuits, and manifest themselves among men just in proportion as the objects of their inquiry are removed from the immediate selfish interests of common life, or the still lower motives of common political ambition. There is emulation; there is personal rivalry; but it is of a far nobler kind than that which appears in the political arena. There is zeal; there is excitement; there is that intense interest in scientific questions which none but scientific men can rightly appreciate; but there is no fanaticism, none of that strange feeling through which the most intense selfishness of opinion (and no selfishness is ever more intense) often imposes upon itself under the name of philanthropy, and with a vehemence of expression as diabolonian in its spirit as it is professedly angelic in its aims.

By such meetings for the investigation and discussion of scientific questions, human nature is ennobled. It is elevated to a higher region, and seems to breathe, for a season, a clearer and a purer atmosphere. Success to these conventions, we say, and may the increasing numbers, and growing interest, at every recurring annual period bear testimony to the fact, that there is springing up among us a feeling and a life of a higher order than the political, and a higher interest in the universe than ever comes alone from the commercial or the merely economical.

And yet we have a few charges to exhibit against them. They are not as broad or catholic as they

ought to be. They confine themselves to too narrow a line of thought. In other words, they unnecessarily and illogically restrict the term science to a very small share of its true meaning, if they do not altogether pervert it.

Every thoughtful man who carefully examines these very interesting debates, as they have been so faithfully given in the reports of the press, must have observed how almost exclusively physical are the questions presented, and not merely physical, but in a very great measure confined to that lower department of physics to which we justly give the name of *natural history*. Nor is this a mere verbal distinction. It has come down to us from the earliest days of philosophy—having been established, if not first given, by Aristotle, than whom no thinker was ever more unerring in determining the boundaries of ideas, and the true limits of different departments of knowledge.

Facts alone can never make science. Neither can that which is somewhat higher, or the mere classification of facts, ever of itself rise to this dignity; although it may be a necessary preparation for it in some respects, and therefore entitled to be enrolled among the lower yet useful auxiliaries to the scientific family. The most accurate description of a plant, of a bird, of a fish, or a mineral, is not science. It is only an enumeration of facts. It is yet only *historia* and not *scientia*. So also the most ingenious classification, or arrangement, of such facts, is not science, because it has not yet risen to the dignity of a law. It may be only the most convenient order under which we group the notices of the senses, like the order of books in a library, or of minerals in a cabinet, yet still suggestive of no living formative power, nor linking itself with any idea which, whether previously brought out or not, the soul recognizes as belonging to its own stores, and connected, in its elementary roots, with all necessary truth.

Thus may we say by way of illustration—the number, shape, and position of the fins in a fish, the varieties and orders of its scales, the arrangement of stamens in a plant, the shape of its leaves, the number and position of the bones of an animal, the observed phenomena of aerolites, the varieties in the appearances of clouds, the direction of winds, the annual appearance of birds, &c.—all these may be very useful preparations for science, but they are not science itself. As facts they no more constitute science than the order and number of paving stones in the streets, or of tiles upon the house-tops. Neither do they become science by being classified, or by being observed in a certain order of sequence. This may be done to some extent with almost any kind of external things which no one thinks of making the subjects of scientific analysis. Such arrangement, or such order of sequences, may be the mind's own artificial if not arbitrary arrangement, or the mind's own order of sequence, rejecting certain facts while adopting others, and thus bringing all that are so grouped together under the appearance of law. And yet there may be nothing in all this that unites itself with the soul's own necessary thinking, so as to suggest that conception of the necessary and the universal which is inseparable from the idea of science, and without which knowledge can never rise above sense and memory. With many scientific men, so called, law is but an-

other name for generalization. It is not the cause but the effect of phenomena. It is not the expression of the thought of mind, finite or infinite, and thus a living energy distinct from the facts, but merely an order of events. By the same dead process, they might just as well make language a generalization from letters and syllables, and the thought which speech conveys, but the summation of series of aerial undulations.

But again—laws themselves may be regarded as facts, and thus grouped into higher classifications suggestive of higher laws, and so on until the mind reaches out to some great principle or law of laws, uniting not only all facts, but all departments of science, all philosophy, in short, all thinking, into a catholic unity, which is fully believed and acted upon as an article of scientific and philosophical faith, even though never reached, or expected to be reached, by any scientific induction. It is a faith which goes beyond sense, or any knowledge which is but a generalizing and classifying of the facts of sense. It is to this unity all true science tends; and it is alone as it has this direction and this spirit that it deserves the name. The thought is not the result of experiment or induction, although there is an exquisite delight as we find it ever confirmed by these collateral testimonies. It is in the soul itself, and all genuine science is but the effort to realize this pure spiritual idea. In other words, all *laws*, truly such, are *ideas*—yea, our own ideas, expressed in nature. It is with exceeding joy we find them written there. But this, instead of showing that they come alone from the inductions of sense, proves just the contrary. They must have somehow been in our own souls before we read them in the book, or it would have forever remained to us the dead letter of a foreign tongue.

There is something higher, then, than even the study of laws, which may be regarded as being themselves but a higher order of facts. There are three degrees, and the science that would tarry in the second must be pronounced spurious as well as that trivial knowledge which finds its satisfaction in the first. There are facts, laws, principles. By the latter are meant those *thoughts* of the universal mind of which the second may be regarded as the *words*, and the first the letters through which they are articulated. There is an intense interest in the question—*What is it?*—its class, its order, its outward description, and hence its scientific name? There is a higher interest in the question—*How is it?*—its law, its cause, its effect, its outward energizing life? There is a still higher interest in the inquiry—*Why is it?*—why is it so in itself? *Why* is it so in its relations to other things? *Why* is it so in its relation to the Great Whole, of which, however minute it may be, it forms a necessary part? Above all, *Why* is that Great Whole itself whose ground, end, or destiny is the ultimate inquiry which makes the real value of every lower question?

It may be thought that we have indulged in too abstract a vein of speculation for our present theme; but it was necessary for the practical uses to which we proceed to apply it. It is this mode of thinking, we have so imperfectly sketched, that brings in the moral and theological as those upper departments of scientific inquiry which give interest and value to all below. Cut off from this, natural science is but a valley of dead bones, such as the prophet saw in vision, “very many and exceeding dry.” We may see how one bone fits to another, but without the flesh and sinews of a higher life, the meaning of the whole, and of the parts in their relation to the

whole, is an insolvable enigma. Science resting here is absolutely darker than ignorance, inasmuch as its light serves only to show us its own horrors. Its vast and stupendous revelations become actually terrific in their awful unmeaningness.

The charge, then, we have to make against our scientific conventions is, that they confine themselves too much to the mere physical aspect of things, and to merely physical questions. Whether this is from designed arrangement, or has resulted from the fact that physical queries present the first, and, in most respects, the easiest objects of inquiry, it would be difficult to decide. In reading their proceedings, however, one would justly conclude that they regarded the term Science as wholly confined to the physical, and even to that lower department of it, which we have styled natural history. Moral, theological, and political science are treated as though they hardly deserved the name. Now, there is certainly something remarkable in the fact that this very department of natural history was the one to which the master-thinker of the ancient world, the mind from whom has been derived almost all our scientific and philosophical technology, refused to give the name at all. Although it was a field of knowledge in which he himself greatly excelled, and in which he has given the outlines that have been filled up by subsequent inquirers, yet he would not call it science. Nothing with him was truly such but that which in some way connected itself with the universally, the necessarily true. The same logical definition was maintained by all philosophic minds until the modern perversions. Physics is not indeed excluded, but it came in only by virtue of such connection as could be shown between it and higher or more catholic truth.

There are departments of science, with all reverence be it said, that God himself can not change. As we have hinted in a previous number of our Editor's Table on the subject of Education, and would express here more in full, there may be in each inhabited world a different botany—different not only in its individual species, but in its laws and classifications; there may be a different geology, a different ichthyology, in which all the science of an Agassiz would be out of date, and all its laws a dead letter; there may be a different mineralogy, a different chonchology, different entomology, a different chemistry even, having different elements, different affinities, different molecular and atomic combinations. But we affirm, with all confidence, we know it of a certainty, we can not be mistaken, for it is the voice of the universal reason speaking in us, as in every man, when we say, that in all worlds of rational beings, in all worlds ever seen by the telescope, or imagined by the mind, in all worlds that have been, or shall, or can exist, there *must* be the same geometry, and that, too, in its fundamental order of truths, the same unchangeable science of numbers, the same doctrine of force, the same axioms of universal physics, the same psychology, the same laws of thinking, the same principles of its manifestation in language, whatever be the modes of outward physical expression, the same logic, with the same figures and modes, the same grammar, with substantially the same parts of speech, the same music wherever there are ears to perceive its tones or souls to feel the harmony of its mathematical ratios, the same principles of art, the same ideas of the beautiful, the just, the good, the same ethics, the same true religion, the same theology, and, in a word, the same absolute, universal, and necessary philosophy of all being. In the first of these two

classes of sciences, we hold communion with all who possess like faculties of sense, and dwell in the same accessible localities; in the second, our fellowship is with all thinking rationality throughout the possible or conceivable universe.

But even as regards the physical world—our physical world—we may fairly say that there is not in these conventions a sufficiency of what may be styled the *cosmical view*, or such a consideration of universal nature as is presented by Humboldt, who stands almost alone among moderns in his noble attempt to impart to physical science more of this catholic character. Is it that there is something in the minute subdivision of knowledge unfavorable to such an aspect? Is it that the mind is so led to regard every thing in parts and fragments, and to be so taken up with the fitting and adaptation of particular links, as to be incapable of taking those views which connect themselves with the whole chain? And is not this, too much the case with a great deal of what is now called science? Each naturalist has his bone, his fungus, his mineral, his shell, his fin, or his scale; some can do nothing but peer into strata; some rake among fossils until their very souls become fossilized, and the mere dead classification contents them without a thought of any thing beyond. Even astronomical investigations are often pursued in the same spirit, and the discovery of some worthless comet, or worthless comet's tail, has more charms for a certain order of minds than even the realization of the Pythagorean music of the spheres. By such narrowing influences the soul is kept from those cosmical views, even of the world's physical origin and destiny which have had so deep an interest for men of far less science—if we employ the term in reference to the number and extent of its details rather than the wide range of its aims and principles.

It is certainly a striking fact, that no times were ever more noted for cosmical questions than the earliest ages of philosophy. In their ignorance of scientific minutiae, the mind seemed actually to have more freedom for thinking upon the universe as a whole, and hence some of those far-reaching *a priori* views of the old schools to which the most striking theories of modern science are but making an approximation. They called the world *Kosmos*—the *order*, the beauty, the harmony. They were ever asking, *Whence came it?* *How* came it? *Why* was it? *Had* it a beginning? *Would* it ever have an end? What were its *principia*, or elementary substances? Were they one or many? Were the worlds infinite? Was the universe an everlasting flux and reflux, in which all forms were but manifestations of one eternal, material substance? or was its beginning, its continuance, and its termination, dependent on a spirituality older than the birth of nature, and which should survive its dissolution? The thoughtful souls, from Abraham down to Plato, had far more interest in such inquiries than they would have felt in the discovery of an eighth or ninth planet, or in calculating the exact eccentricities of the orbits of its satellites.

Far be it from us to underrate the exceeding accuracy of modern science, or detract from its true value. It may be all the better as preparatory to more universal views in some future stage of scientific inquiry, to which all this collection of accurate material is the necessary introduction. But at present we have great reason to fear the effect on very many students of natural science is to narrow and contract, rather than expand the mind. In these piece-meal views of nature, this disintegration of

the universe, as it were, or the giving it out, like some public work, to thousands of jobbers, contractors and sub-contractors in every department, where the minute inquiry compels the use of microscopic glasses which shut out all other objects of vision—in all this, we say, there is danger that such devotees may lose sight of the greater relations, not only of the parts to each other, but of the parts to the whole in respect to its origin, continuance, and destiny. We feel the stronger in this position, because it is the very danger apprehended by one of the greatest naturalists of the day. Even Auguste Comte expresses a fear lest the exceeding detail of modern experimental inquiry, or the lauded Baconianism of our period, may blind the mind to what he would call the philosophy of science in distinction from science itself.

Comte has reference in this solely to the physical world—for he acknowledges no other—and its physical unity. But when we take it in connection with the moral and the theological, there is a still greater absurdity, and a still greater defect. There are men whose mental vision has become so exceedingly narrow in what they call their scientific pursuits, that they can not even conceive of there being any such thing as science in the departments we have just named. That is the region of dogmas, of moral and theological dogmas, and they wish to meddle with nothing so unscientific as all that. They talk very much in the style of the theologians of the Westminster Review. With these a crucified Redeemer, so loving mankind as to pour out his heart's blood as an expiation for human sins, is a sapless and fossil dogma; the belief, on the other hand, that Christ and Christianity are the "fusion of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality," this is no dogma at all, but a fresh and vigorous faith, possessed of wondrous vitality, and a wondrous power to move and melt the hardened souls of men. So is it with the naturalist of a certain order. The dread disclosures of revelation respecting the moral destiny of man, and the connection therewith of all the subordinate physical creations of our world, is a theological tenet, forsooth; and that, in his estimation, is enough to shut it out from the whole field of philosophical inquiry. He has something far higher and better. He reads us a long paper on the discovery of a fish without any ventral fins; and that, he says, is science; that is philosophy; that is truth worth knowing, and in comparison with which all the dogmas of a fossil theology are fit only for the Sunday school or the nursery.

Even in what is called the study of "final causes," where there is supposed to be some patronizing acknowledgment of theological truth, there is manifested the same narrow naturalizing spirit. Much is sometimes said about proofs of divine wisdom, for which, it is supposed, the clergyman and the theologian ought to be very grateful to the scientific savan. But examine these discoveries, and it will be found that they almost invariably terminate, *just as they arose*—in the natural. It is only, as we have said, the fitting of link to link, without any light that may lead to the disclosure either of that to which the physical chain is fastened, or of that which it is meant to uphold. It shows us how admirably the ventral and dorsal articulations of the reptile are adapted to crawling; nature has indeed exhibited wondrous wisdom here; but why the reptile with its venomous fang? It shows us that by such a process of physical causes the vegetable and the animal arrive at their physical perfection, and by such a process they decay and die. Every thing seems adapted

to produce the result apparently intended. But why intended? What is the design of these designs? Why is there so much evil, so much death? Why is there any evil, or any death in our world? Strange that they who ignore all such questions under the foolish charge of their being unscientific dogmas, can not see how unsatisfactory without them is all their science, and how egregiously they themselves are trifling. They are, in fact, the dogmatists. They are the men who make ultimate truths of no scientific value, while they rest on dead facts, or dead laws, having no seen connection with man's spiritual destiny, and, therefore, for the human soul possessed of no real vitality.

Such science is as heartless as it is unphilosophical. It is equally destitute of social as of moral and theological affinities. The bowed back of the heavy-burdened laborer may furnish an admirable subject for a physiological lecturer. Here is indeed a rich storehouse of physical adaptations. What artistic skill is exhibited in that spinal marrow! How admirably is that spinal bone, with all its vertebrae, contrived for the support and carrying of burdens! But why the burden, why the toil? Physiology will tell us why the bone, why the muscle, why the joint and socket—but why the man himself, and why his heavy load? and above all, why are such immense numbers of the race doomed to bear such heavy loads during the whole period of their earthly existence? Some dogma is wanting here which physics alone can never furnish, but without which natural science has neither interest nor meaning.

It may, perhaps, be said that we do not rightly discriminate. They are not insensible to the importance of higher views, and the existence of higher science; but their business is with the natural. There would be justice in the defense, if so many did not write and speak as though the name science embraced only their own physical inquiries, to the ignoring of so many other departments of knowledge. This one-sided estimate has also an injurious and narrowing effect on the cause of education; and this furnished the main reason why we have chosen it for our present theme. A right view of the whole field of knowledge is the only means of estimating aright the comparative value of different departments of truth, and is of more importance in a system of mental culture than any accumulation of facts in which there is more regard to the quantity than to the quality of the science acquired.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR Easy-Chair has one advantage which you may not have remarked. Sitting in it quietly and surveying the world, we make observations upon life and society that can not get into print and to your eyes until some time after the occasion is past. Thus we sit here chewing the cud of experience. This tropical summer day, for instance, when we avoid dogs and seek the shade, will be discussed with you under an October sun. In the great whirl of life which carries us all forward so rapidly, it will be to you, remembering reader, when your eye falls upon this page, as far away as some sunny isle of the equator to a mariner who has already reached the cooler latitudes. The summer will shine again for you in this chance record. A lounge in our Chair will be a moment of the Indian summer—the summer of St. Martin, as the French peasants call it, for some reason which we should be glad if you would

impart. In so swift a life as ours, this is an inestimable advantage. For if we lost something of the charm in the moment of its passing, we shall renew it, and more richly, in these pages of reminiscence. It surely would be a pleasant reward of our labor, if you should look forward to your monthly rest in our Chair, as to a vivid reproduction of the most interesting topics of two months since. So would that rest be no Lethean sleep, but the re-touching of a picture which had just begun to fade.

As, for instance:

We are in town, and you are at the sea-side, today, or among the hills: somewhere, at least, in sight of woods and waters. The weather is, as the Parisians say, "of a heat." The city in summer is a region as unknown to you as the summit of Chimborazo.

We wedge our way wearily through the crowds that swarm Broadway. It is the same street; at least our eyes assure us that it is so. But we do not feel it. There are the houses, the shops, the omnibuses. Here is Stewart's, there is the St. Nicholas, beyond is Grace Church. The Metropolitan has not gone out of town, and a St. Denis is too aristocratic for any republican watering-place. Our longing is mocked by this patch of a park, and the plashing fountains torture us with their elfish laughter. The same old objects are here. Would that it rained, that music might cease in Barnum's balcony! Why is it not the same Broadway? Because, although the houses have not gone away, the people have. We are almost overborne by the press of the throng, but "nobody is in town."

—“My dear Frank, where are you from?”

“Just from Newport—winging up to West Point for a day—then on for a dash at Lake George, and a taste of Niagara—Good-by—great hurry—nobody in town.”

And a mighty stream separates us; and Frank's figure is instantly lost in the undulating crowd.

“No,” we muse sorrowfully, knocked, in our reverie, by a hundred elbows a minute, “it's too true, there's nobody in town,” and our reflections suddenly end by our being bumped against some substantial dame proceeding like a Dutch East Indian under full sail, and—meanwhile, begging a pardon, which is indignantly granted, for a collision made unavoidable by the crowd—

—It is an old club man who nods at us surprised.

“You in town?” he says, “en route from Saratoga, I suppose—off this afternoon? Sorry the rules of the ‘Union’ don't allow me to ask you to dinner. Must be so very stupid for you, for nobody's in town.”

And we are incontinently jostled against each other by the rude passers-by.

—Here in the door of the New York Hotel stands brilliant Jem, of old College days, now a staid family man in the country. We are glad to see him; sorry, however, that he should have come to the city at this moment, since nobody's in town.

“By the *oi polloi*,” answers the once brilliant Jem, his classical oaths refreshed in memory by our sudden apparition, “look at this swarm of pedestrians, and horses, and chariots. If this is nobody, when, in the name of John Rogers,* is there somebody in town?”

It is impossible to explain to Jem. He can not tell whether there is any body in town, or not. He comes from the country, and to country eyes a man

* Smithfield Martyr, and father of many children.—*Vide Fox's Book of Martyrs.*

is a man and a woman a woman, in Broadway as well as on the turnpike. It is only the eye sharpened by much sly city-practice that can at once determine whether a given anybody is somebody or nobody.

Let us pause a moment at Stewart's. Probably we want some silk gloves; at least the once brilliant Jem would like to see so famous a lion. He has no longer the vanity of covering his red knobs with dove-colored and ashes-of-roses kid, but he would like to see a field-day of fashionable shopping. The great palace is deserted. Positively the cloths are spread over the goods in many of the departments, as if it were night or Sunday. An air of languor pervades the domain of muslin and of lace; and the idle clerks hang listlessly upon stools, dreaming of "Ocean-halls" and other realms of fairy.

"Where is the business done?" demands the once brilliant Jem, with indignant animation.

"At these very counters, Jem; but it is the moment of low-tide. All the business has ebbed away with the buyers. Stewart's is desolate, for there's nobody in town."

He glances incredulously through the ample doors and windows at the ceaseless stream of people that pours along the walks, and at the inextricable snarls of carriages between. To our country friend, New York is fuller than he has ever seen it. But he begins to feel that there is some truth in our mysterious remark that there's nobody in town.

And yet of the seven (?) hundred thousand inhabitants of the city how many thousands are probably away? How inappreciable the number compared with the great mass; and how much more than supplied by the throng of strangers that pours along every railway and watery avenue to this great reservoir of human life. Notwithstanding which we use words very intelligible when we say that there is nobody in town.

In truth, it is the town itself which has gone out of town. It is that mysterious circle within the circle, of which we read so much in the old English novels and plays—that class for which the others seemed to exist; that class which came to the play-house and went to court in laced coats and bag-wigs, that gamed and drank in the taverns, and carried small-swords, to let out upon the pavement, with expedition and ease, whatever castiff plebeian blood might chance to come between the wind and its nobility. In fact, by a singular perversion of terms, "the town," which means distinctively the aggregation of enterprise and industry, grew in those days to mean that part of the town which was neither enterprising nor industrious! *Lucus a non lucendo.*

But this was, of course, the promenading part and the shopping part. These were they who drive in stately carriages with pompous liveries. These were they who haunted the Stewart's of those old times; and departed, not as with us in June, but in August and September, to the country and the sea-shore. Moderate people, who could not go, whom the stern necessities of life held fast in London, could at least *play go*. They could solemnly close the front shutters, and let the door-knob go rusty, and spiders spin undisturbed among the front blinds, while the family found their Brighton and Leamington, their German Spas and Continental relaxation and seclusion—in the back-yard. Vainly the importunate stranger in town thundered at the front door. The unheeding family in a supposititious rural retreat, could fancy that civic roar the cooing of pigeons or the bleating of lambs in green pastures. The servant could be despatched to open the door, and reply, with ill-con-

cealed surprise at the suspicion of the family's presence in town, that the house had been closed for weeks, and the family away—he believes "upon the Continent"—the admirable servant!—while some too curious daughter of the house surreptitiously surveyed, through the half-opened blinds of an upper chamber, the retiring footsteps of the abashed stranger, who withdrew, grieved to have touched the finer feelings of a flunkie by implying that "his family" could be nearer town than the Pyrenees or the Baths of Lucca!

This was "the town" of the old English days; and its character and influence may be inferred from the shabby imitations of it, which are the constant butt of the English humorists for the last two centuries. When certain faces faded from the Park, from the Mall, and from the Club-windows, then it was understood that the game of life had shifted for a season from the city—Parliament had adjourned—lords and ladies had retired to their country seats and shooting: there was nobody in town. Yet London was as crammed and criminal as ever.

We shall not draw any parallel; only, as to-day we saunter idly along Broadway, looking in vain for the faces which are so familiar upon these walks—among which your own, dear sir, is most distinctly remembered—we are reminded of those old stories. And as we say to Jem, that notwithstanding the crowd which constantly buffets and impedes us, "there's nobody in town," we are glad to know that if we retain the same old term, its significance is different; that with us "the town," although it does comprise the promenaders and those who drive in pretty carriages with gentle liveries, does yet signify not merely a class inheriting luxury and sloth, but one which may well claim to be, in the best sense, "the town," by virtue of representing the prosperous results of enterprise and industry.

Therefore it is that we are not angry at the last flash of the once brilliant Jem, who steps up to the office of the "New York," and announces his departure for Newport, then turns to us with an unpleasant sneer, and says:

"It's probably very true that there *is* nobody in town, but"—(and he glances at the crowds of busy people constantly passing)—"but the city can easily spare *nobody*, since all the *somebodies* remain."

We take affectionate leave of Jem, convinced that the fresh salt air will do him great good.

THERE is one subject of summer contemplation in the social sphere which you may have disregarded at the time, and be glad to have now recalled to you. It is the summer toilet of our young male friends, both in the city and at all the pleasant resorts. In the proportion that the *physique* of Young America diminishes, its clothes enlarge. The spindles, which have so long done laborious duty in the dance and promenade as legs, are now more amply draped. The youths who returned from Paris in the spring startled "the town" by the looseness of their trousers; "the town" being more agitated by such looseness than by that of morals. The recipe for a proper summer coat prescribes as much cloth for the sleeves as was lately required for the whole garment. The beaux are emulous of the hanging sleeves of the belles. Cynical Jem says, he wonders they have so long delayed following such a fascinating lead. He declares that he awaits the moment when a subtle sense of propriety shall teach them that they are effeminate enough to assume the skirts also! It will be a singular exposure when, some day, one of the small men in large coats is caught and submitted

to the microscope of philosophical analysis. If the eye of any such falls here, will he not heed a word of warning?

Sit down in our Chair for a moment, young man, and review your career during the last summer. Figure yourself to yourself as you have appeared at breakfast, at dinner, and in the dance. Have you pleased those whom you truly wish to gratify? or have you been content to dazzle the eye and fancy of a girl, giddy as yourself? Do you really suppose that men, manly men, solid and sensible men, think you the more manly because you have slipped off here and there, into places that may not be named, for the purpose of gaming, or drinking, or for any other purpose? It is the most fatal of your many mistakes. Older men who are weak enough to go with you, are strong enough to laugh at you: and they who do not despise you, pity you.

This, you think, has nothing to do with your dress; and yet it has much to do with it, if you should chance to observe that change of dress often corresponds with that of morals and manners. No man who is not a dandy at heart, dresses like a dandy. And you may be sure whenever you pass a sot in Broadway, or encounter him at Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport, that he is not a gentleman nor a nobleman. It is a melancholy fact that the young American depends more, for social effect, upon his dress, than upon his address—more upon the cents in his pocket than the sense in his head. Thomas Carlyle once wrote a book called *Sartor Resartus*, or the Tailor Sewed Over, in which he lays down the doctrine that dress is the manifestation of the man. Show me a man's dress, says this philosopher, and I will show you the man. Would you submit to the scrutiny? For, you understand, the last coat-pattern, though it were the very "loudest," would not impose upon him. If the dress spelt *f-o-p*, to his critical eye, his mouth would proclaim *fop*.

You are not afraid of Mr. Thomas Carlyle? Of course you are not. But, if you remember that whenever and wherever you appear there are many Mr. Carlyles watching you—that every manly mind is observing you with sorrow, entirely undazzled by the elegant *negligé* of your costume and manner, you will, perhaps, be as willing to cultivate the esteem of sensible men, as you are now anxious to secure the astonishment of foolish ones.

Sit a moment this cool autumn day, and reconsider this matter of the toilet. Cravats, after all, are temporal, and the fashion of coats passes away.

Now that the first shock of delighted surprise at our neighborhood to Europe which steam has created, is past, we do not so curiously observe the results of that neighborhood and intimacy. One of the pleasantest that falls under our observation in the days when the city is in the country, is the greater number of little street-bands of music. There is a Puritan prejudice against hand-organs, which seems to us very unphilosophical, and which—in regard to the muses—is strictly treasonable. For those instruments refresh the forms of popular melody in the mind, and do more than any other ten combined causes for the fame of the musical composer. When Auber produces an opera in Paris, it is heard by two or three thousand persons the first night, possibly—and by seven or eight thousand, during the first week. But by that time it is brought home to the ears and hearts of all Paris, by the melodious messengers that cling to the necks of itinerant Italians; and by the third week, Paris

hums and sings the opera on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, in all the gardens and the theatres; and when an old song in the vaudeville is sung to a new tune, every body knows that the tune is from Auber's last—thanks to the hand-organ!

So, also, in Naples. You lie (half-dreaming, we should say, if life were not all dreamy in Naples) and along the *Chiaja*, and *sulla Marinella*, that is, upon the shore of the bay, and by the harbor, you hear the hand-organs playing all night long; and the lazzaroni singing with them the barcaroles which seem to be born of the wave's melody and motion. There is a romantic friend of ours who was many years in Naples, and is enamored of Italian life. He relates that often as he sits in his office—a dull, dim, dusty room, in the attic of one of the old Nassau-street houses—he sometimes hears afar off the sound of a hand-organ, playing some tune once familiar to him in Italy, and which draws him as irresistibly as a siren, so that he must leave his books and dreary chamber, and run until he finds the organ and the grinder, to whom he gives an Italian greeting, and a two-shilling-piece. "Poor pay," he says, "for bringing Italy into Nassau-street."

There is no Italian city more silent and retired than Mantua. It is not often visited by the American tourist who puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but it is singularly characteristic of the luxurious torpor of modern Italian life. We saw it first one warm autumnal morning. There was no spectacle of business as in other cities, no hurrying along of a crowd with fixed brows and solemn faces, no sense of occupation nor hum of trade, but the handsome, lazy-eyed men sat indolently along the streets and in the cafés, smoking, chatting, grimacing, reading in the little Journal—from which all important political news was excluded—the report of the highest note touched by the voice, or the highest point by the foot, of the last most famous singer and dancer. Before each café, and in many streets, little bands were standing playing the melodies from the operas and collecting coppers. The luxurious audience listened or talked, half-hummed a strain, or united in a chorus; and the simple spectator could have fancied that he had entered a city of Arcadia. The graceful indolence and leisurely life of Mantua are indissolubly associated with the warm, still morning, and the street bands. And in the hot August mornings when we have heard similar music in our deserted streets uptown, it was impossible not to feel that we were again in Mantua, and to acknowledge that steam had already plucked for us some of the precious pearls of foreign life.

—You think that street-musicians are vagabonds? So was Homer.

—Being a man of strict civic morals, you think that they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary.

So thought the incorruptible Justice of Shakespeare.

Is our daily life so surfeited with little amenities and graces, so richly ornamented by all the arts, that we can afford to silence the singers and break their instruments? He who hath "music in his soul" will smile upon the street-musicians; and for him who hath it not there is a woe denounced.

THE visit of the Earl of Ellesmere was not a success. There seems to have been great misunderstanding in England as to the character of the Crystal Palace undertaking. It is strictly a private enterprise; but the English Commissioner evidently supposed it to be a national affair, and hence came

17 a national vessel. That vessel lay for a long time in the harbor of New York, and then sailed for Halifax, without any public demonstration upon the part of the city. Under the circumstances, we think the civic silence was uncourteous. Lord Ellesmere was understood to have declined a banquet from the resident Englishmen, upon the ground that it would not be right for him, as a public Commissioner, to accept a private invitation before he had heard from the public authorities. Unhappily the Palace was far from ready—the Earl had arrived under a false impression—most of those who would have received him and his party in the most agreeable manner were out of town—the Earl's gout and the extreme heat of the unprecedented summer began at once and together—the noble party moved as far south as Philadelphia where the dog-star shone so furiously that they were compelled to return—they darted westward as far as Utica, where the retainers were overpowered with the torrid air, and the Commissioner was again conquered by his hereditary and aristocratic enemy—they escaped into Canada, where, as we read in the papers, they barely escaped a railroad accident—they saw Niagara, and returned to town just in time for the opening of the Palace. But true to his unhappy destiny in America, the Earl of Ellesmere was received by the gout instead of the President of the United States, and passed the day of the opening ceremonies in bed. Then came the banquet at the Metropolitan, from attendance upon which the same old gout urged the Chief English Commissioner to abstain. The banquet was a failure; nobody made a tolerable speech; political differences were unwisely introduced, and the President left at an early hour for the Opera—upon whose bills appeared in flaring capitals the names of "SONTAG," "ROBERT LE DIABLE," "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." A few days after, the Earl slipped quietly on to Boston. There he made a sensible speech, and was undoubtedly pleased, for Boston loves England; but after a visit of only three or four days, he sailed for Halifax in a mail steamer—and so ended his American visit. Had the London *Times* been aware of all these circumstances its leader of a month since ridiculing the opening ceremonies of the Palace would have been much more pointed. To Lord Ellesmere himself we must all be sorry that his visit was such a series of *contretemps*. A gentleman, and, by character and position, the representative of gentlemen, coming across the ocean to honor the dignity and triumph of labor and skill—thereby particularly acknowledging, what would never have been possible in any previous age, that in this world productive genius is chiefly worthy of honor—it is infinitely to be regretted that the result was so untoward, that misconceptions and confusions destroyed all the *prestige*, and probably much of the satisfaction of the visit. Meanwhile it is a curious speculation what kind of report will be made by the Earl concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition. The details of observation must be furnished by his companions in the Commission; for the visits of the Chief Commissioner to the Palace were very few. Upon occasion of those visits, we understand, he dispensed with the coronet and ermine train, which, to judge from the tone of newspaper reports, are supposed to be his usual street dress in London. It is a great pity that a gentleman is not safe from newspaper gossip among us, if he happens to be an Earl. Our theoretical contempt for a titled aristocracy, and our actual curiosity about it, play singular pranks with our manners.

We are glad to learn that the Earl of Ellesmere,

who is the master of the famous Bridgewater Gallery—one of the finest of the English collection of paintings—wishing to enrich it with some characteristic American works, commissioned Mr. Kensett to paint two pictures of subjects drawn from American scenery. He expressed a desire to possess some memorial of Niagara; and those who have seen in some recent works of Kensett the singular success with which he has treated the subject, will acknowledge the discriminating taste of the English Commissioner.

Now that the summer and the summering have tripped lovingly by, we propose to overlook the means and methods of making a summer pass gayly, and descent in our easy way upon the fashions and the direction of summer travel, promising, in so doing, to give such information about inconveniences, and toasts, and fresh breezes, as our own tossing about, and our cognizance of the tossing about of others may make serviceable.

And first of all, this *fad* of summer travel is becoming a part of the American character: it is too late to subdue it now, if it were even worth while to subdue it; and our only hope is in giving it sensible direction.

Your small towns-man, and your large towns-man, whether their homes rate as city or village, conceives it to be absolutely requisite for the subjugation, or at any rate for the softening of his wife's humors, that some summer change should be determined on and pursued. No matter what stock of green fields or rural cottages may lie about the home-paths, Mistress Abigail must have her summer quits of the kitchen and maids, and either show her checkered silk at the sea-shore, or flourish it upon the brink of Niagara. Meantime the children—if children there be—flourish under the reign of trusty servants, or, what is worse, catch an early longing for watering-place walks, and spicè their summer's vacation with childish coquettices in the corridors of the United States or the Ocean House.

And it is curious in this connection to estimate what sort of manly calibre will grow and perfect itself out of the boyish wearing of velvet-tunics and Honiton-lace upon the green sward which is sheltered by Marvin's yellow walls. We have a fear that, whatever elegancies may ripen under such habit, that the vigor to cope with difficulty—such difficulty as is very apt to follow in the wake of Saratoga extravagancies—will be sadly wanting, and that the lapse of years will find watering-place boys adorned with very thread-bare velvets and very nerveless minds. We have a fear that this velvety race is on the increase, and another fear that, without the propings of primogenital prerogatives (as Dr. Johnson would say), that the velvet will prove, in the end, very cottony velvet.

But beside this influence upon such youngsters as partake of these Mecca pilgrimages to the shrine of our American prophet of Mammon, there is growing out of it, and even with it, a neglect of those home ties which, when strong-kept, are the surest guarantees of a beautiful, to say nothing of a happy home. An out-of-door domestication is gratifying itself upon us know not how many families; and their most loved altars of fireside are set up in hotel-grates on rainy mornings of summer.

We make no question of the virtue of forsaking the heated streets of New York when the sun is at its hot solstice, and of relieving a business-burdened mind by trees, and flowers, and such sound of rivers as is not our own; but for your man, who has his

acres of green fields in some town which has been nicknamed city—to fleece his conscience with the notion that something greener and wider is to be sought for every summer for the sustenance of his rank, or for the supply of his wife's little-tattle, it is great absurdity; and he had much better spend his summer energies and his surplus coin in redeeming his green acres from their vacant green stare into some smile of picturesque landscape, by planting and pruning, and by setting up such corner arbors as will shorten the evenings, and make his home a place loved for itself, and a pleasant monitor of kindred beauties to all beside him and around him.

We can recall now the names of some score of rural towns whose chief occupants quit them each July and August, for the sake of thronging with the herd, and losing baggage, and patience, and money; who, if they were to spend one-half of this summer energy and of this summer extravagance in making beautiful what Nature has laid at their door, would soon have watering-places of their own, which strangers would loiter to look upon, and catch health, both moral and stomachic, from the mingling of art and nature.

If a body is, indeed, in need of such salient matter as bubbles up at Saratoga, or as flocks the beach at Newport, let them go and get it by all means; but let them not stay after the *quantum sufficit* is pouched to measure money-pouches with adventurous neighbors, and to kill in wife and children whatever old leaning toward their own homestead was born in them, and still clings, by ever so frail tendrils, to the door and the porch!

Another bad thing which the excess of summer vagabondage is breeding, is the over-crowded and over-worked thoroughfare, by which even ordinary business is almost overset and compelled to stand back for *Messieurs les voyageurs de plaisir*. But perhaps a worse issue of this lies in the fact that pleasure-seekers themselves are pushed, jammed, herded together, made hot, discontented, bad-tempered—all which, however, go with many toward the sum of the summer's enjoyment. Half of this discontent, bad temper, *et cetera*, grow out of the ridiculous American excess of baggage; we say American excess, since (we speak advisedly in saying it) no people in the world do so utterly stuffify themselves in multiplying band-boxes, dress-cases, and all sorts of traveling paraphernalia, as the Americans. We do not know the average that can safely be set down for a party of man, woman, and child traveling to Saratoga from point not two hundred miles distant; but we think it might safely be reckoned at two dress-cases, two band-boxes, four trunks, and three carpet-bags. If the distance were increased to a thousand miles, there would naturally be an increase of luggage. We venture to say that a French lady would perfect the same visit with an air of greater neatness throughout (because of greater proximity in dress), with one-third the amount of material. We are safely assured, in confirmation of this truth, that a Parisian lady will go to Baden-Baden for a stay of two months, and make conquest while there of two Russian nobles, six English cockneys, three Americans in black satin vests, and seventeen German princes, armed and equipped only with one dressing-case measuring twenty-eight by eighteen inches, and one *sac de nuit*.

Let our Mistress Abigail remember, and blush.

In talking in this strain of summer travel, let it not be imagined for a moment that we lose sight of that information which every rational man and woman ought to pick up from a mingling with half a

thousand of new people gathered from far awny places. This intermingling of visitors we count upon as one of the happiest ways of settling all vexed questions of inter-state politics; and we consider it as good a system of compromise as Mr. Clay's—beside being very much better than Mrs. Stowe's.

So far as this goes—and it may be made to go very far—we speak a hearty God-speed to summer-hotels; but, unfortunately, the race of summer-goers are not always the best media of such information as gains by diffusion, and are rather to be counted on as the advisers and adepts in only such small interchange of opinion as finds its basis in scandal and its polish in French. Even this much, however, may create a sort of social leaven which serves to quicken spontaneity of action and of thought.

In old times—and we do not know that they are yet wholly gone by—people used to steal a month or two away from home cares to extend their knowledge of other people and manners as well as of other places. This curse of travel, hardly, however, belongs to those who make a periodic sojourn year after year at the Springs of Saratoga. Surely much more might be gained in this way, and is being gained, year by year, along the Rhine and in the valleys of Switzerland.

We know there is a class of political economists who cry out against spending money away from home; but it appears to us one of the very best investments that can be made of American depletion to pass it off in such countries as will quicken new ideas about architecture, gardening, art, and (if the traveler wear such soul as he ought to wear) enlarge the bounds of that just pride which he feels in the freedom and largeness of his own Republican institutions. We have a sincere pity for such Americans as always associate this pride with absurd boastings and a bragart air, and who, therefore, smother it altogether, and cherish instead a weak admiration and emulation for just those things under English rule which create and foster exclusiveness and the distinction of classes, and who become slavish toadyists of whatever is British. We have had the misfortune to meet with such. Pity is a charitable term by which to express the feeling we entertain for them.

We are running, we find, too much into the manner and the method of a sermon; so we will relieve our talk by a little plain chit-chat on this text: A man can summer as cheaply in rambling over the Continent of Europe as at the watering-places of the United States.

Every body knows, or ought to know, what he can get to Europe for, whether by steamship or sailing-packet. For the sake of illustrating our text we will suppose a man, or a woman, or both, worn out with the business or the idleness of a New York winter, and fairly through the terrors of a sea-sick passage (the only terror of ocean nowadays) to the port of Havre-de-Grace.

His hotel bills at that point will be less than those of a New York hotel—added to the fact, that there is no dictum of fashion to prescribe just what dinners he shall eat, or what number of dishes shall measure his breakfast capacity. He will see a quaint old sea-port, with very quaint houses—all sorts of queer dresses, military, civil, work-day, and cottage-y. He will see an infinite deal of good-humor upon all sorts of faces—commissioners and others. He will specially delight in making an effective defensive weapon of his own drawing-room knowledge of French, and remain for a long time delightedly ignorant of the small protection which it affords him.

He will go to Paris in a railway-carriage as easy as this Chair of ours upon Franklin-square; and he will feel a kind of reliance upon the fact that no Norwalk draw-bridges are to be crossed over, and that no engineer will mistake a church-steeple for a signal to "go ahead." He will feel satisfied that the superintendent has done *all* his duty, and that he has not suffered trains to be driven daily at a speed of twenty miles an hour over ground that, by law, is to be crossed at half that rate of speed. He will not be pushed and jostled in a narrow, dark dépôt, like that of Canal-street; but will have light glass-roofing over him that will remind him of Crystal Palaces; and suggest to him, if he be a reflective man, the question—Why dépôts are not so constructed at home?

Chewing the cud of this reflection, he will glide along the valley of a charming river toward Rouen, where, if he chooses to stop, he will find a city as unlike as possible to any city his eyes have rested upon before, and prices (even with the pleasant-added cheating of hotel landladies) very much below the average of Albany prices; and porters and cabmen infinitely more civil and obliging than any belonging to the New York capital. We admit that this is saying the least for a cabman that could be said; since among all cabmen we have ever heard of, or read of, or met with, or imagined, the Albany cabmen are, by large odds, the very worst. We congratulate our neighbors, the Albanians, upon the preservation of their equanimity, to say nothing of their necks and fortunes.

It is an old story that one can live altogether as he chooses; and it is certain that one entirely ignorant of either the language or the customs can avail himself of the first hotels in the city at a price much below that of the first New York hotels. The promptitude and good-breeding of the Paris hack-drivers is almost a proverb.

Thus in fourteen days' time, our traveler may, in place of furthering his familiarity with Saratoga routine, be driving through the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, or rambling under the shady avenues of Versailles.

After Paris, the summer loiterer may see the Rhine; and by the journals, we perceive that one can take a through ticket, good for forty days—to visit Lille, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, every town on the Rhine as far as Basle, Strasburg, and return to Paris—all in first-class carriages, for the small sum of twenty-one dollars!

This, considering the permission given to stop upon the way, may be counted even as an advance upon American cheapness of transportation. Supposing now that thirty days were occupied by this trip, we may safely estimate the incidental expenses of a single person along the route, at not more than ten francs a day: making a sum total of less than three dollars a day for a visit to every considerable place along the Rhine. A Frenchman would accomplish the same for one-third less. Is not this more remunerative to the untraveled, than an August lounge at Cape May?

There are those indeed who affect to sneer at the beauties of the Rhine, and who count its charms very inferior to those of the Hudson. But if we are not greatly misinformed there is very much worth seeing in the old Rhine towns, even if the vineyard banks are neglected: and on this point, we beg to quote again from our letter-writer of the last month. "Perhaps" he says, "there is no single point along the Rhine, from whose banks I date my letter, which is wholly equal to the view from the plateau at West

Point: indeed I think upon comparison with Scotch and English lakes, that the view looking toward Newburgh on a sunshiny afternoon, with fifty odd sail in sight, is unmatchable. But on the other hand, the continuity of hills along the Rhine, the careful cultivation creeping up in crevices, and hanging upon the narrow fastnesses of rock, the Sunday quiet of the quaint Rhine towns, the broken castles leaning over from crags and stretching dark shadows upon the water, are all of them features so strange to American eyes, that the man must be fastidious indeed, who does not yield himself to the enchantment of the scene, and partake of that enthusiasm which is so fresh in the spirit of every German.

"Nor is it all, or even half, to sail up and down the Rhine; to appreciate to the full its beauties, one must stop for days together upon the banks; he must clamber up the jutting crags, and catch the views which break upon him through far-away gaps of mountain; or he must plant himself at some old broken casement of a ruin, and put aside the ivy with his hand, that he may peep below, upon the dots of steamers, and upon the white ribbon of a river. He must lounge through the vineyards upon the hill-side, with the Rhine sun beating on him, and lighting up the brown faces of the Rhenish girls who pluck the grape-leaves: he must watch the play of light and shadow upon the slated roofs, and quaint toppling spires of the valley towns; he must float in the ungainly Rhenish oar-boats with the eddies, and touch at islands where the wreck of convents lies moulder; he must listen idly to the sound of bells, striking loud from the tall belfries of Rhenish towns; he must climb to the very forests which skirt the vineyards, above the ruins and the crags, and look down upon the mixed scene of glistening water, and tufted vineyards, and streaks of road, and gray houses grouped in towns, and lordly fragments of ruin. Lastly, he must drink a flask of the Rhenish wine, as he sits at evening under the arbor of his Rhenish host, and catch the hearing of some Rhenish song, as it floats to his ear over the Rhenish river, dappled with the Rhenish moon.

"It is a misfortune," continues our correspondent, "that the Rhine boats are not better arranged for giving good views of the shores. The decks are very low; the vessels themselves being scarcely so large as the little boats which ply between New York, and Astoria, or Flushing. They have no upper or promenade deck; beside being without the projecting deck, so peculiar to American steamers. You have to suppose, then, a craft, of the size of a small schooner, with flush deck, the after quarter shielded by an awning, some six or seven feet high, and the view astern interrupted by a clumsy steering apparatus, with a raised platform, which furnishes the only desirable look-out to be found on board.

"The fore-deck is a 'second-place,' and is crowded with luggage, and such people, as one of cleanly prejudices has no strong desire to mingle with. The average number of first class, or after deck passengers upon a genial summer's day, may be reckoned safely at fifty; and it is needless to say that this number crowd rather uncomfortably the narrow quarters. Dinner is served upon the upper deck; a *table d'hôte* of true German character. Some hour or two before the approach of this meal (which along the Rhine is usually at half past one) the steward presents a list of wines, from which you are desired to select such as you may choose for dinner: and it may be worth while to say, that it is never for a moment supposed, that any one would sit down to a German dinner, without drinking German wine.

No bill of fare is shown; but from recollection, I will try and put you in possession of a catalogue *raisonné* of a Rhine steamer's dinner.

"First, a very poor barley soup (all German soups are poor).

"Next, dishes of boiled beef are passed around; which beef has already done service in giving a meaty flavor to the barley soup. It is accompanied with potatoes, and with either sour kraut, or pickled beets. The meat and potatoes are quite relishable. I can not say as much for the others.

"Following the beef, come mutton chops, with some vegetable, which from its disguise in German cookery, I could not venture to name. Next, appears stewed venison and sausages; the first very palatable. After this, comes a fricandeau of veal, with cauliflower. Then, a German pudding, with cherry sauce. After the pudding a very capital bit of roast mutton; and following the mutton, roast chicken, with a salad, which lacks only good oil to be highly relishable. This closes the dinner; with the exception of cakes, tarts, fruits, &c. All this (as I am in a practical vein to-day) is served at a cost so inconsiderable, as to be almost ridiculous.

"The mingling of people upon the Rhine boats, is a curious matter of study, and of speculation. I should say that one half of the quarter-deck passengers upon any fine day of summer might be safely reckoned English; not perhaps fresh come from Great Britain; for a large number of families are residing hereabout, both by reason of economical living, and for the advantages offering in way of a cheap, continental education. It is moreover a very noticeable fact that the officers, and stewards of the Rhine boats, as well as the hotel runners, are applying themselves nowadays, much more to English, than to the French tongue. So that I have no doubt, that in five or ten years time, a man will travel better upon the Rhine, with English, than with French on his tongue,

"I may mention further in this connection, that the authorities who preside over the realms hereabout, to wit, the King of Prussia, the Dukes of Nassau, Baden, *et ceteri*, are making strong efforts to forestall the further progress of French in this neighborhood, even for salon uses.

It is somewhat amusing to note the important bearing of the officials of such small authorities as the Duke of Nassau; making true the old notion, that what a man lacks in character, he will make up in bluster. It reminds me of the parade of whistles, and bells, and orders, and counter-orders, which you frequently observe about the dépôt of some inconsiderable railroad in the country. The stoppages are very important; there is great punctiliousness about tickets, and immense ado about trifles generally.

"The old bug-bear of passports is kept in full force; and the King of Prussia has latterly enjoined upon his agents along the Rhine a much stricter scrutiny. These agents are all of them military agents, and wear the best part of their character upon their backs. Beyond compliance with certain established formulas, they have no idea, either of duty, or of propriety. The consequence is, a sort of automaton magistracy and police, which is as fearful, and pitiful to behold, as the driveling dependence into which the English have reduced their whole population of serving-men.

"The summer residence in the Rhine neighborhood of the Prince of Prussia (brother to the King, and presumptive heir to the throne) is as pretty a bit of old-time *castellation*, as one would wish to see. It is made up of an old-time ruin, repaired in careful

keeping with the first feudal look; and stands boldly upon a crag that seems to promise a plunge into the waters of the Bingen Loch that lie below it. It is not large, but tall; and the walls are of feudal thickness. You wind to it through woods, and catch no glimpse of its portal, until at the turning of a step, you find yourself upon the drawbridge and the portcullis frowning on you. The furniture is admirably bestowed in keeping with the ancient knightly habits; the iron wicker swings from the topmost tower to kindle the alarm fire; Holbein's paintings hang in the hall, among hoary antlers, and rusty suits of mail; cutlasses, and German broadswords are festooned over the oaken doors; every hinge is heavily wrought of iron; and the library even, is stocked with manuscripts in vellum, and antique bound missals.

"Altogether, you seem to float back on the hum of the Rhine-tide, some four or five hundred years; and fancy the swart boar-hunters, and bearded barons presiding again over the valky and the forests; nor do you wake from the feudal dose until the puff and clatter of a blue-painted Rhine steamer, with a strip of red and white bunting at the peak, drives out your dream, and forces on you the steam-story of Progress and of Civilization.

"I asked after the bold baron of the castle, who is the Prince of Prussia, but he was not in his halls; he had gone to eat fried eels with the Duke of Nassau. And I daresay he made a very good dinner of it, and came home in a steam-boat.

"It is odd enough to find, after you have clambered for hours to the summit of the Rhine banks, that you meet upon their vergo the edges of another culture, which sweeps back over broad bits of table-land, in yellow wheat-fields. That is to say, the Rhine hills are not so much hills, as they are precipitous edges of waving fields. The steeps are covered with vineyards; and the softer slopes, which lean landward, are rich in all manner of grain and in potatoes. Sometimes, a bit of old, craggy boar forest as on the Niederwald—lies between the two; and you stroll under mossy limbs, with never a thought of the low-lying landscape which is presently to break on your eye, and which is to show you the winding Rhine a thousand feet below you; and yet so near, that it seems as if you might toss the bowl of your pipe in its eddies.

"If ever you come to the Niederwald on a summer's day, and are heated with a half-day's climb toward the heights I have told you of, take a lounge (when you have traversed the boar forest), under the arbor of a Gasthof, which you will find in the lee of the woods, and call for a bottle of the red wine of Asmanhausen. I need not tell you what is to be done with the wine.

"They prize it hereabout; and the prizeing of it does great honor to their taste. It is not so acid as the Bordeaux you are familiar with, nor so tame as the Hock. It has a spice in it, and a mellowness, and a glow, with an unctuous grape-taste, and smell of vine-leaves, that does one good to snuff, and quaff, and quaff again. Nor does it go to the head unpleasantly: but quickens the eye for valley views, making it keener to trace the tortuous river, and readier in its grasp of those glimmering and indistinct belfries and spires, which hover mistily on the far-away horizon.

"As for legends, I could stuff my letter full of them; but like the wines, they lose by transportation. You must hold them—like the wine—to your eye, and watch the river through them.

"Under my eye just now, across the river, only a boat's length from the further side, rises a rude-

shaped triangular bit of rock, a few feet above the surface, on which is sculptured a cross. It is a mark of burial; and within the rock lie entombed, in accordance with his dying wish, the heart and brain of a certain Herr Vogt, who was the chronicler of the Rhine Stories. This is no legend, to be sure; but a strange glimpse of poetic fervor outstretching our lifetime, and clinging to the mountain idols in death. It is certainly a pretty thought, that the waves, whose beauties the poor man doated on, and recorded, should be now paying him back in their own way, with an everlasting lullaby.

"—The word reminds me that the night is waning toward the small hours; though still the 'untired moon' is pouring a silver day upon the river. I wet my wafer in the Rhenish wine, and say,—Adieu."

IN England, the public ear has been full of the Eastern alarm, and of the reviews at Chobham, and at Portsmouth. Nor have these last been without their interest even for stranger lookers-on.

The Queen, with her bustling propensities, has recovered from a fit of the measles, in time for two or three reviews at Chobham—for dinner-parties at Windsor, for the naval affair of Portsmouth, and for her *quasi*-quietude of Osborne House. There are those who speak disparagingly of the Queen's gadding habit of life, and of the needless public expenditure which it entails; and, if one may judge from the lesser journals, this disposition of talk is on the gain. It is certain that she is determined to exercise all the prerogatives of kingly pleasure which the Lords and Commons have left her; and it is equally certain that she will find, like every other monarch, crowds to flatter and approve her action.

NEARER home the Exhibition is the thing be-talked of: and the various critiques upon statuary and painting are, to say the least, vastly amusing. The "*Times*" (London) has, as might have been expected, made itself clumsily merry upon the matter of our hasty opening; and drawn parallels, very self-laudatory, with the opening of the great Exhibition of London. Meantime, however, it is quite consolatory to think that the British farmers are taking present advantage of McCormick's reaper to gather in their belated harvest: and we may hope, in all compassion, that such grain as may thereby be saved from the weather, will go to feed in better way the hungry mouths of English laborers—if it do not choke the captious grumbling of the journalists.

With Julien's jeweled baton waving in triumph at Castle Garden, we, for the time, scarcely regret that Sontag, and Alboni, and Thillon, and the other operatic warblers are, for us, "mute as the lark ere morning's birth." The theatres, meanwhile, rejoice in fresh paint and marvelous delineators of impossible Irish, Yankee, and Negro character.

For those who seek entertainment through the eye rather than the ear, the "*Bryan*," the "*Rhenish*," and the "*Dusseldorf*" Gallerie afford something to study and admire. Panoramas, moreover, stretch their gay length along more walls than one. Foremost among these is that of Niagara, to whose conscientious faithfulness to nature we have more than once borne testimony; the abundant success of which we are glad to chronicle; and for which we venture to predict still wider appreciation, when, some months since, the dwellers by the Thames, the Loire, and the Rhine have opportunity to behold this admirable presentment of our great American cataract.

Editor's Bramer.

WE were a good deal amused the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?"

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the woman.

"Yaw!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"Do you understand English?"

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?"

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collusion' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: 'Why don't you keep your head out of the window?' The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've got any—and I don't much believe you have!"

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

MORAL lessons, fairy tales, allegories, and other forms of composition have been resorted to, to illustrate the unpeaceful influence of suddenly-acquired wealth upon its "fortunate" possessor; but we never heard the fact more strikingly enforced, than in an account recently published in an English journal, describing the manner in which a gold "nugget," worth some thirty thousand pounds, and now exhibiting in London, was obtained, and the effect that its discovery had upon the finder. After relating how hard they had labored, night and day, to sink a shaft, often interrupted by "caving-in," and rising water from the bottom, the gold-digger proceeds:

"One day 'twas my turn to go down; and in the tunnel, about thirty inches high, and a yard wide, I found some very good 'nuggets'; and when I came up, I said to Jack, in a joke:

"This is the way to get gold: you don't know how to get it."

"I shall find some some day," says he.

"And, sure enough, he hadn't been down long before I heard him laughing like mad, and calling me. I leaned over the shaft, and could hardly speak."

"What is it, Jack?" I said.

"I've found it!" says he, and it's a big 'un!"

"Softly!" I said: "for God's sake, keep quiet! How big is it?"

"Three or four hundred weight," says he, laughing hysterically again.

I begged him not to make a noise; and went to call L——, and took him away from all the tents, and told him Jack had found a big nugget, and we must all keep it dark. So I got an old sack, and sent it down the hole; and Jack soon sent it up the hole, with the big lump in it. I slung it over my shoulder, and walked very quiet-like through all the diggers, till I came to our tent, and then I threw it down, on the outside, on the dirt-heap, and went inside, to consider what was best to be done.

Leaving L—— to watch, I went off to the agent's, a distance of two miles, to ask for protection.

"What do you want protection for?" says he.

"We've found a large nugget, sir," said I.

"How big?" said he—"forty pounds?"

"Twice forty, I think," said I.

"O, you're romancing!" said he.

But he sent three policemen and a horseman; and just at sunset they slung the sack on a pole, and carried it off to the government-station.

It was soon all over the 'diggings,' and one man bid two hundred and fifty pounds for the hole out of which we had taken it. But we wanted three hundred. The next morning we went to the Commissioners' to get the gold washed, and weighed; but it was license-day; and there was such a crowd of people that we left off washing it; and when they all went away, we weighed it in an old pair of potato-scales, and found that it weighed *one hundred and thirty-four pounds, eight ounces, avoirdupois!*

The Commissioners advised us to leave the place as soon as we could—there was so great an excitement about it: and as we went through the 'diggings,' they told us our mates had found another big nugget; but we didn't believe 'em, there's always so many romances flying about there. But we found it was true *this time.*"

What fears, what precautions, what anxiety, the moment this "nugget" was secured! Afraid to take it in, as a treasure; afraid to speak of it—almost afraid to have it in possession! An "enriched ring," giving to its possessor the power of securing the fruition of every wish, could hardly have been more troublesome than this "lump" of good fortune.

VERY few readers of "The Drawer" but will remember "Professor" Anderson, the adroit trickster, and the skill with which he managed to blind his audiences to the *modus operandi* of his operations, some of which, to say the least, were very remarkable, and past finding out, by the shrewdest and most watchful looker-on. When the "Professor" said, in his peculiar way,

"Would an-ny gentleman aw lady lend me a po'ket-engkerchief?—Thenk-ye!" there was mischief; for thereby bung a "trick" that has hitherto defied solution by the most acute and penetrating observer. But this apart.

There are other "professors," it would seem; and in Europe they abound. Of one of them, a celebrated flute-player, the following amusing anecdote is recorded:

He advertised a concert for his benefit in a country-town; and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, and were not moved by concord of sweet sounds, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, and

one never before heard of in Europe. He would "hold in his left hand a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm; and notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, he would drink the wine!"

So novel and surprising a display of strength, as it was of course naturally enough regarded, attracted a very crowded house. Expectation was on tip-toe, when the "Professor" appeared upon the stage, with a wine-glass, full of wine, in his hand, and in very polite and courteous phrase, invited any half dozen men to come forward, and put his prowess to the test.

Several gentlemen, among whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasped the left arm of the "Professor," apparently rendering the performance of his promised feat out of the question.

There was an awful pause for a moment, when the manacled "Professor," eying the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said in broken English:

"Genteel-mens, are you all ready?"

"We are ready!" was the reply, as they grasped still more tightly his left arm.

"Are you quite sure you have got a fast holds?"

The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod by those to whom it was addressed, the "Professor," to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his *right* arm, which was of course entirely free, very coolly took the wine-glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half-dozen gentlemen who were exhausting their strength upon his left arm, said:

"Genteel-mens, I have the honor to drink all your goot healts!"

At the same moment he quaffed off the wine, amid a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of, "Well done!—well done!"

This is almost equal to the Yankee expedient for "raising the wind" some years ago, in one of our far-western States. The exhibitor had tried various ways of "getting an honest living," as he called it, without hard work. He had toiled for many years on a farm, that yielded a scanty return for the labor bestowed upon it, and all "for the old man;" but becoming heartily tired of this kind of exercise, he determined, as he expressed it, to "leave the old homestead, and shirk for himself."

He first tried clock-peddling; but his instruments—not the best made in the world, probably—were returned back upon his hands, having been only "warranted;" he next essayed school-keeping; but with a praiseworthy frankness, he said he failed in that, "cause he didn't know enough;" then he tried phrenology, which he explained as a "dreadful risky business," bumps as so different on different folks; and (last-but-one-ly) he essayed dentistry; but his "travels" in that humane avocation yielding him but small remuneration, he went into another line. He mingled Phrenology with Zoology!

He gave out that on a certain evening, after his phrenological lecture had been concluded, he would exhibit to the audience two of the most remarkable creatures that had ever been publicly exhibited in any country. They had been caught among the sublime fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; and were:

First, an animal, known in that remote and seldom-visited region as the "Prock;" a creature that was only caught (and caught always with the greatest difficulty) on the side of a mountain, along which, and nowhere else, could he graze. He had a short

hind-leg, and a short fore-leg also, for the convenience of browsing on the mountain side, the discrepancy being intended to keep him erect; and the only way in which he could be caught was to "head him" on the side of the mountain, when he would turn suddenly round, and his long legs coming on the uphill side, he would fall down, from lack of underpinning on the lower side, when he at once became an easy prey to the hunter!

The other animal was called the *Guyanosa*; a terrific monster, and very dangerous, caught in one of the wildest passes of the Rocky Mountains, by some forty hunters, who secured him by lassos, after he had been chased for four days. Dangerous as he was, however, the lecturer said, he had been strongly secured with chains, and could be seen without any apprehension on the part of the audience.

The eventful night at length arrived; the phrenological lecture was delivered to a crowded house; and all the spectators were awaiting with breathless expectation the rising of a green bâize curtain which had been suspended behind the lecturer, and from whence had come, at different times during the intellectual performance, the most hideous sounds.

Before proceeding to exhibit the animals, the lecturer dwelt at some length upon the characteristics of each; and describing, especially, the ravenous nature of the *Guyanosa*, and his enormous strength. He then retired behind the curtain, to arrange the animals for immediate exhibition.

There was an interval of some five or six minutes, when a great clanking of chains was heard, and a roar, half animal, half human, which shook the whole house. In a moment a shriek, as of one "smitten with sudden pain," was heard, and out rushed the exhibitor, his hair erect, his eyes staring from their sockets, and dire terror depicted in every feature:

"Save yourselves! ladies and gentlemen!—save yourselves!" he exclaimed: "the *Guyanosa* has broken loose, and has already killed the *Prock*!"

The house was cleared in two minutes; and, what is remarkable, neither the lecturer, the "*Prock*," nor the "*Guyanosa*" was ever seen in the village afterward.

There were some who doubted whether the strange animals were present at all; but such incredulous persons were answered by hundreds:

"Why, we heard 'em howl, as plain as we hear you speak!"

Of course that settled the question entirely!

We find this exposition of the value, the merit, almost the piety of "*A Cheerful Heart*," in one of the compartments of "*The Drawer*," and regret that we are not enabled to assign to some noble heart the honor of so true a sentiment:

"I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

"Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a *cheerful look*."

"A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and be-

nevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy, in spite of himself."

"The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but goes buzzing on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and to find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard, uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace."

There seems to be good reason for supposing that the man who wrote the following must have experienced "bad luck" in his choice of a wife:

"A man who marries nowadays, marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but to a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee-bags (for skirts), four baskets of cheap novels, one poodle-dog, and a set of weak nerves, which will keep four servant-girls busy flying round the house the whole blessed time.

"Whether the fun pays for the powder" is a matter of debate."

One would think it was!

We put the following on record, that when the next steamboat is blown up in our waters, some portion of the blame may light upon the shoulders of those who ought at least to assist in bearing it:

"An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she herself was going for supplies. She stipulated with the captain of the steamer that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came on board.

"After the second day out, another steamboat was seen close a-stern (with which, by-the-by, the captain had been racing all the time), and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued, for nearly a day, almost side by side. At length the old lady, partaking herself of the excitement, called the captain, and said:

"Captain, you ain't going to let that old boat pass us, are you?"

"Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race."

"Well, you can just try it a little; that won't hurt."

"But, madam, to tell you the truth, I did."

"Gracious! but do try a little more: see, the old boat is even with us!"

"A loud cheer now arose from the old boat, and the exultations of the passengers made the old lady more anxious than ever.

"I can't raise any more steam, madam," said the captain, in reply to the old lady's continued urgings, "all the tar and pine-knots are burn'd up."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "what shall we do? The old boat is going by us! Isn't there any thing else on board that will make steam?"

"Nothing, madam," replied the captain, "except—except!"—(as if a new idea had struck him)—"except your bacon! But, of course, you want to save your bacon."

"No," exclaimed the old lady, "throw in the bacon!—throw in the bacon, captain!—and beat the old boat!"

The captain did not, as we gather, comply with the generous suggestion; and the "old boat" went puffing its way ahead, much to the mortification and discomfiture of the old lady.

This may be exaggerated; but there is a great deal of human nature in it nevertheless; and it illustrates, moreover, that kind of silent contempt with which passengers in a large boat look down upon those who happen to be in a small one!

THAT was rather a singular wedding party that met at the Nevada Hotel, in California, some year or so ago; and it is well worth a description in the "Drawer."

A marriage took place at the hotel in question of a lady who had previously had four husbands, three of whom were then living. The last happy bridegroom was a gentleman from Kentucky, well known in the States, and at that time an opulent citizen of the "Golden Republic."

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her last two husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist, by the operation of the divorce-law, had "put up" at the "Nevada House" on the same evening, both ignorant of the fact that their former *cara sposa* had rested under the same roof with themselves, and also that they had both, in former years, been wedded to the same lady.

Next morning they occupied seats at the breakfast table directly opposite the bridal party! Their eyes met, with mute but expressive astonishment. The bride did not faint, as perhaps might have been expected, but at once informed her new "liege lord" of her singular situation, and who the guests were that were regarding them with so much attention.

Influenced by the natural nobleness of his nature, and the happy impulsiveness of his heart, he summoned his predecessors to his bridal-chamber, and the warmest congratulations were interchanged between the four "parties" of the "first" "second" and "third part," in the most unreserved and friendly manner. The two ex-husbands frankly and freely declared that they had ever found the lady an excellent and faithful companion, and that they themselves were the authors of the difficulties which had conspired to produce their separation; the cause being traceable, in each case, to a too-frequent indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

The legal "lord and master" declared that his affection for his bride was strengthened by the circumstances narrated, and the extraordinary coincidence, and that, if possible, his happiness was even increased by the occurrence.

After a few presents from their well-filled purses of rich "specimens," the parties separated; the two ex-husbands for the Atlantic States, with the kindest regards of the lady for the welfare of her former husband!

There is so much of real romance in this incident, that it may seem problematical; but it is recorded as "true in every particular."

Hooper somewhere speaks of a sailor badly off for food and drink in the Desert, who "went in ballast with old shoes for victuals," and for drink was obliged to content himself with a "second-hand swig at the cistern" of a dead camel. An Oregon emigrant, who took the overland route to that far-distant region, does not seem to have fared much better. He says that food was so scarce in the beginning of winter that he boiled his boots and made soup of them, and did all this with so much success, that the proceeds gave him the fee-simple of one of the very finest

farms in the territory. For the last week of the "tramp," he writes, he "lived on a pickled head-stall, and a pair of rope-traces, made into a salad, with some green shavings, which they obtained at a deserted saw-mill!"

With pepper, salt, and vinegar, he might have made a good meal, he adds, but those condiments had unfortunately been forgotten!

"MRS. PARTINGTON" is an original creation; and the *true* one can be detected from her numerous imitators in a moment. The Rev. Sydney Smith first introduced this notable lady to the public; but the *Boston Post* is the only journal which records her original sayings and doings, which are only excelled—if indeed they are excelled at all—by Mrs. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM, the illustrious *protégé* of the witty Theodore Hook. Here are two of her late "utterances" which are quite as good in their way as any thing in Madame Ramsbottom's letters from Rome or Paris:

"Diseases is very various—very. The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles upon her lungs! It's dreadful to think of—'tis really. The diseases is *so* various! One day we hear of peoples' dying of 'hermitage of the lungs,' another of 'brown-creatures:' here they tell us of the 'elementary canal' being out of order, and there about the 'tear of the throat;' here we hear of the 'new-ology in the head,' and there of an 'embargo' in the back. On one side of us we hear of a man getting killed by getting a piece of beef in his 'sarcophagus,' and there another kills himself by diskevering his 'ocular vein.' Things change so that I don't know how to subscribe for any thing nowadays. New names and 'rostrums' take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old verb-bag away."

Again she speaks of the various cures for the pest of "rats and mice, and such small deer;"

"As for rats, it ain't no use to try to get rid of 'em. They rather like the 'vermin anecdote,' and even 'chloroquine supplement,' they don't make up a face at!"

THERE was a good deal of "mother wit" in the remark made by a Western squatter, when encountering one of the more common dangers of traveling in the "Far West." He was fording a stream, wild and turbulent, grasping the tail of a stout mare, followed, at her side by a colt of some three or four years old. Before he reached the further bank, however, his horse began to flounder, and give evident symptoms of sinking. Seeing his situation, a man on the bank called out:

"Change! change! Drop the mare and take the colt. The mare's tired out!"

"Shan't do it!" exclaimed the other. "This ain't no time for *swappin' horses*!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before down he went, and the horse with him. Both, however, after floating down the stream, borne by the rapid current, were landed upon a small island, the *débris* of the river, and were at last extricated from their perilous predicament.

Wit, under such circumstances must have been a "ruling passion" almost "strong in death."

THE subjoined beautiful thoughts are from Sir Humphrey Davy's "*Salmonia*:

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe what would be most useful to me, I should prefer a

firm religious belief to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish: and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of ill-fortune, and shaine the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the Gardens of the Blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

You may take up a paper, or you may take up a book, at the house of a friend, where you may be waiting to see some one whom you have called to see, or some one who is waiting, by appointment, to see you. He does not come. Time hangs heavily upon your hands. You are in the room where he sees his friends; it is his sanctum-sanctorum—his library; and every thing around will speak of him; the pictures, the books, and the many nameless little things that you see around you, shall almost bring him before you.

By-and-by he will come in, and then you will associate, ever after, that room, and all its furniture and adornments, with himself.

But how inconceivably painful, to memory and reflection, when he leaves that room vacant forever! when, in the beautiful language of the Bible, he "goes hence, and is no more seen;" when the places that knew him once shall know him no more forever!

"The church-yard shows an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair."

Think, when you casually meet a friend in the street, and exchange with him a few words of pleasant greeting, think, as you part in the busy thoroughfare, and he goes on his way of pleasure or of business ("for every man," as Shakspere says, "has business or pleasure, such as 'tis,") and you depart on yours, that you may never look upon his face again; that among the foot-falls, like drops of autumnal rain in the crowded street, his will be heard no more. Think so for a moment, and you will love him all the more.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS are still in the ascendant in very many parts of the country, not to speak of our own goodly city of Gotham. *Punch* thinks he has discovered the secret: he says it has become reduced almost to a demonstration that the rappings are produced by phantom post-men, delivering "dead letters." We surrender the argument to that sage philosopher.

But in the meantime we desire to present, from a "Spiritual Harbinger," the following clear account of what may be expected when spiritualism has reached its acme:

"In the twelfth hour, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illustration. Then shall the Creator in effulgence, above the Divine Seraphim, arise into the Dome of the Disclosure, in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme Beatitudes."

A wag of a country editor, whether through a "medium" or no, is not stated, has imagined quite a different state of things, which he thus discloses:

"Then shall Blockheads, in the Asinine Dome of Disclosive Procedure rise into the Dome of the Disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated Lumazexes, in one comprehensive Mix, shall assimilate into Nothing, and revolve, like a

bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!"

It seems difficult to assume which of these two exhibitions of the mysteries born of the "spiritual manifestations" is the true one; but we confess that the last is the most sensible, and certainly the most easy of comprehension.

ONE of the best illustrations we have ever seen of the great power of overweening vanity, is contained in the following anecdote from a late Parisian journal:

Two gentlemen were walking together through one of the most crowded streets of the "Gay Capital," when one remarked to the other:

"You see that man before us?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Nothing but this: I will leave you, and go immediately up to him and kick him!"

"For what purpose? Has he offended you?"

"Not at all; I shall do it to illustrate a principle. I shall kick him, and what is more, he will neither resent it, nor be at all angry at the act."

He immediately left the side of his friend, walked up to the man of whom he had been speaking, and administered to him a tremendous *coup de pied*.

Astonished and indignant, the man turned upon the aggressor, who met his ferocious gaze with a face beaming with regret and sorrow:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said; "I have mistaken you for the Duke de la Tremouille, who has grievously wronged me!"

The duke was the handsomest man in Paris, and the envy of all the beauties in town; whereas the man who was thus unmercifully kicked, was a miracle of ugliness. But instead of being offended, he was flattered and gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered; so he simply smiled, bowed, and went on his way!

THAT this world is not all flowers and sunshine, even to the happiest, is forcibly set forth in the following passage which, when, or how, or whence, we know not, has found its way into our receptacle:

"Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed I scarcely know what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself seems not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and lowering, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrows, which the world knows not."

We scarcely know why, but in reading the above, there came to mind those beautiful lines of Shelley's, written at Naples, on one of the most glorious days, and under the most beautiful sky that hangs over any part of the great universe of the Almighty:

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountaines wear
The sunny noon's transparent light."

But amid all this brightness, this carnival of nature, look upon the poor poet's heart:

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne, and still must bear,
Till Death, like sleep, should steal o'er me,
And I could feel in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea,
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

"Some might lament, when I was gone,
As I, when this sweet day's done,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan!"

Inexpressibly sad, and sweet, and touching! "Some days will be dark and dreary," as Longfellow sings, how brightly and sweetly soever Nature may smile around. "We make the weather in our hearts," says a French writer, "whether the sun shines out, or the heavens are black with storms."

It is a curious thing sometimes to notice the effect of a word, and the different meanings given to it, by a simple "turn of the expression," as Sydney Smith terms it. There is a new anecdote of Charles Lamb, which exemplifies this very pleasantly:

On a wet, miserable, foggy, "London" day, in the autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with:

"Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow-woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have *seen better days!*"

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling: "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by! good-by!"

Two similar things arise to recollection as we jot this down. One is this:

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, hawled out very lustily:

"What are you about there, you rascals, you?"

"About going," said one of them, with his hand syrating at his nose, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double-quick time.

And the second is like unto it:

A mother always insisted that her children should append "ma'am" to every answer, in the negative or affirmative, which they gave her.

One day they had pork-and-beans for dinner (properly cooked, a dinner for a king, or the President of the United States), and after one of the little boys had twice emptied his plate, his mother, with the "serving-spoon" in the dish, said:

"Freddy, do you want some more?"

"No," said he.

"No!" exclaimed his mother: "no! What else? No what?"

"No beans!" said the little fellow---don't want none."

Now that "little rascal" knew perfectly well that he was expected to say "No, ma'am;" but sometimes children are such wags!

"OLD Uncle Spraker," well-known up in the valley of the Mohawk, once related a misfortune which had happened to his son in this wise:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a raddle-snake, und *vash* sick into his ped, speechless, for six waks in der mont' of Augoost; and all his cry *vash*, 'Vater! vater!' Und he couldn't eat noding, except a leedle dea, midout no sugar into it."

THE following specimen of original criticism, from a country journal, evinces a knowledge of logical disputation that would do credit to the most rabid controversialist:

"A discussion had arisen in a stage-coach upon the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he *wasn't* perfect," said one of the company.

"'Wasn't perfect!' ejaculated the other, in great amazement.

"'No, sir; he *wasn't* perfect,' repeated the commentator.

"'What do you mean?' asked his interlocutor.

"'I mean what I say,' was the reply. 'He was made perfect, I admit; but he didn't *stay* perfect.'

"'How so?'

"'Why, didn't his Maker take out one of his ribs? He *wasn't* perfect after losing one of his ribs, was he?'

"His antagonist was silent; and candidly confessed that 'Woman was the cause of man's original imperfection!'

THERE is a good deal of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" style about the ensuing paragraph, upon "Making Auger-holes with a Gimlet."

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet? I asked of a little flaxen-headed urchin, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an auger-hole," said he, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two-thirds of the world—"making auger-holes with a gimlet."

There, for example, is young A——, who has escaped from the clerk's desk, behind the counter. He sports a mustache and imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies he is really a great man: but every body around him sees that he is only "making auger-holes with a gimlet."

Miss C—— is a "nice," pretty girl: she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough: but she must be the "ton." She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why, she is endeavoring to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.

SAINT PAUL, when preaching the kingdom of God and His righteousness, "ministered unto his own necessities, and was 'chargeable to no man.' Some such service, and similarly performed, is described in a letter before us, from a Western missionary:

"We live on less than two hundred dollars per annum, including horse-keeping and traveling expenses; and my traveling in a year is not less than three thousand miles. I have to go to a neighboring wood and fell down the trees, chop them into ten or twelve feet logs, hitch my horse to them, drag them to the house, chop, saw, and split them for stove-fuel; and then, after preaching two sermons a week, riding most weeks fifty or sixty miles, teaching Sabbath-schools, riding three miles to the post-office, store, &c.; and even then I am told by my brethren that I 'don't do anything but ride about and read my books,' and they wonder why 'I couldn't *work* a little, now and then, and try to *earn* a part of my living!'"

A CORRESPONDENT has clipped the following from an old newspaper, which he sends to us as a "companion-piece" to the "cool" on board a Long Island Sound steamer, mentioned in an anecdote of Matthews the actor, in a previous number of "The Drawer."

"An 'exquisite' of the first water, reeking with scented hair-oil and Cologne, was 'demming' the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs. A raw Jonathan sat by his side, dressed in a very plain suit of homespun.

"Turning to his 'vulgar' friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger toward a plate, and said :

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," said Jonathan; "it's poopy good, sah, I guess."

"Butter, sah, I say!" repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article, and no mistake," provokingly reiterated Homespun.

"BUTTER! I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger again toward the plate, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"Wal, Gosh-all-Jerewusalem! what of it?" now yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up, in turn; "yeou didn't think I took it for *lard*, did ye?"

The discomfited exquisite now reached over and helped himself; attributing that to 'greenness' which was, and was intended to be, no doubt, a rebuke of his ill-manners and haughty, overbearing tone. He might have learned politeness in this 'one easy lesson.'

SOME idea of the ignorance which prevails abroad in relation to the growth and progress of this country, may be gathered from the following authentic anecdote :

"When Count Pulsky was visiting Lamartine, soon after that fine past and poor statesman had retired from the Presidency of the French Republic, the ex-President observed to his guest that it was 'impossible to maintain a Democratic form of government in France.'

"Why not?" said the Hungarian; "they can do it in the United States."

"True," replied Lamartine; "but then they have no *Paris* there."

"I know," said the Count; "but they have New York."

"And what of New York?" inquired the Frenchman.

"Why *this*," said Pulsky, "that it is a city with a population of seven hundred thousand souls."

"Ah, *fanfaronade Americaine!*" replied Lamartine, shaking his head, and smiling incredulously; "Ah, my dear sir, that is American bragging; don't you believe a word of it!"

Count Pulsky, being a civil man, only laughed in his sleeve, and dropped the subject."

This was in Paris; but Americans in England meet almost every day with ignorance as remarkable, and incredulity even stranger.

Literary Notices.

Men and Things as I Saw them in Europe, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this lively volume never forgets that he is a Protestant and a Presbyterian, never loses his good-humor and vivacity, never shuts his eyes where objects of curiosity are to be seen, never misses an opportunity through scruples of diffidence or delicacy, and never is mculy-mouthed in the expression of his opinions. He is an acute observer—knows the world like a book—every where makes himself at home—is never taken by surprise—is never at a loss for words—and is always well satisfied with himself. His remarks on European society, especially in its religious aspects, will be read with interest. For a professed partisan, he is not uncandid. Many of his personal experiences are amusing. And he is always ready to do justice to the ludicrous side of things. His tour embraces England, France, Italy, Switzerland, on each of which countries he presents many striking views, tintured, for the most part, with a smack of originality. The following general remarks on European character are suggestive as well as characteristic :

"There is nothing which strikes an American traveler in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashions, and forms every where visible. The guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig, with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welsh-women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and often imaginary lines, divide kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one side of a river you find one set of customs; on the other, a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, of a patois peculiar to the people. The British Channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion, on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx language. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a

country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and Christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is, that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grit, speaking our language, *Americana* and *Protestants*."

"Kirwan's" sturdy Protestantism stands out in his description of

THE POPE AND CARDINALS AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL. "The Sistine Chapel is, of course, an object of great curiosity at Rome. It is connected with the palace of the Vatican, which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the private chapel of the Pope. You ascend the famous staircase of Bernini, which is guarded at the foot by 'the Swiss Guards,' the most fantastical-looking soldiers imaginable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large audience-chamber, adorned with fine frescoes, and, among others, with that commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Papists would deny any responsibility for that horrible massacre, and yet its blessed memory is perpetuated in the Vatican by a splendid fresco! From this chamber you enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the Judgment, by Angelo, sixty feet high and thirty broad, is before you. This is universally admitted to be the most extraordinary picture in the history of the art of painting. The conception is such as the genius alone of Angelo could embody, and the result is grand and sublime. Although faded by the triple effect of damp, time, and the incense so often burned on the altar beneath it, it is difficult to weary in gazing upon it.

"This spot we frequently visited; and it was here, at vespers and matins, on feast-days, we had our views of the Pope and his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the same door as do strangers—walk along the aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes, to the inner of the three compartments into which it is divided—there they kneel and pray toward the altar, their attendants flinging their robes all the while—then they rise, and, after bowing to the

altar and to their brethren on the right and left, take their seats, with their servants at their feet.

"When all is in preparation, there is a bustle, and soon the Pope enters by the opposite door, bows to the altar, and goes up to his chair. Then one after the other the cardinals leave their seats, their scarlet robes trailing behind them; and after saluting the Pope by kissing his hand covered by his vestments, they return to them. When this ceremony, which fills you with disgust for the actors, is over, the services commence, which are mostly conducted by a choir made up of men and eunuchs. Twice did I witness these ceremonies in the Sistine; on the first occasion there were sixteen, on the second twenty-three cardinals in attendance. The Pope is a man of fine proportions, six feet two or three inches high, with a pleasing, pensive aspect, not very Italian in a visage which is more expressive of good nature than of talent or firmness. He might do very well to govern a convent; but he is utterly unqualified for his double position as the head of a church and of a state. Personally he is amiable and well-meaning: in morals he stands higher than his predecessors or cardinals; and that is all. While in his presence I thought of an anecdote told of the good Dr. Miller of Princeton. When in the Seminary there, I had a fellow-student of far more beauty than brains, and who, like all such, was quite a pretender. An elder from a country church went to the professor to inquire for a pastor, and he named to him several young gentlemen. 'I have heard,' said the elder, 'of Mr. ——,' naming the pretty student; 'what do you think of him, Dr. Miller?' Not wishing to say any thing against, nor yet willing to commit himself as strongly recommending the student, he hesitated, but finally replied, '*He is a confoundedly good-looking fellow.*' This is about my estimate of Pio Nono. Yet I confess that while gazing upon him, dressed so gorgeously, and receiving so coldly the profound homage of the cardinals, I could not help asking, Is that the man who retired under the pretense of going to pray, dressed himself in the livery of a servant, jumped upon the box of a carriage, and was off to Gaeta? Is that the vicar of Jesus Christ in our world—the head of the visible Church—without a belief in whose claims, and an abject submission to them, I can not enter heaven?

"And what shall I say of the cardinals? Some of them were very old, bending under the weight of years; some of them were very plethoric, and quite in danger of apoplexy; and some of them quite young for their position, and good-looking. But none of them so impressed me as did Antonelli, the cardinal Secretary of State. Young, say forty-five—thin, tall, with penetrating eye, and a face strongly expressive of intellect, passion, and will, you would single him from the rest as a real spirit. And such, by all accounts, he is. He is the soul of the College of Cardinals; he is the real Pope, while Pio Nono is a mere puppet in his hands, used simply to give validity and legality to his acts. And he is all his looks indicate; shrewd, far-seeing, vindictive, tyrannical, of an iron will, profuse, and profligate in his morals. Such is his reputation; such is the portrait of him given me by one who knew him well, and for years. There was a crowd in the Sistine on each of the occasions to which I allude; nor was there a person there of any mark that escaped the notice of Antonelli. When the Pope was reading the missal this cardinal was reading the audience, and I was striving to read the cardinals."

The author's sketches of Geneva form an interesting portion of the volume, though, it seems, he did not find all that he expected in one of the literary lions of the city, Merle d'Aubigné. He gives his impressions of the celebrated historian, as well as of some other distinguished men, in the following account of

A MISSIONARY SOIREE.

"We returned from this scene to one of a very different character, but yet equally gratifying to our feelings and tastes—soirée, got up by the Missionary Society whose anniversary we attended in the afternoon. It was held in a hall provided for the purpose, and was fully attended. There was Dr. Mesian, thin, of medium height, brisk in appearance, frank, and social, with hair white as Alpine snows flowing over his shoulders. And there was Dr.

Merle d'Aubigné, large and full in stature, with heavy countenance, reserved, rather drowsy in his air, more English than French in his whole appearance, and seemingly impressed with the idea that he is rather a lion than otherwise. And there was Professor Gaußsen, of middle stature, full habit, pleasant manners, silver grey, with a round French face. And there was Professor La Harpe, youthful, manly in all his developments, with a plump red and white cheek, more suggestive of 'the sweetest isle of the ocean,' than of the loveliest lake in the world. And there was Count de Saint George, tall, thin, youthful in appearance, bland in his manners, with rather a wealthy and aristocratic air, but by no means up to the offensive point. These were among the notables present. Ladies were there, ministering spirits, in large numbers. After the process of serving tea was ended, a psalm was sung with much spirit, the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, during which all stood. The plan was to have a brief address from some one from each of the countries there represented; and when the Americans were called on they were so kind, or unkind, as to send me forth as their representative. I made a talk for about ten minutes, and was interpreted by a gentleman of the company—the first time I ever spoke to an assembly through an interpreter, nor shall I be sorry should it be my last. Although I knew not what I had said when I sat down, I was soon brought to my feet again by an address from the chair, thanking me in behalf of the meeting for my interesting and eloquent address on the occasion. Half suspecting that it might be a bit of French politeness, which sometimes induces to put the more abundant honor on the part that lacketh, I utterly declined to accept of their thanks on the grounds on which they were offered, stating that if any thing eloquent or worthy of their attention was uttered, it was interlarded by my interpreter, and that I would therefore hand over the thanks to him. If making fun at my expense, I determined that they should not have it all to themselves.

"Soon after this passage at small arms the assembly dissolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, when we were introduced to gentlemen and ladies from the different cantons of Switzerland, from Germany, France, Italy, and Britain. Captain Packenham, the true-hearted Christian, exiled from Rome, where he was once a banker for the circulation of the Scriptures, was there, and gave a most interesting account of the good work of reformation in progress in Florence. On the whole, I was greatly gratified with this evening's entertainment. It was pleasant, social, cheerful, and yet pervaded by a truly religious spirit. They have a way of doing things in this manner in Britain, and here and there on the Continent, which might be introduced into our own country with happy effect. Their 'breakfasts' in London, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Dublin accomplish much good. Meeting at a tea-table for an hour before a religious anniversary, where the speakers are introduced, compare notes, imbibe each other's spirit, so as to go out on the platform with a common feeling, and an acquaintance formed at a social repast, would relieve the dullness of many a May meeting in New York, and would greatly tend to cement Christians of various names together. These are 'love-feasts' that might be safely and profitably introduced among us. The tea-drinking in a room in Exeter Hall, which preceded the meeting of the London Tract Society, where noble men representing the different branches of the Church spent an hour in pleasant social intercourse, I will never forget—as I can never forget the soirée in Geneva.

"We returned to our lodgings at about eleven o'clock in the evening, greatly gratified with our first day spent in Geneva. We all regretted that D'Aubigné did not sustain the impressions made on us by his noble History of the Reformation. If we act toward him, when he visits America, as he did toward the company of American clergy at that soirée, he will write us down as boors. He is getting up some fame for his incivilities, especially toward Americans. His History of the Reformation has given him a wide reputation, and, to save himself from the annoyances which are the tax of fame, he should not turn clown."

Mr. RUFUS CROATE'S *Discourse at Dartmouth College, Commemorative of DANIEL WEBSTER* (published by James Munroe and Co.), is the most brill-

iant specimen of funeral eloquence that has been called forth by the death of the illustrious American statesman. Singularly affluent in thought, replete with the suggestions of ripened wisdom, and blending a rich variety of picturesque description with a vein of pensive and solemn reflection, suited to the occasion, it rehearses the incidents in the biography of its great subject in a style of profuse and elaborate eloquence that reminds us of the stately periods of Milton and Jeremy Taylor. Its sonorous sentences, piled upon each other, in massive grandeur, are masterpieces of accumulative rhetoric, set off with a copious splendor of illustration, and at last reaching the crisis of expression in sweet cadences that charm the ear as much as they touch the heart. Mr. Choate dwells upon the boyhood and youth of Daniel Webster with peculiar feeling. He traces the elements of his greatness to their source, and points out the early indications of his future eminence. An acute analysis is given of his character as a jurist and a statesman, defending the honored dead from the charges brought against him as he lay cold in his coffin. The discourse abounds in passages of melting pathos, of which the following is by no means a solitary example :

"Equally beautiful was his love of all his kindred, and of all his friends. When I hear him accused of selfishness, and a cold, bad nature, I recall him lying sleepless all night, not without tears of boyhood, conferring with Ezekiel how the darling desire of both hearts should be compassed, and he too admitted to the precious privileges of education; courageously pleading the cause of both brothers in the morning; prevailing by the wise and discerning affection of the mother; suspending his studies of the law, and registering deeds and teaching school to earn the means, for both, of availing themselves of the opportunity which the parental self-sacrifice had placed within their reach—loving him through life, mourning him when dead, with a love and a sorrow very wonderful—passing the sorrow of woman; I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early departed, the friend, the counselor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words."

The latest "Franconia Story," entitled *Stuyvesant*, by JACOB ABBOTT, can not fail to be a prime favorite with young readers, especially those who live in the country, or are familiar with rural scenes. It is minute and graphic in its descriptions of common affairs, eminently true to nature, and pervaded with a wholesome moral influence, though free from didactic or prosy comment. The lessons sought to be conveyed, are enforced by lively incidents and examples, and not by formal moralizing. But no young person, we are sure, can read this attractive story without receiving a life-long impression of the value of order, industry, considerateness, and self-reliance. (Harper and Brothers.)

Among Redfield's most recent publications are JOMINI's *Campaign of Waterloo*, translated from the French by S. V. BENET, containing a critical examination of the military plans and manœuvres of 1815; and Sir JONAH BARRINGTON's *Personal Sketches of his Own Times*, a gay, rollicking collection of Irish reminiscences, which afforded an infinite fund of amusement to the readers of a past generation. We are not sorry to see the jovial old story-teller unearthed, and doubt not he will prove as acceptable to modern lovers of fun as he was to their side-shaking predecessors.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new edition of WHATELY's *Elements of Rhetoric*, in an elegant large duodecimo, equally adapted to the library and the class-room. The value of this work as a college text-book is too universally admitted to authorize remark—it having long been in use in the highest

American seminaries—but it can not be too earnestly commended to the increasing class of self-taught writers, who are in the habit of favoring the public with their productions through the press. There can be no better discipline for composition than a faithful mastery of its principles. They are death to all affectation, pretense, vagueness, and obscurity. The whole work is marked by such clearness and precision of statement, such masculin good sense, such soundness of taste, and such lucid, direct, and earnest expression, that one can scarcely read it without receiving a healthy and invigorating influence from its perusal.

Six Months in Italy, by GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) A record of travels which can not fail to take the highest classical rank in the class of literary productions to which it belongs. Its author, a distinguished member of the Boston bar, is eminently qualified by natural ability, cultivation, and taste, to do justice to the subject which he has selected for his vigorous and graceful pen. His remarks on Italian Art, which fill a large portion of the volumes, are critical and discriminating, showing a delicate sense of beauty, in combination with a rigid severity of judgment, though wholly free from the pretensions of connoisseurship. Mr. Hillard occasionally indulges in personal descriptions, which are marked by great decorum and reserve, but, relating to eminent individuals, will be found to possess uncommon interest. Among them, is a singularly refined and appreciative tribute to Robert and Elizabeth Browning. A valuable feature of the work is a comprehensive survey of previous writers on Italy, furnishing the occasion for much admirable discussion of a literary and aesthetic character. Mr. Hillard's style is a model of pure and forcible English. It shows a variety and refinement of culture which is certainly rare among the busy professional men of this country. We are gratified in announcing a work which unites such thoroughness and accuracy of preparation with such beauty and sweetness of expression, and such manly vigor and sense in the utterance of opinion.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have issued a valuable work on education, by CHARLES NORTHRIDGE, entitled *The Teacher and the Parent*, presenting the results of the experience of a veteran instructor, and strongly marked by soundness of counsel and utility of suggestion. It forms a welcome offering to the cause of common schools.

Crofton, Nichols, and Co. have issued a reprint of *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*, by WILLIAM STIRLING, a historical monograph of considerable interest. It is drawn from original sources of undisputed authority, and corrects several important errors in the romantic delineations of Robertson. The Emperor is described as a tyrant, a devotee, a bigot, and a glutton; but, at the same time, his robust traits of character awaken a certain sympathy, and clothe this singular episode of his life with a good deal of interest.

The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament, by FREDERIC D. MAURICE, is reprinted by the same house, and has already made its mark on the religious world. It is an original and eloquent exposition of the mutual relation of the Jewish monarchs and prophets, accompanied with a practical application to the circumstances of our own times.

A literary curiosity has lately appeared in London, apparently one of the last effusions of the maudlin dealers in Carlyle-and-water. It is called *Orme; or, the Spirit of Froust*, and is character-

ised as follows in the *Athenaeum*: "It is so long since we had one of those imitations of Mr. Carlyle's manner and substance so common a few years ago, that a book like 'Osma' comes on us with a sort of surprise. What 'Osma' means, or what the 'Spirit of Froust' means—as this author abuses the first and uses the second term of his title—we will not venture to say, further than that he describes it as 'a want of ventilation and clearance.' Dr. Johnson is said to be 'the king of Froust'—and in still nicer definition it is said, that 'a man with a pocket-comb, or round shirt-collars, or a black satin waistcoat, black lace on his cravat, or broad braid on his coat,' is a member of the Froust fraternity, and the born enemy of this writer. For the rest, this is an effusion, as poor in style as it is silly in sense:—just the sort of thing to end a literary mania like that which once followed the promulgated oracles of Mr. Carlyle."

A work has been brought out by Mr. LEOPOLD HARTLEY GRINDON, author of "Figurative Language," called *The Sexuality of Nature: an Essay proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology*. The book exhibits reading and scholarship; but it is written in a fanciful—not to say a flimsy—style, which wearies the reader without offering him the compensation of solid instruction. Mr. Grindon's speculations on the duality of sex in the divine Nature—and his poetic authorities for considering the sea a male and the earth his wedded wife—will make many a reader smile, presuming, of course, that he should be fortunate enough to obtain many a reader.

Of *Home Life in Germany*, by CHARLES LORING BRACE, the *Leader* says: "Mr. Brace is an American, who has already proved his ability as a writer of travels by his *Hungary* in 1851, and who now presents us with the results of his experience of German life as seen under its more familiar domestic aspects. Those who have lived in Germany will testify to the general fidelity of the picture, and will not be sorry to have their own impressions recalled. Those who have never been there will get a tolerably distinct idea of the forms of life peculiar to Germany as they present themselves to a sensible Englishman or American. Mr. Brace speaks kindly, heartily, yet discriminatingly, and we have enjoyed his book almost as much as a rapid trip into the old localities dear to memory."

The *Athenaeum* has the following discriminating critique on *Christine von Amberg*. By the Countess D'ARBOURVILLE, translated from the French by MAUNSELL B. FIELD, and published by Harper and Brothers.—"Some short time ago, the Countess d'Arbourville was classed among the select few who have written because they have something to say, and whose works (no matter what the scale) are almost certain, sooner or later, to make and to keep friends every where by reason of their genuine force and feeling. That which has happened to Auerbach, to Stifter, to Topfier, to Andersen, and to Hawthorne, in England, is happening to the French Lady also—and 'Christine von Amberg' will increase the desire for 'more' which 'The Village Doctor' had already excited. The story is of the simplest invention and the most melancholy meaning:—being merely the tale of the death of a maiden's loving heart, and its burial in that life-shroud, a nun's robes. In 'Lady-Bird,' some may recollect, Lady Georgiana Fullerton showed the bright side of life in a convent, ex-

hibiting the holy house as a retreat from storms for the weary and heavy laden. Here we see the grave for the worn, and the young, and the hopeful:—and the death of its quietude is fathomed without a single angry or exaggerating word—the acquiescence of the victim (and this, not consequent on coercion and cruelty, but simply as result of time) being the most painful part of the fatal discipline. In gloom of tone—as distinct from the morbid hue which inevitably belongs to class-fictions—'Christine von Amberg' exceeds even certain scenes by Madame Charles Keybaud in her 'Old Convents of Paris,' and is calculated to beguile compassionate persons into tears. The story seems to be delicately and nicely rendered into English—as such a tale, indeed, deserved to be."

The *London Examiner*, usually accurate and intelligent in its literary judgments, pronounces rather snappishly on the merits of *Queechey*, the popular novel of Miss WARNER, which has had even a greater run in England than in this country.

"*Queechey* is so called from the name of an American village, the residence of its heroine. The burden of the story is the simplicity, the virtue, the genius, the resources in adversity, and the equanimity in prosperity of this young lady, who in the last chapter is married (at least we are led to suppose so, for the fact is not formally mentioned) to a very rich English gentleman with a very fine English park. Many a good novel has been written on the same foundation. Pamela established the fame of Richardson; and Jeanie Deans, though wanting in the matter of the park, has shown us how enchanting may be a young woman's heroism, how attractive her simple virtue. It is not therefore the subject of which we complain in *Queechey*. But to make such a subject agreeable, the lady's virtue should be natural, not prodigious; the circumstances of her life should at any rate be possible; and the relative bearing of each fact to others, and of every person to another, in her history, should be such as nature requires, though the material accidents be left as improbable as the author will.

"Perhaps the most remarkable feature in *Queechey* is the constant reference to the good things of this world. This is to a certain degree the case in most American tales of the present day; but if it be the taste of the country, that taste must have been glutted by *Queechey*. The family to which Fleda belongs is, as respects food, in a 'parlous' case. It would, in fact, starve, were it not for the cooking and pie-crust propensities of our heroine. But though as a rule these poor people have little enough to eat, we should gather from page after page that feeding was their only employment. This is so absurdly true, that any accidental reference to the book will verify it.

"The references to religion are almost equally numerous. Indeed the two, religion and cookery, are as a rule the subjects discussed. It would not suit us to refer, as we have done in the matter of the eatables, to the manner in which Fleda's piety is introduced; but as a general rule we object much to the mixture.

"We have given no quotation, for the book is one of which no quotation will give a fair sample—there are, however, some few instances of sprightly conversation, even of approaches to wit (small green islands in a deluge of water); and the loves and likings of Miss Constance Evelyn, a not very devoted friend of Fleda's, come nearest to the sort of animation that should grace the conversational portion of a novel."

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



MAMMA, *hey*—It's so lucky you came to-day. They go back to school to-morrow, and I know how delighted you are to see them.

RATHER DOUBTFUL.



FIRST YOUNG GENT.—What a miwackulous tie, Fwank. How the doose do you manage it?

SECOND YOUNG GENT.—Yas. I fancy it is rather grand; but then, you see I give the whole of my Mind to it!



A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51. Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT, from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 3.—WALKING-DRESS AND CHILD'S COSTUME.

OCTOBER witnesses a decided change in costume from those worn in the preceding months. The silks of September over-dress give place to cloths and velvets; zephyr bonnets are no longer seen; and the whole costume gives premonitions of the expected return of winter. From among the many varieties of CLOAKS which will be presented, we select one at

once simple, elegant, and comfortable. It is composed of rich maroon velvet, lined throughout with white silk, and quilted in fancy designs. The *gilet*, or vest, fits closely to the figure. It is slightly pointed at the corsage, which is of the natural length of the waist, and buttons quite up to the throat, where it terminates in a collar about three inches wide. The



FIGURE 3.—FURS.

arm-holes are cut out like those in a gentleman's waistcoat. It is furnished with straps, passing through eylet holes in which are cords, so that the vest may be laced closely to the figure. This cloak has no sleeves; and the pockets, which are small, are placed in front at the bottom. The cloak proper is a three-quarter circle, joined to the vest somewhat below the level of the shoulders; at the back, slightly curving upward it passes over their tips, till the seam terminates nearly upon the apex of the breast. Here it is not square, but is finely rounded, and falls freely, the lower portion being gracefully full. As appears in the illustration given above, it is slightly shorter in front, whence it slopes gently to the middle of the back, where it attains its greatest depth. A border of Chinese embroidery surrounds the front and lower portions of the cape. This border is composed of ornamental scrolls, with interleaved roses and fuchsia flowers; sprays of these latter flowers also ornament the front and sides of the corsage and the collar. Small fancy buttons, with loops of cord, or hooks and eyes, fasten the vest, which, as well as the circular cloak, is entirely outlined by satin cord.

Velvets will be extensively worn for cloaks of all styles during the season. The predominant colors, for this material as well as for cloths, will be maroon, green, brown, purple, drab, and black. Linings will be white, black, or colors to match the exterior. Embroideries, galloons, braids, velvets, those in par-

ticular richly embossed, will all be used. Embroideries, however, will be the favorite ornamentation. In their use care should be taken not to sacrifice good taste to an excess of ornament.

BONNETS are worn with brims smaller and more flaring than heretofore. Feathers are much in vogue for trimming.

The PROMENADE or CARRIAGE DRESS presented in our first illustration is composed of dark Gros de Rhine. The skirts are very full, trimmed with rows of bright-colored plaided satin. The corsage is high, closed to the throat, with basque. The sleeves are flowing, with full under-sleeves of embroidered cambric, gathered at the wrist. The style of coiffure varies with the character of the face. Perhaps the favorite mode is to have the hair disposed in twocurls, one depending a little below the other.

The CHILD'S DRESS given above is composed of cloth of a somewhat light shade. The body is plain, skirts full, cape falling about half the length of the skirt. The whole garment, together with the collar, is bordered with ermine, about a hand's breadth wide. The hat is of beaver, trimmed with feathers and ribbon. The ribbon forms a bow in front, and terminates in two streamers with ornamented ends.

FURS will undoubtedly be much worn during the ensuing winter. Tippets, as will be seen in the rich set of ermines which forms the subject of our illustration, will be longer than those worn last season. Muffs will be small, and ornamented with tassels.

